CHRISTMAS NUMBER

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

DECEMBER

15 CENTS

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

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An Edison Phonograph means A Merry Christmas for Every Member of the Family

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who comes home tired but eager to be amused, who cannot afford the theatre for himself, to say nothing for a large family, who enjoys the old ballads such as "Robin Adair," "Highland Mary," "Annie Laurie" and "Home Sweet Home," the Edison Phonograph is an ideal Christmas present because it gives him the music that he loves, sung by great singers, at a less expense than attendance at theatre or concert, and by his own fireside.

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When you find a subscription blank attached to this page, please write your name and address plainly upon it and send it with One Dollar and Fifty Cents to the Subscribers' Bureau. The blank shows that your subscription expires with the number in which it is placed and is an invitation to renew for another year. If you receive a blank after you have renewed, disregard it, as it was placed in the magazine before your renewal reached us. Subscribers should advise us of any change in address at least three weeks in advance; otherwise we cannot guarantee to make the change in time.
Address Subscribers' Bureau, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME each year the Subscribers' Bureau is called upon to prove its usefulness to COMPANION readers. Then, if ever there are delays in filing subscriptions, even on the part of overworked canvassers and clubs, mistakes on the part of Uncle Sam who also has to work hard to make a Merry Christmas throughout the land.

More and more it has become the fashion to give magazine subscriptions for Christmas. Ten years ago, hardly any one thought of such a thing; now the woman who does not remember one or more of her friends with "twelve-time gifts" is the exception. This is particularly true of the readers of the COMPANION who seem to have settled upon this favorite magazine as the ideal combination of an entertaining and useful gift for their friends. All this activity means more and more subscriptions to be handled in our office, more and more addresses to be written, Christmas cards to be sent—and complaints to be answered! Please remember all this, if your own subscription is slightly delayed at this time of the year. Do not write about it until you are certain that something must be wrong. And above all, send in your subscription well in advance of Christmas Day. In these ways you can help the Subscribers' Bureau do its work well, help it to handle the biggest mails that come to any magazine in New York. Thank you.

Another Holiday Magazine

The Christmas number is in your hands. It is the last of the 1909 magazines, and we hope you like it. For our part, we are determined that the 1910 COMPANION shall be even better, and we intend to begin by making the January magazine the best January number we ever published—another big holiday magazine that will reach you five days before Christmas and will be worthy, in every way, of the festive period of its publication.

A Mid-Winter Story Number

The January magazine will be full of stories—good, straightforward COMPANION stories. After you have read those in this number, you may say that the January stories cannot be better, but they are. The way we have made this possible is to crowd into one number a number of stories by those writers, perhaps not all the most famous that write for the COMPANION, but, so far as we know, those who are best liked. Some writers seem to have won a place in the heart of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION family. Whenever their stories appear, we get letters from readers who have been helped or entertained or cheered up.

For Instance, Mary Heaton Vorse

No series of stories ever drew forth more appreciative letters than "The Story of a Little Person." We are still receiving inquiries for more about Louise and Constance, and Mrs. Vorse is busy now recounting new experiences of a fond father and mother with their first baby. These will appear during 1910. In the meantime Mrs. Vorse has written for the January number an extraordinary story called "The Hidden World." It would be too bad to spoil the story by telling the plot, but we can promise you that "The Hidden World" represents Mary Heaton Vorse at her best.

"Susan Clegg's Courting," by Anne Warner

The first of the promised Susan Clegg stories appears in January. The author of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" has never done anything more intensely funny than this new series of stories introducing to COMPANION readers her famous characters, Susan Clegg and Mrs. Lathrop. If you have never read a Susan Clegg story—in which Susan and Mrs. Lathrop converse with all the conversation on Susan's side—you have a new treat in store; and if you are an old admirer of these famous New England women, you know just how many laughs to expect. Each story is complete in one number. The pictures are by Florence Scovel Shinn.

A Strong Story by Octave Thanet

Ex-President Roosevelt said something once about getting more real help on sociological problems by reading a story by Octave Thanet than by studying a hundred speeches and pamphlets. One thing is certain, you can get a large quantity of genuine entertainment out of reading that author's latest story, "In Place of Their Own," in the January number. It is a strong story.

Another Myra Kelly Story

A story of children by Myra Kelly, with illustrations by Rose Cecil O'Neill—that's an announcement that promises well for the January number. Then there are stories by Fannie Heaslip Lea, Anna Katharine Green, Katharine Holland Brown and Marion Harland.

Shall We Stay in the Ministry?

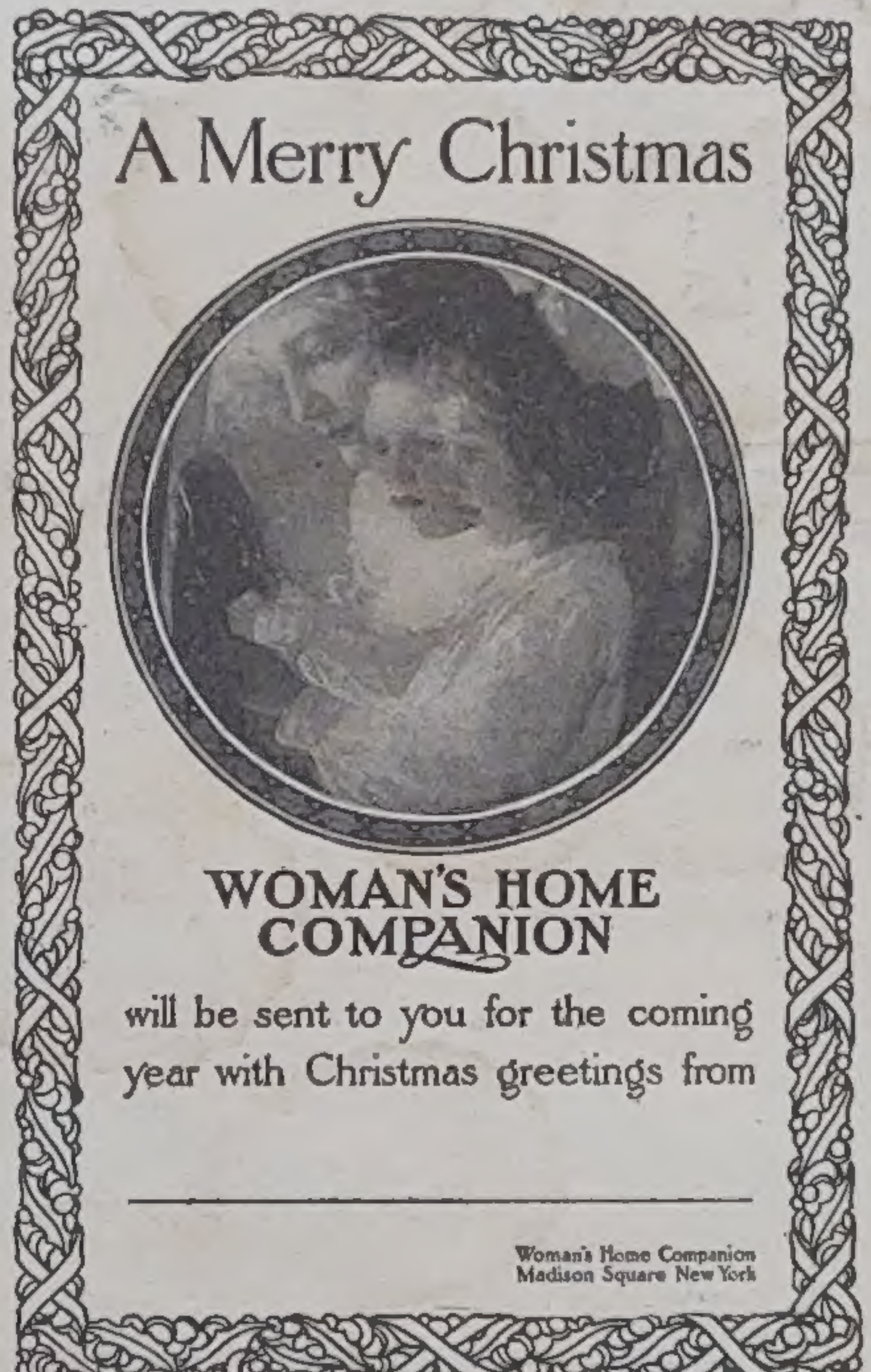
A large number of ministers answer this question in the January number. Naturally, most of them give an affirmative reply, and in so doing present the other side of the argument offered by a former minister in the article in the October number entitled "Why I Left the Ministry." The free and frank discussion which this article has caused has been very gratifying to the editors, showing, as it does, the large number of clergymen who read the magazine and the very real interest shown by our lay readers in serious discussion of the problems now besetting the Christian church. Incidentally, this discussion has provided several columns of readable letters which the editors intend to share with all their readers in the January number.

Three Art Features for January

The January COMPANION contains three art features of the high quality which COMPANION readers have come to expect. One is a full-page painting depicting the coming of the New Year in a novel and charming manner, by Mary Sigsbee Ker, who painted our famous "Spring Cleaning" picture. The other art feature in the inside of the magazine is a double-page spread of reproductions from original paintings under the title: "Stories in Pictures." The COMPANION sent Mr. William Armstrong to Europe to secure this and other art subjects for 1910, and he has exercised his usual good judgment in the selection of the choicest paintings from recent exhibitions. The third art feature is the cover—a New Year's baby, by Katherine Pyle, who painted the "bunny" cover and the little boy with his toy dog. It is another "baby cover" triumph.

The American-Man Contest

To the many aspirants for the prizes offered in the "Which Man Would You Marry" contest, we are glad to announce that the judges have completed their task and are even now awarding the prizes. The best letters will be published in the January number, together with the list of prize-winners. These will make one more interesting feature for the big January magazine.



A Merry Christmas

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

will be sent to you for the coming year with Christmas greetings from

Woman's Home Companion
Madison Square New York

THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

THE Greater WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION will make a charming and appropriate Christmas gift. It will reach your friends on Christmas Day, and will keep coming every month through the year—a twelvefold reminder of you. An exquisite Christmas card, itself an attractive art gift, will be sent to your friends on Christmas Day, bearing your name as donor. Or, you can send the card yourself—we will supply you with copies without cost. The card is printed in mezzotone on the finest of Bristol-board.

AT A SPECIAL PRICE

In behalf of the many thousands of our readers who give WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to their friends at Christmas-time, we have decided to accept subscriptions at the old price of $1.25 up to December 20th. You may subscribe, therefore, for yourself and for your friends up to December 20th, as follows:

One-Year Subscription . .	$1.25
Two-Year Subscription .	$2.00
Three-Year Subscription .	$3.00
Five-Year Subscription . .	$5.00

Two, three and five year subscriptions must be ordered to be sent to the same address, respectively, for two, three or five consecutive years. *Your order must positively be mailed by December 15th.*

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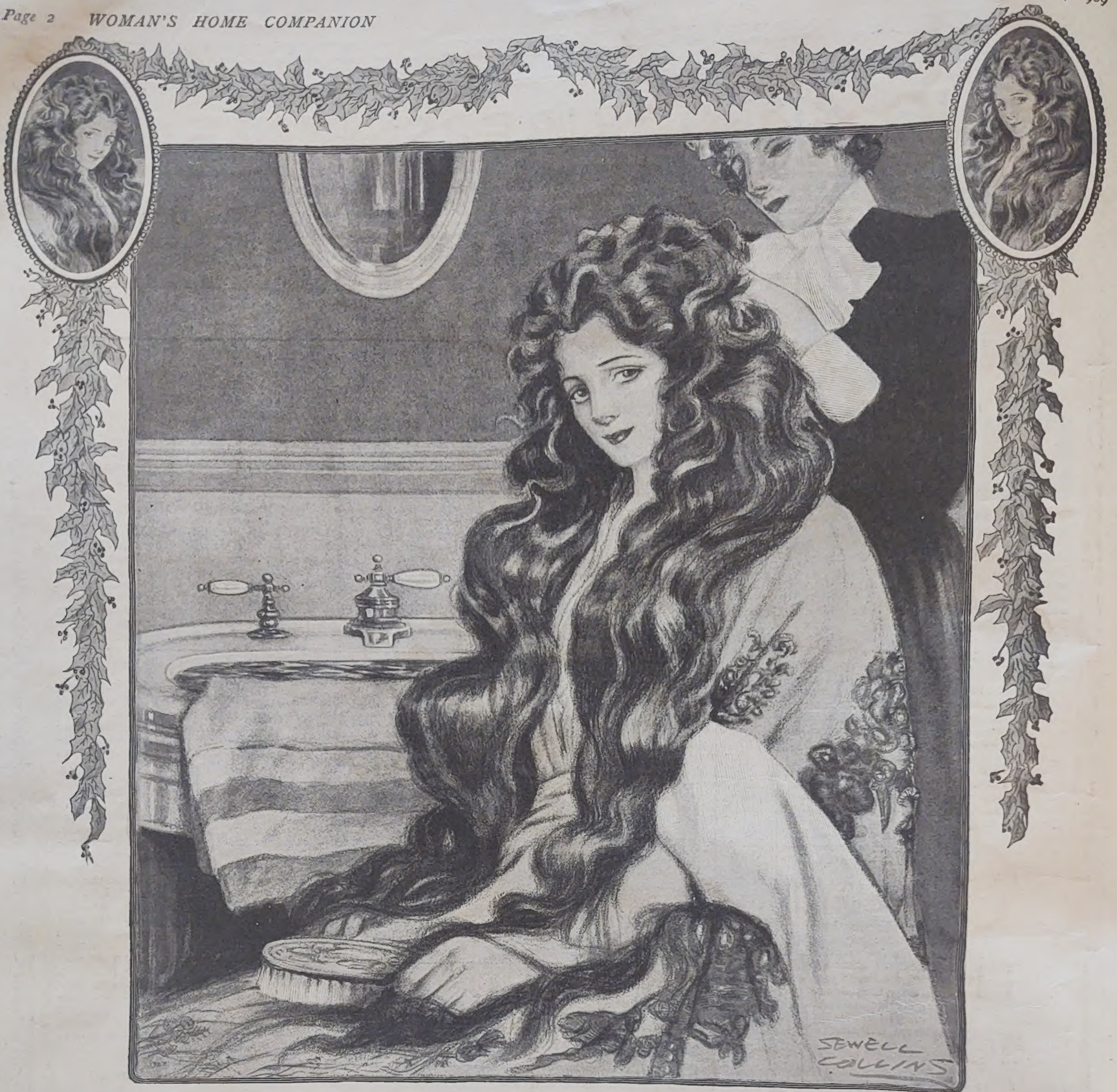

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IVORY SOAP FOR SHAMPOOING.

If there is anything for which Ivory Soap is absolutely unequalled, it is for shampooing.

The best way to use it is in the form of paste—Ivory Soap Paste.

Ivory Soap Paste is made as follows:

To a pint of boiling water, add a third of a cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine. Boil for ten minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Pour the mixture into a glass jar with a screw top and let it cool.

Use lukewarm water—as clear and clean as you can get it. Put a couple of teaspoonfuls of Ivory Soap Paste into the water. When it dissolves, apply it to the hair—again and again. Rinse the hair thoroughly in clean water.

Toweling will only partially dry the hair. A fan will help, but the best way of all is to give the hair an air bath—comb it out, time and again, and let the air and sun dry it.

The reason why Ivory Soap Paste is so good for shampooing is this: It contains no "free" alkali—nothing that makes the hair brittle or robs it of the oil on which its vitality depends.

Ivory Soap . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Volume XXXVI. No. 12
DECEMBER, 1909

OUR OWN PAGE

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THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS TALK

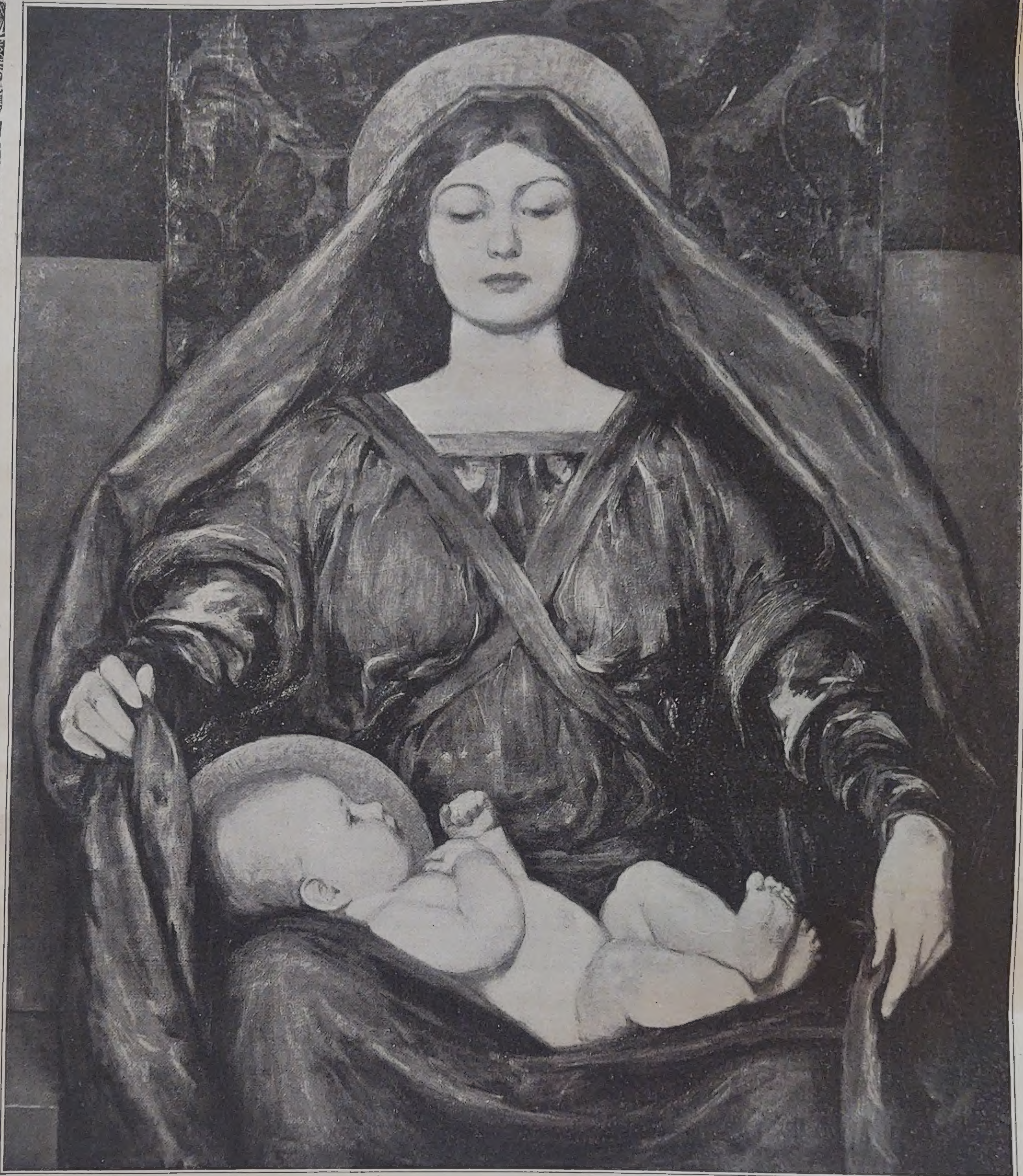
EACH year at Christmas-time green garlands hang in the windows. Is this habit? There are special services and special music in the churches. Is this custom? There are stores full of gay gifts and gayer shoppers. Is this business? There is the exchange of remembrances. Is this etiquette? There is a different feeling in the air, a more cordial grip in the hands, a heartier expression in the faces of those we meet. Is this the weather? Or, do we, after all, believe in Christmas?

I BELIEVE that we do. The green garlands in the windows, the bright red bells and the sprays of holly and mistletoe that hang from our chandeliers do not find their way into our homes through habit. They are there because we are filled with the desire to make the world beautiful at Christmas-time. That is one of the first duties of him who believes in Christmas, and great and wonderful as is the task of world-beautifying, all may share in it.

MORE beautiful sermons are preached at Christmas than at any other season. It cannot be that the clergyman consciously saves his choicest phrases and his most glowing thoughts for Christmas Sunday; it cannot be that he starves his people on other Sundays to feast them well at Christmas. No, he is stimulated by the Christmas spirit, inspired, if you will, by his belief in the greatest of all Christian festivals to do his best. And that, it seems to me, is the second duty of him who believes in Christmas—to do his best. There is abundant need of best endeavor at this time of the year in the every-day lives of all of us. The holidays bring to the women of the family larger families to care for and more needs to satisfy; the last days of the year bring to the men increased business burdens and responsibilities. At such a time he who believes in Christmas will do his best.

OUR Christmas shopkeeper can tell a story that does not show in his records of profit and loss. His has been the work of preparation. Long before the eager shoppers reach his counters he has had his Christmas inspirations, he has foreseen the wants of his customers, he has done his part to make a merry Christmas in many hundred homes. What a lesson he teaches to the thoughtless woman who crams into one short week her entire preparation for the holidays, and adds unnecessarily to the burdens of the girls and men behind the Christmas counters. The woman who believes in Christmas will prepare for it in a Christian manner, with a full realization of the rights of others; she will spare the tired clerks and the overworked delivery-boys when and where she can. She will, if she is sensible, shop early.

THE world glows at Christmas-time. Faces appear more beautiful, homes more attractive; even the dark streets seem festive. It is a sad heart that is not comforted at Christmas. There is but one way to account for all these wonders—men have dropped their disputes with one another, women have ceased their rivalries, the young people have forgotten their clashing interests, and all have found a common chord of sympathy—belief in Christmas and all that Christmas means. We who celebrate the Christmas of 1909 do not do so because of habit or custom or business or etiquette, but just because it is Christmas. Let us make it the happiest of all Christmases in some home; let us do our part to make the world more beautiful, to lighten the burdens of others; let us give all that we can; let us do our best. And it will be such a wonderful Christmas.



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MADONNA—PAINTED BY LOUISE COX

Mrs. Cox, who painted this modern madonna, is well known to COMPANION readers as the painter of our one-thousand-dollar-prize cover-design.

The Story of the First Vision of a Madonna

IT WAS in the days of Herod that Augustus, Emperor of Rome, went one night to offer sacrifice to the gods and ask for some sign by which he might know whether it were wise to allow himself to be worshiped as a divinity, according to the wish of his people. Into the silent, watchful night went the emperor, carrying the sacrificial doves, and up to the Capitol Hill a fervent band accompanied him, Here they hastily raised an altar, and Augustus took the doves in his hands to offer them, but his fingers involuntarily unloosed and the birds flew away in the darkness out toward the east. At the same moment above the altar a veil seemed drawn away from the night and in a glory of light he saw the vision of a woman, young and tender, brooding over a little child laid on her knees. In the ears of the trembling imperial party cried a voice: "Upon this hill shall be worshiped Christ, the Son of the Living God!" Awed, stricken with fear for himself and those who surrounded him, Augustus commanded an altar built on the spot to the Miraculous Child whose face he had seen in the opening of the heavens. On that same night, legend tells us, the great Christmas Story was being enacted in Bethlehem, to which place flew the two doves from the hands of Augustus to coo and sing above the lowly stable. So, to the Roman emperor was given the first glorious picture of Divine Motherhood, a subject which has never grown old and which at each Christmas sees some new and reverent conception of the beautiful vision.—*Taken from old legends.*

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

"God was manifest in the flesh."—I. Timothy III:16

The apostle Paul, going to Athens, found himself in a city full of various idols, so full that an ancient satirist said that in Athens it was easier to find a god than a man. Among the altars was one to The Unknown God. Paul made this inscription the text of his sermon which may be summed up in the single sentence: "Whom therefore ye worship without knowing Him, Him declare I unto you." This is the message of Christmas to the world. What we celebrate on Christmas is a new unveiling of God.

"God manifest in the flesh." What do we mean by that? What I think is meant is the supremest manifestation of God possible in human life. And that is the supremest manifestation possible to humanity. Or, to restate it in different terms, what is meant is that what Jesus Christ is seen to be in the three years of his recorded life, the spirit of God is in the history of the human race.

A mother sits down on the floor and plays with her child with building-blocks. If she is a woman of sympathetic imagination she is herself a child for that hour. She shares her child's joys in his brief successes and his disappointments in his brief failures.

God lives as a child with His children for an hour that they may become acquainted with Him and know that He is always living with them, often most truly when they see Him least. There is much in the mother which remains unknown to the child. There is much in God which remains unknown to His children. But the child knows the mother because the mother has been a child with him. And we children may know our Father because He has been a child with us.

* * *

Three illustrations may help to make the principle clear.

Jesus Christ is not a manifestation of certain attributes or qualities of God; He is God manifest in the flesh. He is not a temporary manifestation of God's mercy or pity, leaving His justice and His anger to be revealed in the future. There is no justice and no wrath in God which is not manifested in Jesus Christ; and there is no pity and no mercy in Jesus Christ which is not a reflection of the eternal pity and mercy of God. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." To understand Jesus Christ is to understand God.

Jesus Christ began His ministry by attending a wedding-feast. His first miracle was wrought to prolong its festivities. He repeatedly compared the kingdom of God to a great festival. He accepted all social invitations; declined none. He declared Himself that He came eating and drinking, and this was so characteristic of Him that His enemies called Him a glutton and winebibber. He compared Himself to a musician piping in the street for the children to dance. Neither He nor His disciples observed the customary fasts of the church to which they belonged. He was a favorite with the children, and they clustered about Him and were willing that He should take them in His arms. His last meeting with His disciples was at a social meal, and with such a social meal He asked them ever to associate His memory.

* * *

If Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh, God is not the austere being He is sometimes represented. There is much more truth in the philosophy of the child who said "God must have laughed when He made a monkey" than in that of the theologian who said "Jesus wept, but never laughed." Prayer and play are not incongruous. God is not the kind of father who wishes his children to hush their laughter when he enters the house. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," says the inspired writer—a motto which might well be put over the convent-gate or hung in the prayer-meeting room. For to laugh is as religious as to weep; and smiles may bring us into the companionship of the Father no less than tears. Let us get rid of this notion that we must always associate the thoughts of God with a spirit of great solemnity. Gaiety and God are not mutually exclusive.

But Jesus Christ was not all gaiety. "Woe unto you laughing ones," He said; "for ye shall mourn and weep." He had no sympathy for the jester who can take nothing seriously, but tries to make of life one huge protracted joke. He saw that the whole world groaneth and travaileth in pain, and He travailed with it. So did He enter into the sorrows of the sorrowing, so did He make them His own, that it was prophetically said that He "was acquainted with grief." The sorrows might be superficial and transient, they might be deep and abiding, He was not indifferent to either. When He had been preaching all day, and evening came, and His loyal disciples desiring for their Master some rest, asked Him to send the congregation away, He would not do it until He had provided for their hunger. When the brother had died and the sisters were heartbroken, He shared their grief with them and mingled His tears with theirs.

To some it seems a profanation to think of God as suffering. To me it is a profanation to think of Him as incapable of suffering. Love suffers when the loved one suffers. If God is love, God knows the sorrows as well as the joys of love. If Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh, the tears shed at the grave of Lazarus and at the prospective destruction of Jerusalem are divine tears. To me the greatness of the infinite power and skill manifested at the same moment in the most distant star and in our globe by the forth-putting of the same wisdom and power is not so marvelous as the greatness of soul manifested in a sympathy which can share at one and the same time the joys of the wedding and the sorrows of the funeral. But why should I believe His power and His skill are infinite and refuse to believe that His sympathies are infinite? His children crowd about him, some with their gratitude some with their reproaches, some exultant with victory some humiliated by their defeats, some joyous some in tears, some saints with songs and some sinners with hopeless penitence, and He is not distraught. He hears all voices, shares all experiences, ministers to all needs.

To Jesus Christ sin was a disease to be cured rather than a crime to be punished. It awakened His pity, not His anger. Condemned for associating with sinners, He replied on one occasion "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." On another occasion He said that He had come to seek and to save that which is lost. And to Him a lost soul was a soul not yet found. He compared such a soul to a coin mislaid, which the owner was seeking; to a sheep strayed from the fold, which the shepherd was seeking; to a prodigal son, whose return the father was awaiting. There is no one for whom society has so little hope as a lost woman; but Jesus never despaired of the recovery of even a lost woman. Even the Judas who betrayed Him He sought to rescue with reproachful greeting: Friend, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss? There was only one character whose destiny He seemed Himself unable to avert; the religious man whose religion was a false pretense, who was pious, but not humane; who devoured widows' homes and for a pretense made long prayers. The offal of Jerusalem was carried out of the city into the valley of Gehenna and there thrown upon fires always left burning, and there it was consumed. "Alas! for you hypocrite," cried Jesus, in an outburst of despairing pity, "how can you escape Gehenna?" To Him such false pretenses seemed like the offal of the universe, doomed to destruction.

* * *

Jesus Christ, savior of men, is the revelation of God's perpetual presence and perpetual power in the world. Holiness is health. Sin is disease. Forgiveness is healing. God is the Great Physician. We come before Him, not as criminals to be judged and punished, but as sick to be cured. Those who do not know that they are sick and need cure are the sickest of all. He is the "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." His life in the world is a continuation of the life of Jesus Christ. It is the life which centuries before Christ David saw; which centuries after Christ so many of Christ's disciples fail to see:

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And all that is within me, bless His Holy
name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness
and tender mercies;
Who satisfieth thine age with good;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

* * *

There has been a great deal of discussion and far too much hot debate concerning the relation of Jesus Christ to the Infinite and Eternal. We do not know—at least I do not know—enough to define that relation, but we do know enough to define His relation to us. That definition may be very briefly given in the following words: The supremest work of God is man, whom He has made in His own image. The supremest revelation of God is therefore that afforded by the life and character of man. The supremest ideal of humanity is Jesus Christ. Therefore the supremest revelation of God to man is that to be found in the life and character of Jesus Christ. This is in my judgment the essence of the theological teaching of Paul on this subject.

We celebrate on Christmas, not the birth of Santa Claus, the patron saint of the children; not merely the birth of the Christ-child, symbol of all innocent childhood; nor yet alone the birth of the martyr-hero, leader and type of all who have lived and loved and suffered for their race. We celebrate a new unveiling of God to humanity, the dwelling of God in humanity. We celebrate the day when the love of God dawned on the world and the fear of the gods began slowly and sullenly to give way before the coming of the new day. Every year Christmas repeats its message: Fear God no more. He brings liberty to the enslaved, light to the despairing, purer joy to the glad. He is the Comforter of the sorrowing, the Physician of the sick, the Healer of the sinful, the Friend and Companion of man.

CHRISTMAS

A PRAYER

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

Be born anew, dear Lord, be born again,
Unto the hunger of the sons of men!
Whose famine is too bitter to be fed
By any lower food than sacred bread.
We thirst for hope and, tasting, drink it not.
We choke for joy denied a barren lot.
We starve for love and, starving, throw the dice
That may, or may not, pay love's precious price.
Our trembling hands, infirm, have lost the wit
To grasp Thy holy cup. Lord, give us it!

Fill it with strength despaired of by the weak.
Fill it with brimming rest the weary seek.
Out of the chalice let the lonely drink.
Restrain the wild soul crouching on the brink
Of shameful purposes, that no man knows.
Watch, Thou, the desert where the desperate goes!
Unto white hearts give purity anew;
And to the false the power to be true.
Grant to the mourning, all uncomforted,
The conscious coming of their dearest dead.
Give to the friendless, shrinking and apart
The happy throbbing of the Christmas heart.

Is there a flying thing
Fluttering, with broken wing?
Lord, show us where it hides.
Lead us where'er abides
Beneath pain's sharpest fang,
The most forgotten pang
Within Thy world to-day:
For that, for that, we pray.

For the bird shot in the bog;
For the tortured, writhing dog;
The patient, laboring beast
That gives us most for least;
For the soul within the dumb,
And for that it may become,
For the smitten by the way,
Oh, listen, Lord! We pray.

Be born again, dear Christ! Be born again,
Unto the knowledge of the sons of men.
Be born into the gentle heart that brings
Its best, its strongest to the weakest things.
Be born into the finest tenderness
That will not burden, where it cannot bless;
Be born in the divinest power to feel,
That never hurts the nerve it cannot heal.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

The Story of a New England Christmas

FAR-AWAY JOB—BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

It always seemed to me that "Far-Away" was kind of hifalutin, but that was what they called Job Weaver ever since I can remember. In reality, it was only because he was about the most absent-minded man that ever lived. He might be talking to you, but his eyes would have that queer, far-off look as if he was seeing right past you, and first thing you knew you would be looking over your own shoulder to find out what was there, but there wouldn't be anything. It did seem as if Job Weaver was all the time seeing and hearing something where there was nothing and as if his mind was going one way and the rest of him another. Job was bright enough, nobody ever questioned that, but it wasn't often that all of him seemed to be in one place at the same time, and so he did some queer things, because his mind was considerably stronger than his body.

Job was tall and slim and delicate. He was a handsome man, almost too handsome for a man, with a pretty complexion and big blue eyes and beautiful soft light hair. He was married when he was quite young to a girl named Eliza Somers. She was as tall as he and real homely, but as smart as they make 'em. Folks wondered why Job ever happened to marry her, and some said she just made up her mind that she would have him and maybe as good as asked him. As for me, I always wondered more how his mother, Madam Weaver—they always called her "Madam," she was so high and mighty, though she was a little speck of a woman—ever gave in. I could see how Eliza Somers might have got Job to marry her and make all the promises when he was maybe thinking of something miles away, but I never could see how she managed Madam Weaver.

The Weavers had a lot of money, and lived in that splendid old house on Grove Street until Horace, the oldest son, was married. He married against his mother's wishes, and his wife couldn't get around her as Job's did. Old Madam Weaver never, until the time I am going to tell you about, forgave Horace for marrying as he did. It was a little hard on her, because by the terms of his father's will Horace came into possession of the old house when he married. The will provided for Madam Weaver's having the right to live there, but out she bundled. She wouldn't live in the house a day with Horace's wife. Horace's wife was pretty and delicate and was all right, but she came from a poor family and had worked in a store, and that was too much for Madam Weaver. The girl Job married was poor, but her family had always held their heads mighty high, and as for one of them working in a store, they would have owed for all the goods in the store first. The Somerses were very well connected; perhaps that was what reconciled Madam Weaver to Job marrying Eliza. Anyway, Eliza married Job, and she and Madam Weaver visited back and forth, but Job's mother never took any notice of Horace's wife. Her name was Lily, and she had a hard time, though she set her life by Horace. Horace was just as mild and sweet-tempered as Job. He wasn't absent-minded, but he was never very strong and didn't seem to have any business sense. It wasn't long before he had run through every cent his father had left him and there was a mortgage on the old place.

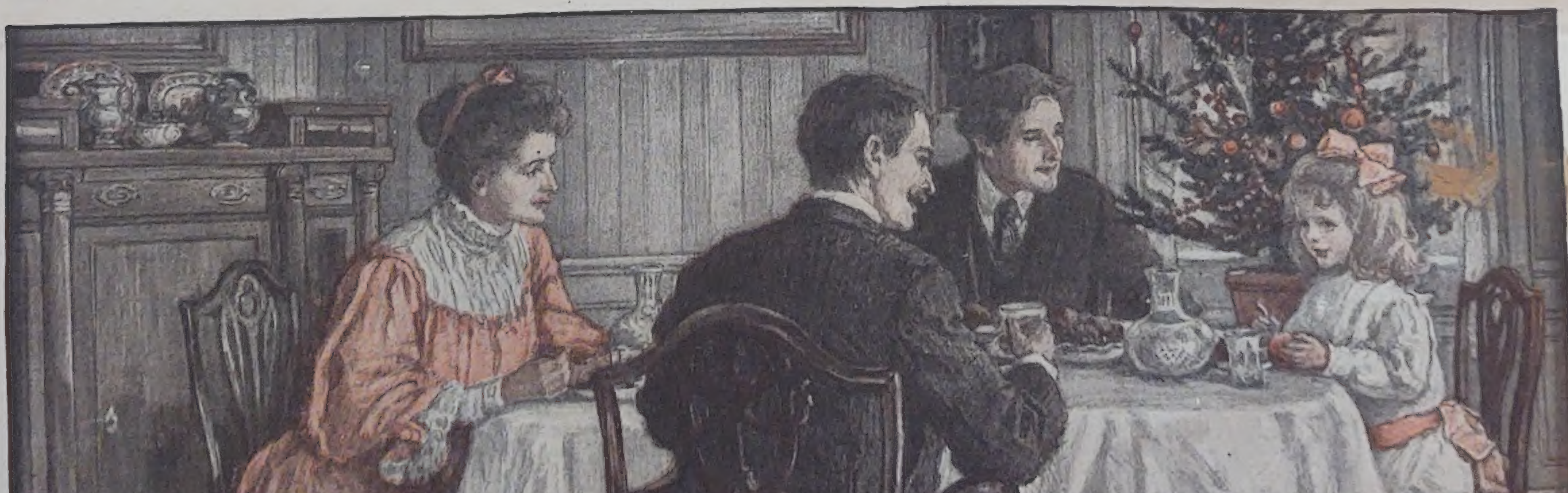
They had four children, but only one of them lived, and Horace's wife was always ailing, and there were always doctor's bills and medicine, and they got dreadfully behindhand. People suspected that they didn't always have enough to eat. Little Agnes, the one child that lived, was a little pale thing, but she was as sweet to look at as an angel, with great solemn blue eyes, and hair as fine as silk that stood out all around her head and shone like sunlight. Old Madam Weaver had never even spoken to that blessed child, and she was going on six, and the others had died, and she looked as if she might not stay long on this earth, but the old lady was so set in her way that she was capable of cutting off her own head to get it if there had been any way to manage it. I dare say she really hankered all the time to see that baby, but she wouldn't give in. Horace had been her idol, too. She had always set more by him than by Job. He favored her people more. He was dark complexioned, but neither of the boys had their mother's spirit.

Job used to go to his brother's house, I guess—folks thought he did—but always when he could sneak out unbeknown to Eliza. She never had anything to do with Horace or Lily. She knew which side her bread was buttered, and she wasn't going to do anything to get Madam Weaver against her and Job. She knew there would be considerable more money to go somewhere when the old lady died, and she wanted it, although, thanks to her, Job had hung onto what his father left him, and they didn't need it. Eliza was a splendid manager. She told Job just how to invest, and they said she knew as much about business as a man. They had a real pretty home, but Eliza could never get over Horace having the old Weaver place instead of her husband. She used to talk a good deal about its being mortgaged, and she would look like a pleased cross cat lifting one corner of her mouth and winking when she spoke of it.

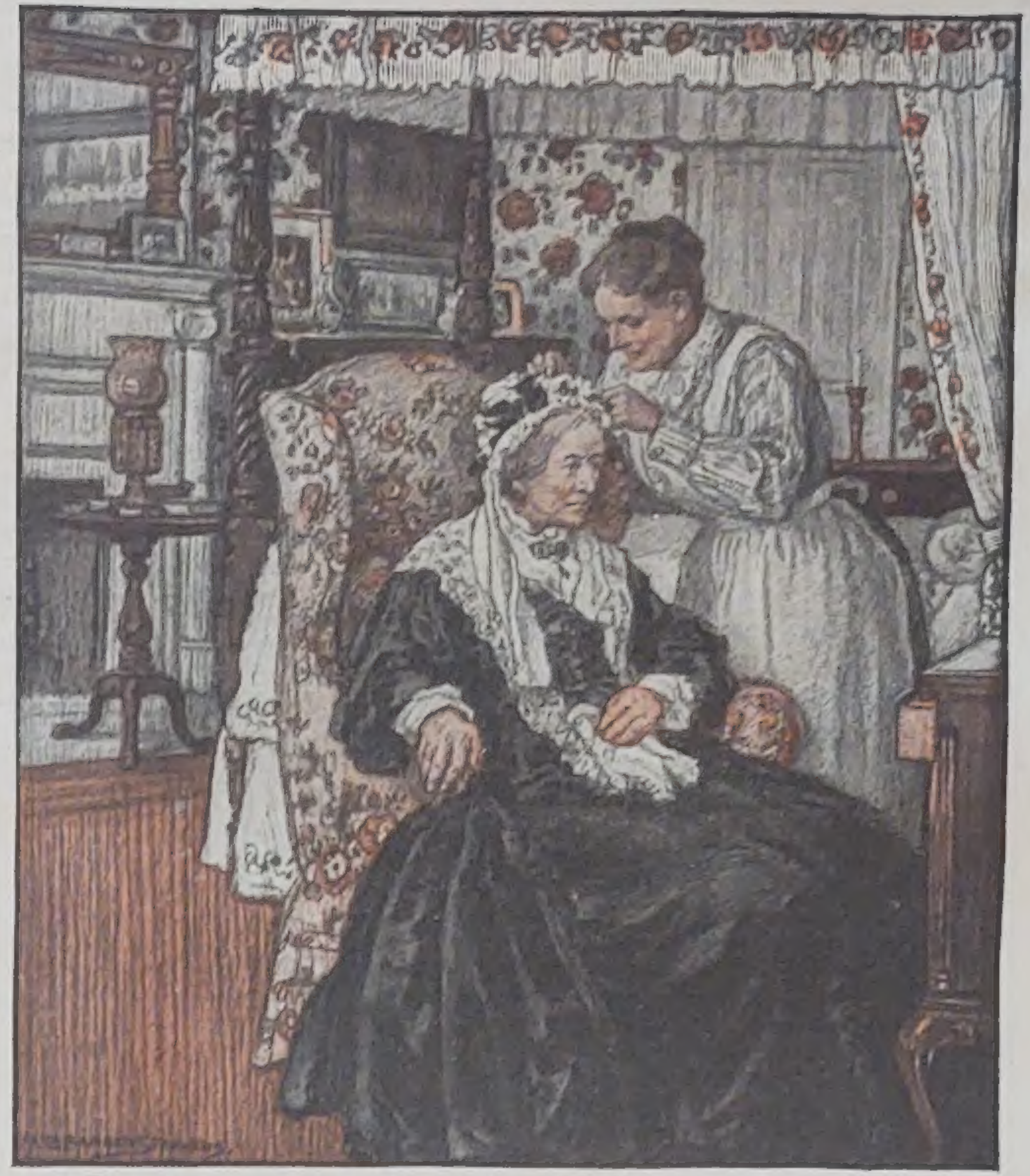
"There was Horace had as much as Job," she would say, "and that splendid old house into the bargain, and he has wasted his substance, and now there is a mortgage on the house."

When she said mortgage, she used to look as if she tasted something sweet. She wasn't really a bad sort of a woman, but she did have an eye to the main chance, and she was as spitey as a red Indian. I always suspected, too, that she couldn't help feeling envious about little Agnes. She had had one little girl, but it died before it was a year old, and she felt so dreadfully about it that nobody, not even her own husband, dared mention it to her. She had fainting spells at first whenever anything happened to remind her of it. She was such a strong-minded woman that it seemed as if she couldn't give in even to the Lord Almighty. She was terribly rebellious and I always thought maybe Horace and Lily having their little girl had more to do with her being set against them than their having the old Weaver house.

Well, the time went on until, as I said, little Agnes was going on six, and poor Horace Weaver got more and more behindhand. He owed everybody, and folks began to be shy of trusting him. There was one grocer who had such a big bill he didn't dare stop letting him have things, for fear that old Madam Weaver should change her mind and put Horace into her will and he would lose the whole. So he kept on letting the poor things have groceries, but he was the smallest grocer in the town, and it was mighty little credit they got anywhere else. I don't believe a single butcher would trust Horace. So folks said, and I guess it was true enough that they lived mostly on baker's bread and crackers and cheese and oatmeal and such things. They said the grocer, his name was P. J. Lawson, wouldn't let them have his best stock; but then he didn't carry much, anyway. He kept a little one-horse store. It must have been pretty hard for Lily, being so delicate, and especially for little Agnes, for that child certainly did need good nourishing food, and a variety. She was a nervous little soul, one of the sort who will never eat like a young animal anything that comes to hand. She needed fruit and beefsteak and chicken, and I guess she got precious little. I heard, I don't know how true it was, that the milkman stopped going there toward the last, before Christmas. That year it did look as if it would be a mighty hard Christmas for Horace Weaver and Lily and the little girl. The interest on the mortgage was due the first of January,



"There they sat eating their Christmas dinner as comfortable as you please. The tree wasn't on the table, but stuck into a flower-pot close to little Agnes"



"'There is no use trying to keep it from me any longer,' says the old lady"

everybody knew, because poor Horace, who never could keep anything about his business to himself, told everybody he met, and tried to borrow money. The taxes were due, too, and there was no money for them.

"If this keeps up Horace Weaver will lose his home," folks said. We all wondered when it really came to that if Madam Weaver would let her son and his wife and child go on the town. Poor Horace tried to do all he could. He actually got a chance at the umbrella counter in White and Pellman's before the holidays, and he had been there just one day, and White and Pellman were getting more custom because people were curious to see a Weaver working behind a counter, when the poor man caught cold—the umbrella counter was right in front of the door—and had to give up his job and go home sick. He had been owing Doctor Abbot for years, but he tended him just the same, though I am afraid poor Lily didn't have money to buy all the things he needed. It was told afterward that they didn't even have enough clothes to keep warm. If that had been known, folks would have tried to help them, but they were always hindered because the Weavers had stood so high in this town that nobody dared offer them things. Mrs. William Means told me that she had more eggs and chickens and cream than she knew what to do with and she was crazy to send some over to Horace Weaver's, but she actually didn't dare, though she knew they needed just such dainty, nourishing food. If folks are poor, family pride is a terrible thing for them, like a hedge made of thorns fencing out charity. I don't think poor Horace had much of the family pride, nor Job either, but they got credited with it just the same.

It had always been the custom for Far-Away Job and his wife to spend Christmas with old Madam Weaver and have dinner there, but this Christmas Madam Weaver wasn't very well. I always wondered if she had heard in any way about Horace and it had preyed on her mind, although she never told of it; anyway, she seemed real feeble, and to cap the climax her old cook, who had been with her over twenty years, left, going West to live with a married daughter, and didn't give a week's warning. I know all about this from Maria Goodman, who was called in to nurse Madam Weaver. She wasn't really sick enough for a nurse, but Maria didn't happen to be busy at the time and they thought it would be a good plan to have her. Maria told me the whole story afterward when I was laid up with the rheumatism. She thought it would take my mind up, and it did. Maria was a great hand to tell a story. She could set it out until you fairly saw things for yourself.

Well, the cook's leaving and Madam Weaver being so feeble made a change about their Christmas. Job Weaver's wife said she would have the Christmas dinner cooked at her house, and Job could bring it over in the carryall. Madam Weaver had another girl beside the cook that left; she always kept two girls, but the other couldn't cook very well. Maria said she would have offered to cook the dinner herself, but she knew how particular Mrs. Job was, and she didn't dare. She said, as far as Job was concerned, she wouldn't have hesitated a moment, for if he had had one of his far-away spells he wouldn't have known whether he was eating turkey or codfish; and, anyway, he wasn't a man to fuss. Job was one of the men who take what is set before him by a Divine Providence or his fellow-men and don't question but it is just exactly what he ought to have.

Well, Job Weaver's wife said she would cook the Christmas dinner, and Maria Goodman thought there was no doubt but Madam Weaver would be well enough to sit at the table and eat it if she hadn't any care. Job's wife wasn't usually one of the kind to slop over, but this Christmas she did a little. She took a notion to rig up a little Christmas-tree for Madam Weaver. It was ridiculous as Maria said, for that old lady never had any second childhood, and it took a good deal of imagination to think she had ever had a first, and it did seem as if she would just turn up her nose at a Christmas-tree for herself. Madam Weaver had a little thin, transparent nose, and she had a way of turning it up very nicely and giving a soft lady-like, but very proud, sniff when she didn't like anything. Maria said when she heard that Mrs. Job was going to fix that Christmas-tree she didn't say anything, but she could seem to see that nose curl up and hear that sniff. She wanted to tell Eliza Weaver not to do such a silly thing, but she didn't dare. She just kept up athinking and held her tongue.

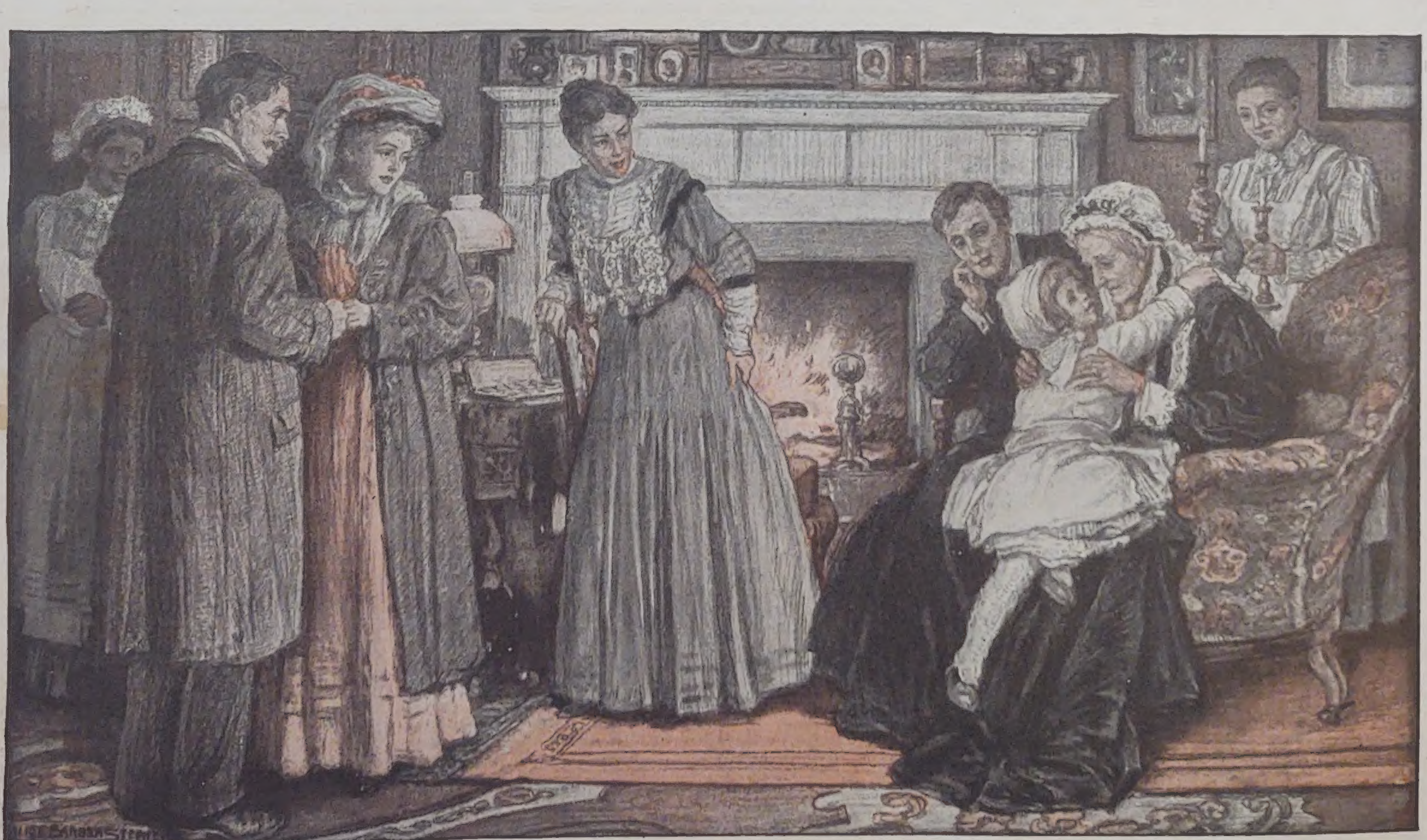
Well, Job Weaver's wife rigged up that little tree. It was all trimmed with strings of pop-corn and tinsel and colored balls, and there was a little paper angel perched on the top; and she hung on boxes of candy and silk bags and Christmas cards and a pearl breast-pin from her and Job—that was the only real present. Eliza was pretty careful about her money; all the rest were gimcracks that didn't cost much and might have pleased a real child or an old child if Madam Weaver had happened to be one; but Maria Goodman said when she saw that tree and thought of the old lady's nose, it was all she could do to keep from laughing right in Job's wife's face. Eliza had called her in to see it. She had it set up in her north parlor, with the heat turned off, so the candy wouldn't get sticky. Maria said there were candy canes and birds on that tree enough to make a cat laugh. The tree was just a little one. Eliza planned to have it stand in the middle of the dining-table at dinner and surprise Madam Weaver. She told Maria she thought it would be so nice to surprise Madam Weaver.

Well, she did surprise her fast enough, but not in the way she planned. Eliza only kept one girl, she liked to see to the housekeeping herself, and she and the girl cooked a splendid dinner. There was a great turkey roasted beautifully and a ham and all the vegetables in season and a big plum-pudding with sauce. She and her girl had to do a lot of planning to pack it all so it could be put in the carryall. Job had the turkey on the front seat beside him, and they had to lay the tree across the back seat with the top sticking out of the door. It must have looked sort of funny when it was all done. Eliza didn't dare go in the carryall, even if there had been room, for fear of getting something on her best dress, so she said she would walk. She was slim and wiry and hopped over the ground like a sparrow, and she had a way of holding up her dress high in the back for all the world like a sparrow's tail. It was never rumpled one mite when she let it down. She wasn't dressed when Job started, but she told him she'd go right and get ready and be over, and for him to tell Maria Goodman to help him smuggle the tree into the parlor and shut the door, so Madam Weaver couldn't see it, and when she got there she'd help about setting the dining-table and fixing the tree in the middle.

Well, Far-Away Job drove off. Eliza's girl said afterward that she had never seen his eyes have such a look as they had when he gathered up the reins. She said he looked as if he hadn't got it fairly settled in his mind as to whether he was carrying a turkey and driving a horse or driving a turkey and carrying a horse or whether he was on the road to his ma's or the road to Cork, Ireland. Eliza's girl was Irish and full of fun.

Then Eliza, she went up-stairs to get ready. She was awful fussy about her hair. It was getting thin and a little gray, and she used to put a mite of oil on it to darken it and do it up on hair-pins overnight to make it wave. She used to brush it very carefully and twist it up just so, and there was never one hair out of place, and it took a good deal of time. She was very particular about dressing, too—couldn't stand a wrinkle anywhere. She would smooth and smooth and pull her skirts down here and look at her back, turning her hand-glass this way and that, and she *couldn't* hurry. Then she was always an awful while getting her bonnet on straight, with the pins in just so, and tying her nice little veil; and she was just as fussy about her gloves as if she had been going to make formal calls instead of going to her mother-in-law's to fix up the table for the Christmas dinner.

Well, by the time she started she calculated that Job, even allowing for slow [CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]



"As for the baby, she just gave her grandmother one look and jumped into her lap like a kitten that has always been petted and expected it"

MY HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS

BY KATHARINE TRENTWOOD

"I dreamed that I dwelt—"

WAS there ever such a lovely chain of Christmases in any one's life, I wonder! I could name them all over to you from the first Christmas that I remember—the one of the Christmas Angel and the Noah's Ark—on up to that most lovely Christmas of all. Up to my twentieth year I do not remember one with the least cloud on it. There were always love and light-heartedness and cheer and bounty and merrymaking, and gifts and friends.

The brightest of all was my nineteenth Christmas.

They stand out very bright indeed, those days of my nineteenth year, full of laughter and light-heartedness and delight. I remember ball gowns that were like lovely Christmas things in themselves—one a pale sea-green that Undine might have worn, and one of white, gauzy fabric spangled with gilt stars. There were gilt slippers, too, to match it. I wore it the night of that gayest and most brilliant Christmas of all. There were candles lighted everywhere, hundreds of them, I think. There were smilax and ferns and roses. There was soft music in the halls, there were dim lights in the conservatory. Holly hung over doorways and portraits, and mistletoe from the chandeliers.

* * *

As a slow waltz, the musicians played twice over that evening "I Dreamed That I Dwelt in Marble Halls." When they played it the third time, I said to Philip, with whom I was dancing: "Why do they play that so often, Philip?"

"I took the liberty of asking them to," he said. "Does not your ladyship like it? It is good music to waltz to. Then, besides, there is a fitness in it, you know the words:

"I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side;
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and the pride."

"It is like that, you see! There are vassals and serfs enough at your side (may I be accounted one of them!) and for the rest—it is you who are the hope and the pride of all of us."

Philip made a grave matter of proposing to me that evening. He told me of his hopes and ambitions. He had already made a start and was earning a thousand dollars a year.

"Oh, Philip," I said, laughing and taking it all very lightly, "that would not keep me in shoes and gloves and trinkets! Certainly not in gilt slippers."

"Oh, I know, I know!" Philip said. "But if I were sure you loved me! I shall earn more in time, a great deal more. Tell me, how much *would* keep you in gloves and gilt slippers?"

"Come back when you have ten thousand a year," I said, laughing.

"Which means that you do not love me!" Philip's face was earnest.

"No," I said, still lightly, "it only means that trinkets and gilt slippers are expensive."

Philip got up and bowed gravely.

"Ten thousand it shall be! I am going away to South America. That is what I have always planned to do. I shall come back when I have ten thousand, and then—" He held out his arms to me, "This is our dance!"

* * *

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel."

If I could tell you how many times in the days that followed I dreamed that I dwelt not in marble halls, no, but just in the dear, old, lovely, lighted life that I used to know there at home—the life which so soon after that was changed and lost to me. I used to read of such changes, of such things happening, in books, but this was in my own life, and it was real.

Four short months after that Christmas I was a poor girl, in a great city, earning as best I might a scanty living.

The old home-ties were broken; one loss, one sorrow followed fast on another. I need not tell of them. The old house was closed and mortgaged, and must sooner or later go out of our hands. The old life itself was only a memory.

I had a little room at the top of an inexpensive lodging-house with not even so much as a fire in it. I was too proud to let any one know what this Christmas meant to me. How I dreaded it, I who had known only joyous Christmases. I took a long walk to keep warm and to try to forget. I came home and sat down to my frugal little supper and took a book and tried to read; but the old home scenes kept coming back to me, and the memory of the old happy days would not leave me. I meant to be brave, but somehow I could not be. The lonely supper choked me, and I remember that I finally put my head down on my arms and sobbed as though my heart would break.

By the time a second Christmas had come around I had adjusted myself a little to the new life, but there was still the old bitter longing for the old days. We cling to our sorrows and are loath to let our troubles go. Perhaps I even took a kind of pride in my losses. I am afraid I did; and I think I pitied myself a good deal.

And Philip, even Philip was gone out of my life, too. He had gone away a little while after that last Christmas at the old home—had gone away happy and determined; and I had not seen him since. Misfortune had come to Philip, too. Overwork, hardship, grave duties that had come upon him without warning; the necessity of sacrificing his own good to others, all this followed by a long illness. I never knew the details, but I heard that his splendid health was gone, and might perhaps never be gotten back again. I remember how gray the world seemed to me the day that I first heard that. Philip! my gay, happy, strong-hearted Philip! From then on I added that to my losses and wondered dry-eyed what next would be taken from me.

* * *

The third Christmas was drawing near. I remember very well every detail of it—the bitter cold weather, followed two days before Christmas by a feathery snow-storm. It was to be another Christmas alone in a big city. My thought turned again to the old Christmases. Outside the city, over beyond the hills that I could see from my window, only an hour or a little more away, stood the old home. I had never been back to it. It seemed to me I could never bring myself to see it again. The mortgage fell due in a few days—after that it would go into strange hands. I only asked to be spared the bitterness of ever seeing it. I still had the key to the front door. I had always carried it in my purse. It seemed to me not like the key to a door only, but like the key to the old life.

As I stood looking out, there was a knock at the door and Frau Von Schilder, my little laundress, came in. She put down the bundle of clothes.

"But why did you bring them in the storm?"

"Oh, I do not mind the storm. I could not come to-morrow night nor the next; and I wanted to wish you a happy Christmas, Fraulein, a very, very happy one."

"Shall you have a happy one?" I said.

"Oh, yes, Fraulein—a very happy one indeed. My husband is a little better. It is true we shall not have a roast goose as we always used to have. Oh, you see we used to have plenty, that was before Herr Von Schilder had to give up teaching German. But we shall be very happy. A slice of ham does just as well if one is happy. If one has the *real* things of life, the unreal ones do not count. One may be poor in money—but God's riches are never spent."

I looked earnestly in her delicate, gentle face. Suddenly the old regrets and the old self-pity seemed to fall away from me as something unworthy.

"Will you tell me," I said, "just what you call the real things?"

"Ah, well there is only one real thing after all, Fraulein, all the rest are just shadows of it, there is only one real thing—just *love*—and love is the same as the right to serve. There is nothing else real under the sun—nothing but loving, nothing but serving those we love. There is no real poverty, but to be poor in love; no real riches, but to be rich in it. The other poverty is good for us if God sends it—or the other riches—as He sees fit, but the only real poverty is as I have told you.

"It is as simple as that. When one has bitterness in one's heart one is poor, let there be ever so much wealth. When one has love, there is wealth in plenty. It is just as simple as that, Fraulein."

I do not remember anything else that she said, I only remember standing by the window after she had gone, and looking out for a long, long time. When I turned away from it I had made two resolves—to love more, to serve more—to spend myself; that, and to give up all bitterness, all longings for the past.

* * *

"What shall I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb."

I cannot tell you all the detail of it. There is not space, nor need. Only, whereas the other Christmases had been full of loneliness and regrets, this one was full of friendliness and giving. The little German woman was right. God's riches are never spent. I had as little money as before with which to buy gifts, it is true, but I had love and sympathy and understanding in plenty to spend. I prepared as many little gifts as I could; only a card, a note, some inexpensive remembrance. I gave to every one I could think of—the janitor's children, the paper-boy, the little seamstress, the art-student, the little school-teacher whose room was above mine, the clerk in the book-store who was lame, the little old apple-woman. And the Von Schilders! There must be a goose sent to them without a word as to who sent it and there must be a gift for each child. I carried the gifts around myself, and toiled up the dark stairway, meaning to leave them at the door in true Santa Claus fashion. But the Von Schilder door opened and one chubby little Von Schilder, with eyes as big as saucers, said in a loud, croupy whisper," Fraulein, we are going to have a goose! A *goose!* It came this morning from *nowhere!*"

The little laundress appeared and made me promise to come back to Christmas dinner with them. Oh, would I not please to do so!

What a dinner it was! There was a meager enough fire in the little coal-stove, but the glow on the faces of the Von Schilder children and the happiness on Frau Von Schilder's face, and the light in the old German professor's eyes, all this was brighter and more comforting and more cheering than any fire I ever saw banked up with Yule-log and Christmas pine.

After dinner we played games, and the old German professor recited for us, first for the children, then something of his beloved Schiller.

They begged me to stay on and on, but I could not. One more Christmas thing was to be done, I was going to the old house for the first and last time since I had left it. I was going, without bitterness, to bid farewell to it and to the old dreams and regrets that for three years had spoiled my life. I was going to start out now to be what God had meant me to be—and had deemed it wise for me to be—a poor girl, but never poor, God willing, in what the little German woman called the "real things."

* * *

I got off at the familiar little station and walked along the old road that I had not seen nor had the heart to see for three years. I went up the stone steps. The knocker on the old, generous door was rusty. I put the key in the latch and turned the knob, and stood in the broad hall. The shutters were closed. I opened them and let in the winter sunlight. Then I went resolutely to the old library. Almost without looking around I began to build a fire.

I had just lighted it when a slight sound startled me. I turned, Philip was there! He held out his hands to me.

"I think I must have known somehow that you were coming," he said. "It always seemed to me that some Christmas we must be here together again. I think it was just that I longed so to see you! But I made up my mind I would not. I made up my mind I would just come and see the old home, and then go away again."

"Will you sit down?" I said, drawing a chair to the fire. "You are ill, Philip, you are ill."

He sat down, looking very white and patient.

"Why did you not come back before, Philip?"

"Well, you see," he said, "my life is a broken thing now, to which I could not allow you to lay your hand; even, I mean," and the color came into his cheeks, "even if you loved me."

We sat in silence for a few minutes. The firelight spread around the old, familiar room. I thought of the little German woman's words. I knew now, better than ever, how true they were.

"Philip," I said, "I do love you and no one else in the world so much."

He raised his hand to stop me! "You don't understand. It may be I shall never be able to get a footing again in the world of men. Don't make it hard for us. I know your dreams. This is the life for you, in a home like this. It is here that I always think of you."

"But I have come to-day to say good-by to it—to give it all up, even the dream of it, yes, and all regret concerning it. It is not real any more. It is all dreams and shadows." The little German woman's words came back to me. "There is only one real thing, Philip, and that is love—and all the rest are shadows. There is no real poverty, but to be poor in love; no real riches, but to be rich in it." I put my cheek against his hand, "Philip, this is the first *real* Christmas I have ever spent, and, oh, the happiest by far."

* * *

I cannot remember his words, though they were so beautiful. It was difficult at first to make him know. We sat a long while in the firelight. Then, as the evening closed in and the first stars came out, we left the old house—and with it all the old regrets. I slipped the key under the stone steps and left it there, and we turned to face together the life of real things and the days of poverty that were to be so much richer than any I had ever known.

VI’LETEMMA’S GOLDEN DAY

A Modern Fairy Story by

HULBERT FOOTNER

With Illustrations by

ARTHUR I. KELLER

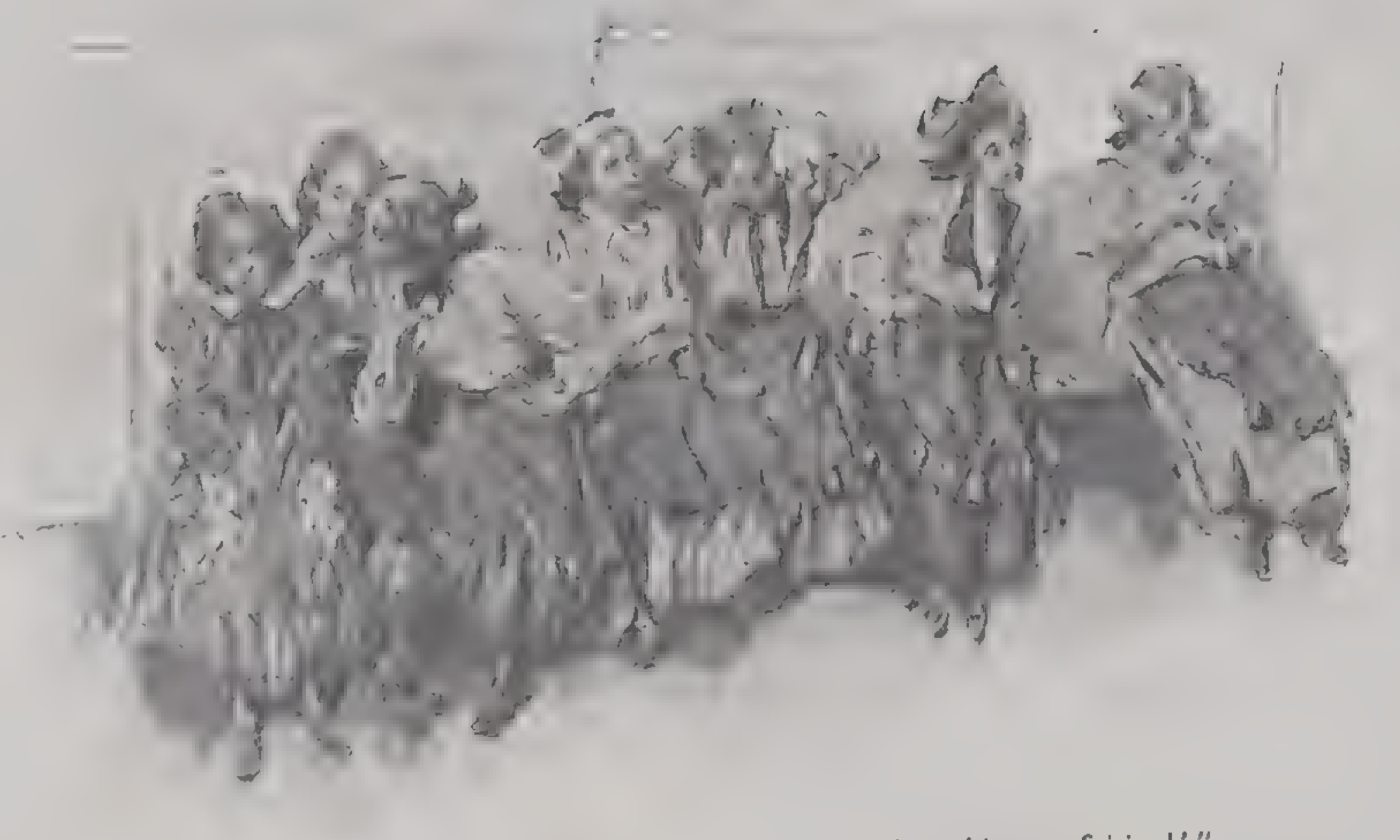
A PLUMP, rosy-cheeked gentleman, not very old, but already beginning to be bald under his hat, was sitting on one of the round stools in front of the silk counter at Murray’s, waiting while a plump, rosy-cheeked lady, unmistakably his wife, completed a purchase. Next to the silk counter, as some will remember, used to stand one of those long benches, on which the little cash-girls sat while waiting for a call, and the plump gentleman while he sat there could not help but overhear part of a conversation between numbers forty-two and ninety-seven.

“Aw, shucks!” forty-two was saying scornfully. “There ain’t such a thing as fairies! Them is only to fool kids with!”

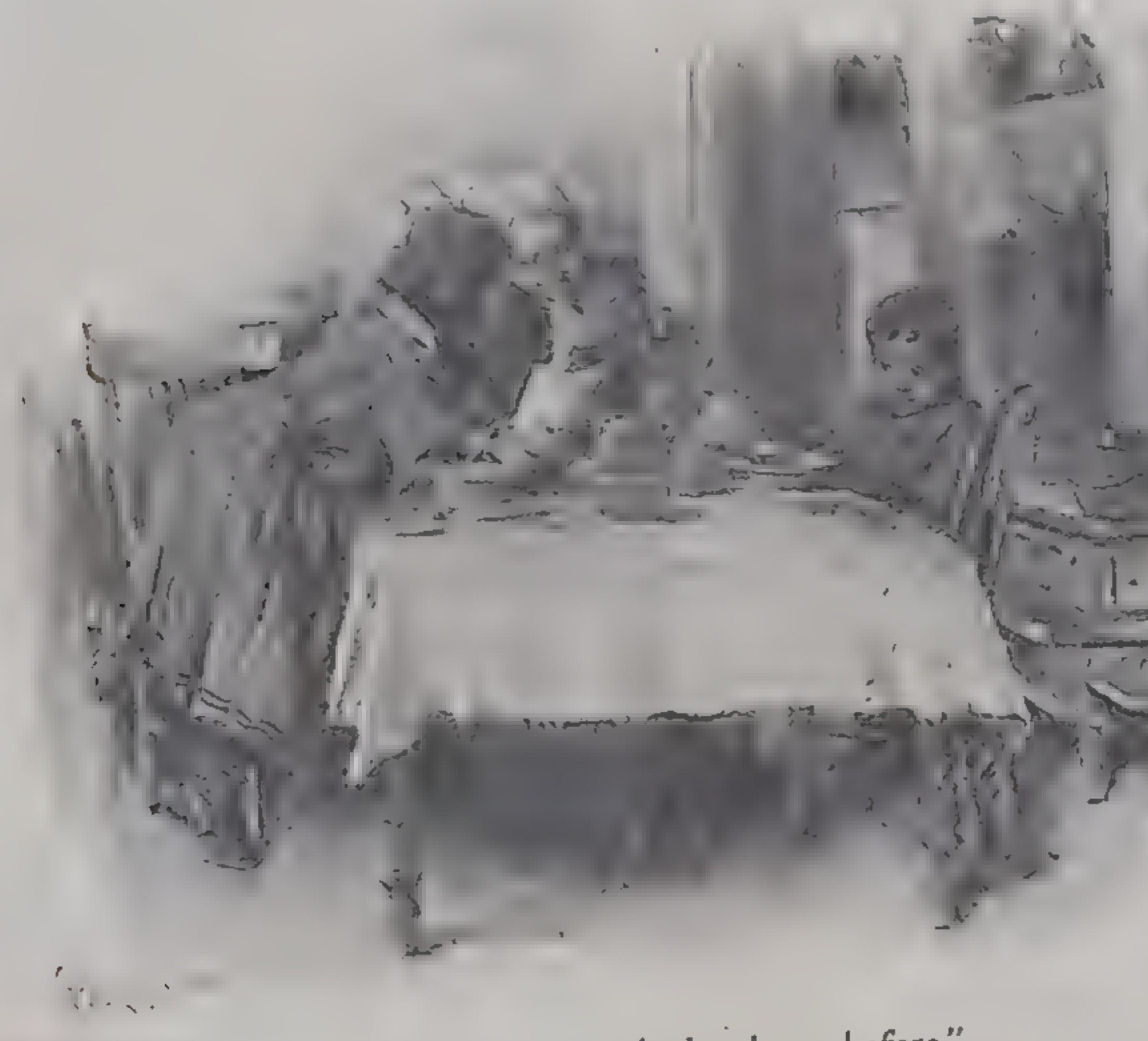
Number ninety-seven who was really the smallest cash-girl that ever was, looked at her fellow-worker with grave, troubled eyes. “Well, anyway, I like to think there’s fairies,” she said stoutly. “It cheers you up!” She thought for a moment and then added triumphantly: “If there wasn’t anything anywheres only what you see with your eyes how could stories come to you in the dark?”

“Laws! I don’t tell myself stories!” said forty-two loftily. “I buy the penny weeklies!”

Forty-two darted away on a call, and ninety-seven sat gazing at the ground with an anxious expression, for evidently in spite of her stand for the fairies her faith had been shaken. She was a thin little girl of twelve years or thereabouts, with a small, pale face and large, serious dark eyes. There was something about her which made the plump gentleman stop smiling and frown and blink a little as he watched her, but presently a happy thought seemed to strike him, for his eyes began to twinkle again. His wife joined him and he told her in a whisper of what he was thinking, during which she looked often at ninety-seven and her eyes grew misty, too. But when he came to his happy thought, she laughed outright and cried: “Capital! Capital! Oh, what fun!” Then with a final smiling glance at ninety-seven (who had not noticed them at all, so busy was she with the problem of fairies or no fairies) they hurried away to the superintendent’s office to ask some questions. The next day the plump gentleman might have been seen and heard making guarded inquiries in the vicinity of Tompkins Square, near where Violet Emma Kennedy (for such was number ninety-seven’s outside name) resided with her aged grandmother and her infant brother.



“ ‘Aw, shucks! There ain’t no such a thing as fairies!’ ”



“She had never had a letter before”

On the next morning but one they were all at breakfast; that is to say Granny, Algernon and Vi’letemma. Their two tiny rooms might have been considered bare by sensible people, but Vi’letemma imagined so many different kinds of furniture they really had a hard time keeping track of it all, and felt almost overcrowded. Granny was having an egg for breakfast because she was so old; Algernon was having bread and milk, and Vi’letemma was having bread. On the bread she was plastering imaginary marmalade so unctuously that it made Algernon cry for some just to hear her talk about it. So Vi’letemma spread some on his bread and then he cried some more because it was only make-believe after all. Algernon was only four, so of course his imagination was not very well developed yet. He was one of those perfectly-square children with cheeks so red they were almost purple. He spoke but seldom, and then in a voice which astonished strangers, for it seemed to proceed from the region of his small boots. Granny was very, *very* old; not quite right in her wits, the people in the house used to say, which made Vi’letemma very indignant. Vi’letemma said it was only because they didn’t understand her. Granny was spry enough in her legs and hands, and she eked out their slender income by crocheting shawls which the neighbors bought. Vi’letemma usually made-believe that Granny was her elder child, Algernon being the other. Granny was splendid at coming in on make-believe, and perfectly good-natured.

While they were eating their breakfast there came a knock at the door. This was very unusual, and Vi’letemma ran to open it full of pleasurable anticipations. Vi’letemma was always on the alert for something to happen, though nothing ever had happened—but this time she was not disappointed. There was an envelope lying on the landing without a sign of who brought it there. She snatched it up with eager fingers; she had never had a letter before. Sure enough it was addressed to Miss Violet Emma Kennedy and inside was a note which said:

> *Dear Violet Emma:—*
>
> *Mr. Keisel, the superintendent, says you may have a holiday to-day. The automobile will call for you and Granny and Algernon at nine-thirty.*
>
> *Yours lovingly,* THE FAIRIES.

Vi’letemma having expected something to happen, was not surprised—only glad, with a great, calm gladness. So I was right after all, she thought, and immediately life seemed much easier to live. Vi’letemma read the note to Granny and Algernon. Granny smiled and nodded her head ever so many times, and clapped her little wrinkled hands and said: “An automobile! How nice, my love!” Granny was not surprised, either; that was the best of her; she was not a bit sensible. But Algernon having been fooled so many times, as he thought, was incredulous. “On’y make-believe!” he grumbled scornfully. Algernon hated the word.

Before they finished washing the dishes there came another knock at the door. Vi’letemma flew to open it, but as quick as she was, the fairies’ messenger was quicker; there was not a soul in sight on the landing of the stairs; but there were three big, fat, cardboard boxes lying there in a row. The first one was marked “For Granny,” and the second one “For Violet Emma,” and the third one, “For Algernon.” With what trembling fingers they untied the strings, and with what Ohs! and Ahs! of delight they viewed the contents! They opened Algernon’s first. Inside was a Buster Brown suit complete with all the fixings, and a beautiful black overcoat with a velvet collar, and a hussar’s cap to go with it. Even Algernon was impressed.

“It looks real,” he remarked condescendingly.

Having taken time to think it over he added: “I will put it on.”

In Granny’s box there was a fashionable black dress, with a quilted mantle, and a little bonnet which Vi’letemma said was a perfect love. Granny could scarcely wait until she got the bonnet on, she was so anxious to see how it became her.

When Vi’letemma came to her own box she turned it over and looked at every side, and then untied the string *very* slowly, meanwhile imagining and imagining what would be inside. This was very exasperating to Granny who was quite wild to have a look, but Vi’letemma was never one to slur the luxurious pleasures of anticipation. But at last she threw off the cover. Everything inside was wrapped in tissue paper, so that looking at each thing was a separate and distinct joy. First there was a shiny, black beaver hat with the brim turned up in front, a band of gold braid around the crown, and a dashing gold quill. Then there was a long, silky black coat with gold braid, a Peter Thompson suit; shoes, stockings, gloves and other things too numerous to mention. “Rich and quiet, my love! The very thing for you!” exclaimed Granny, fondling the things like she had a baby in her arms. But Vi’letemma felt just the least bit disappointed—it was such a *sensible* outfit, and somehow she had not though of the fairies as being sensible like grown-ups. But that is the way with these imaginative people; reality never *quite* comes up to the things they have pictured.

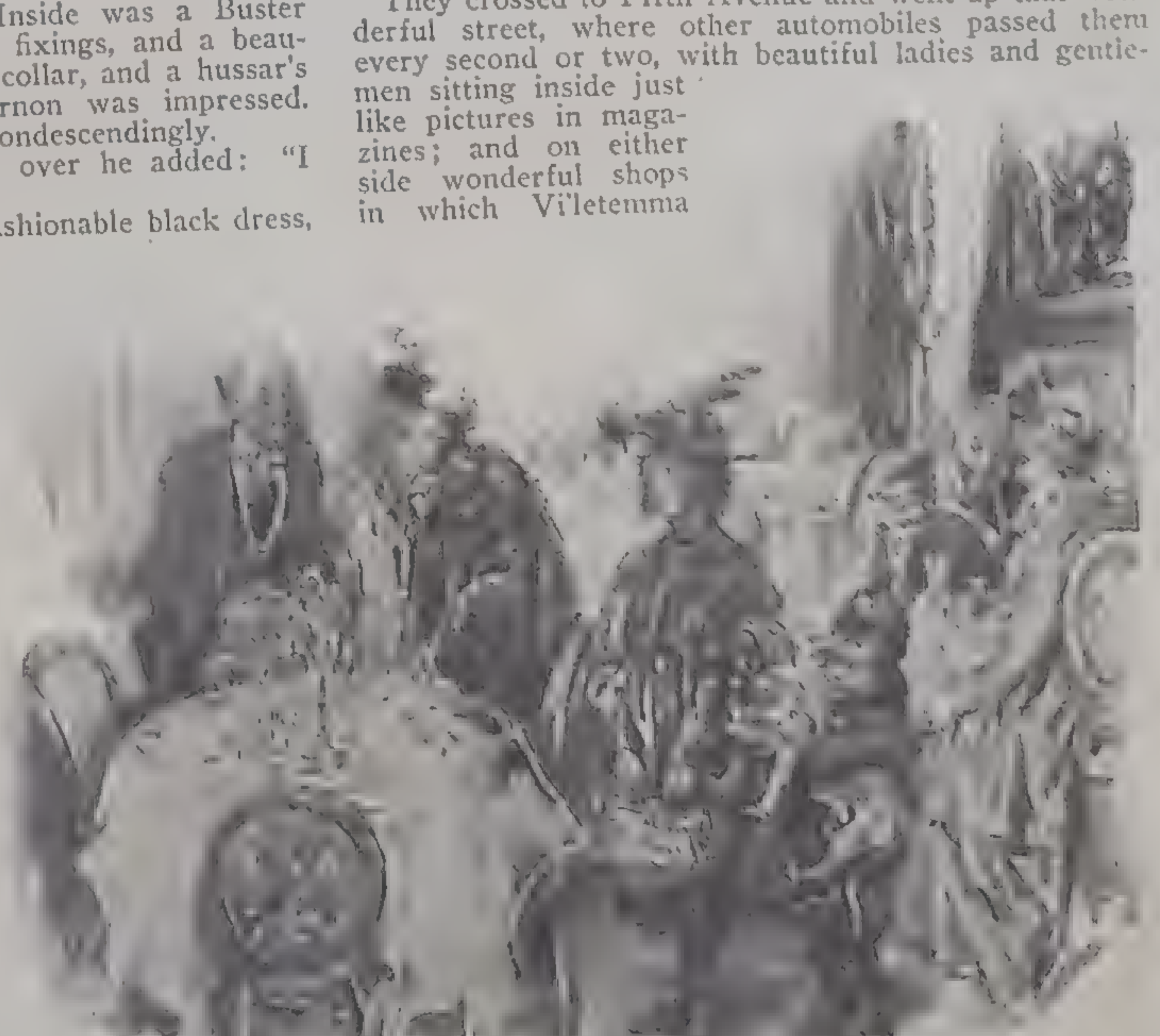
But Vi’letemma had little time to think about that just then, for it was nearly nine o’clock. She made haste to dress Granny and Algernon, and having accomplished that, had no sooner put herself in order than there came another knock at the door. This time she found a tall young man standing outside, who wore a beautiful green overcoat reaching nearly to the floor, with black braid running back and forth all down the front, and on his head a smart green cap with a shiny black piece coming down over his eyes.

He gave a military salute and said: “The automobile is below, Miss Vi’letemma.”

Vi’letemma and Granny and Algernon, all very fine in their new clothes, followed him down-stairs with great dignity, and all the families came out on the landings and craned their necks over the banisters with loud exclamations of astonishment. At the curb the automobile was puffing and jigging in its insides as if crazy to be off. It was a magnificent dark green affair, as big as any in town, and as bright as if this were its first appearance on the street. At the steering-wheel there was another young man in another green overcoat precisely the same as the first—just like twins. The first one waited by the door with green robes over his arm. Nothing like this turnout has ever stopped in Avenue B before and the street was crowded from stoop to stoop, with hundreds on the fire-escapes and hanging out of the windows. It was a proud moment for Granny, Algernon and Vi’letemma! I’m afraid that Algernon stuck out his tongue at some of the little boys, but they were accustomed to mock him because he was never let out on the street without his Granny, and Algernon was only human. The young man opened the door of the automobile, and when they got in tucked the robes skilfully around them. Then he closed the door and running around behind, appeared on the other side and climbed in beside his twin. In a twinkling they leaped ahead followed by a mighty cheer from the crowd—the Kennedys were highly esteemed in Avenue B.

The little room in the back of the automobile, with its padded green cushions and its plate-glass windows, was prettier and softer and cozier than anything Vi’letemma had imagined even in fairy-land. Everything was exactly right; she was satisfied. She just folded her hands in her lap and leaned back with a sigh, watching the people and stores flying past, too happy to speak. Her eyes were shining like two big fireflies. Granny was fascinated with the pockets in the front, which held a little mirror and very strong perfume in a bottle which made her sneeze. Granny talked all the time and didn’t care whether anybody listened; that was the way happiness affected her. As for Algernon, he just waited for the bumps. Every time they came to a nice soft bump, and all three of them popped up and came down again, Algernon laughed out loud.

They crossed to Fifth Avenue and went up that wonderful street, where other automobiles passed them every second or two, with beautiful ladies and gentlemen sitting inside just like pictures in magazines; and on either side wonderful shops in which Vi’letemma



“Algernon desired that the lion should make a fourth at the table” caught glimpses of many things, which she stored away in her mind, to be used later as stage-settings for her own private fairy-land. Farther up they came to the fine houses, all different colors and shapes, with gorgeous entrances and real lace curtains in every window. Then they flew into the park where everything was powdered with snow. Vi'letemma had no idea snow could be so pretty and so suitable to fairy-land; snow is never like that down-town. After that they climbed up Riverside Drive, and the bright blue river with white cakes of ice floating down in the sunshine was even prettier than the park. After circling Grant's Tomb, which Vi'letemma had often heard of, they came down-town again.

By and by they drew up at the sidewalk in front of a splendid white marble department-store much, much finer than Murray's where Vi'letemma worked. She had a terrible fear that this was going to be the end of their ride; but it was not.

The first young man in the green overcoat opened the door. "You are expected here, Miss Vi'letemma," he said. "The automobile will wait for you."

So Granny, Algernon and Vi'letemma got out and walked sedately across the broad pavement into the store—which was more like a palace than a store—and many people looked after them and smiled nicely. Inside, near the door, a beautifully-dressed young lady was waiting; she smiled, too, and said:

"Good-morning, Granny! Good-morning, Algernon! Good-morning, Vi'letemma!"

And they all said good-morning and Vi'letemma noticed that everybody around nodded and smiled, too. It was all very pleasant.

"I am instructed to tell you," said the young lady (instructed by the fairies of course, thought Vi'letemma), "that you are each to choose the thing you would like most in this store. So let us go about and look at everything."

* * *

Dear! Dear! But it was difficult to make a choice! First they came to the silk counter and Vi'letemma thought there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as a whole piece of orange-colored satin lying on the counter in its brown-paper wrapper—but at the very next counter was a beautiful silk scarf with gold embroidery—and next to that there was a pink parasol—and next to that an enormous bottle of violet perfume, and so on; it was heartbreaking to make up one's mind! But after a while they came to the leather goods, and Vi'letemma was quite sure what she really wanted was a hand-bag to put her purse in when she went shopping, just like a lady. There was one made of alligator-skin, all knobbly and shiny, with a real head and two feet hanging down on one side. Vi'letemma chose that. It was a very large hand-bag.

It was the same with poor little Granny. She almost wept when called upon to choose between a lace shawl, a wonderful green leather work-box, with everything in it you ever heard of for sewing, besides things you never heard of before, and a marble statuette of a girl with a lace bonnet on. But they walked a little farther, and at the jewelry counter Granny quickly made up her mind. It was a gold lorgnette which opened and closed, and you held it up to your eyes. To be sure, there was no glass in it yet, but Granny, screwing up her eyes and looking this way and that through the gold rims, felt sure she saw much better. So they got that.

When they came to Algernon they thought it would be much simpler! they just went up to the toy department. But Algernon was no less perplexed than his elders to make a choice. How was a boy to decide between a train of cars that ran on real rails with real steam, a butcher-shop complete with all kinds of meat and cute little cleavers, and a stable with four horses, harness complete, two trucks and real barrels to load on the trucks? While he was debating in his mind with what assistance he could gather from sucking a thumb—the others were almost in despair because Algernon was so deliberate in his mental operations—they heard a hoarse sound behind them and, turning, saw a lion almost as big as Algernon himself, covered with real hair, and having a ring under his chin which when you pulled it made him really and truly roar. Then Algernon hesitated no longer. He politely but firmly insisted on carrying the lion himself, a matter of considerable difficulty. So they returned to the automobile, all carrying their own purchases and bidding good-by to the smiling young lady at the door of the store.

* * *

This time they rode only a short distance, and stopped again at the door of a very grand building. I hope *this* isn't the end! thought Vi'letemma with the same pang as before; and it wasn't. This building had a queer kind of door that went around all the time instead of opening and shutting like common doors. The first time poor Granny tried to go through she found herself out on the sidewalk again. She was terribly muddled and when she did get inside she felt like Alice who waked up behind the looking-glass. Vi'letemma helped Algernon through and they had a most distressing time with the lion; first his head got caught in front; then his tail got caught behind.

Inside there was a solemn, grand gentleman in dark red. He bowed politely, and invited them to follow him, which they did, Granny peering through her lorgnette, Vi'letemma swinging her alligator bag, and Algernon very red in the face, lugging the lion. Every few minutes Algernon had to stop and put him down and take a rest. They went down a very grand corridor, all marble and gold, with velvet carpets under their feet, and beautifully-dressed ladies sitting on red sofas all along. At the end of the room there was an enormous dining-room where there was dreamy music; and the solemn gentleman led the way to a table and held their chairs while they sat down. Algernon desired that the lion should make a fourth at the table.

"I fink I shall call him Edward," he announced.

Then other gentlemen came bringing glasses with ice and water, also bread and butter, and quantities of knives and forks. And one brought a bill of fare to Granny and one to Vi'letemma. Vi'letemma knitted her brows; she knew what a bill of fare was, and she could read very well, but this bill of fare was full of the most outlandish names of things, and she could not make head nor tail of it. Of course Granny was only making-believe to read hers with the lorgnette. Vi'letemma did not know what to say; but Algernon solved the riddle.

"I will have some thoop," he said without embarrassment.

Vi'letemma's face cleared. "We will all have soup," she said.

"Soup! Just the thing!" said Granny, nodding her head a great many times.

The gentleman bowed and hurried away.

While they waited they looked around, and at the next table Vi'letemma perceived a plump, rosy-cheeked, smiling gentleman, not very old, with a plump, rosy-cheeked, smiling lady not as old as he. She remembered having seen them in the store where they had just made their purchases, and she called Granny's attention to the fact. "Look, there is Mr. and Mrs. Smiley," she said, giving them a name. It suited them; they were the happiest pair of people you could find anywhere.

* * *

The soup was very good, and there were things with it; celery and crackers and little green plums which Algernon and Vi'letemma did not like at all, but Granny did. "Olives, my love," she said, laughing heartily. Then Vi'letemma was in the same difficulty with the bill of fare again; but Algernon, pleased with the success of his first experiment, went in harder.

"I will have tuykey—and tranberry sauce—and sweet potatoes—and torn—and jelly!" he said boldly—but not really expecting to get all that.

Vi'letemma was aghast at his rapacity, but it all came, every bit of it, and while he ate, you could see Algernon thinking up all the things he knew to demand next. Oh, how *good* it was! Vi'letemma forgot all about the fairies for a while in the perfect happiness of filling her little tummy as full as it would hold. That was surely the sweetest turkey that ever laid down its life in a good cause. Algernon gave Edward, the lion, the bones to gnaw. As they were finishing all this the gentleman came back for further instructions. Vi'letemma looked at Algernon nervously. Algernon took a long breath and said:

"I will have sarlotte russe—and trawberry-jam and—and—" but cudgel his brains as he would, he couldn't think of anything else.

"That will do," said Vi'letemma nervously, and the gentleman hurried away.

Algernon looked disappointed with himself. Suddenly he had another thought. He turned in his chair and saw the gentleman just about to disappear through a distant doorway.

"And ice-cream!" thundered Algernon.

He wondered why everybody laughed. Mr. and Mrs. Smiley laughed the hardest. Vi'letemma was mortified.

That was a very thoughtful gentleman who was looking after them. Not only did he bring everything the greedy Algernon ordered, but there was coffee, too, for Granny, which they hadn't thought of; and the strawberry-jam was not at all like what you buy in a delicatessen store. There were real strawberries in it; many of them!

* * *

At last they could really eat no more, and so they made their way back to the automobile, feeling very rosy-cheeked outside and very pleasant and stiff inside. Now I suppose they *must* take us home, thought Vi'letemma sadly as they sank back in the delicious cushions of the automobile—but she was wrong again. They were carried to still another fine building where people were going in. There was an elegant gentleman here, too, and he was standing beside a brass rail and taking tickets. Vi'letemma hung back because they hadn't any, but as soon as the gentleman caught sight of Granny and Algernon and Vi'letemma, he bade them good-afternoon and invited them inside, as if he had been expecting them. Once inside, Vi'letemma knew instantly that this was the theater of which she had heard so much from the other girls at Murray's. It had no windows, and it was all soft and bright with electric lights, though outside it was still day, and there was something in the very feel of the place that made one excited inside.

"Oh, a play! How nice, my love!" said Granny, laughing and nodding her head.

As for Algernon, still carrying Edward, the lion, around the stomach, with his four legs sticking stiffly out in front, Algernon allowed nothing to ruffle his dignity.

A younger gentleman led the way down one side, and took them into a pretty little room with red curtains and a little balcony in front, something like a fire-escape, but nicer. You could see all the people in the house, and there, right below them, sat Mr. and Mrs. Smiley, who smiled, of course, and waved their hands at Vi'letemma. She thought she had never seen such kind looking people.

"Bless me, a box, my love!" said Granny, much pleased.

But Vi'letemma thought it scarcely polite to call such a pretty little room a box.

Algernon put Edward, the lion, where he, too, could see everything. He could not resist the temptation to pull the ring under Edward's chin just once, whereat Edward roared, and everybody laughed—much to Algernon's indignation.

* * *

All on one side of the theater was a blank wall with "Asbestos" in big letters written across the middle. Vi'letemma wondered what that meant. She had never been in a theater before, but she knew instinctively that something wonderful was preparing behind that wall. Presently there was music, and Asbestos slowly rose and disappeared into the ceiling. Behind it lay a great picture of a garden with people dancing. Vi'letemma thought this was the show, but presently some lights were turned out, and some more turned on, and lo! the garden, too, rose and disappeared into the ceiling.

Behind it lay fairy-land indeed! It was a lovely, bright place—nothing every-day or sensible about it; and there were numbers of boys and girls in beautiful, strange dresses, who had nothing in the world to do but dance and sing and smile at each other. It was most satisfying to Vi'letemma. Between whiles people talked, but Vi'letemma understood very little of it, so many came and went; however, it was enough just to watch and wait for more singing. There were some funny men that Vi'letemma thought rather tiresome, but Algernon laughed very heartily at their antics.

By and by Vi'letemma began to catch the drift of a story. There was a beautiful young lady and it appeared she had been stolen from her parents by a wicked fairy, and a handsome young man was searching around the world for her. But it was rather mixed up and the funny men interrupted in the most interesting places. And just as the young man was getting "warm," and everybody was singing encouragingly at him, the curtain came down. Vi'letemma experienced a terrible pang of disappointment, but nobody got up to go. and presently she realized there was to be more.

When the curtain went up again it was altogether different behind it. This showed the palace of the fairy queen herself—Vi'letemma was tremendously excited. The queen was every bit as lovely as she had imagined her, and she sang like an angel. Ever so much happened—the funny men were allowed right inside the palace, much to Vi'letemma's surprise—but at last it was all straightened out. The fairy queen changed the bad fairy into a toad, and handed the beautiful young lady over to the handsome young man.

Then a wonderful thing happened. When Vi'letemma is as old as Granny herself she will not forget how she felt at that moment. A page brought a bunch of beautiful pink roses into the palace and handed them to the queen. She sang a song, and then she came over nearer and nearer to Vi'letemma until she was right beside their balcony. Vi'letemma's heart beat like knocking at the door. The queen looked straight at Vi'letemma and smiled. She held out the bunch of roses and said in her sweet voice:

"For the little girl who believes in fairies!"

Vi'letemma took the roses as if she were in a dream. The people in the house clapped and clapped till it sounded like rolling thunder. Then there was a final burst of singing in the queen's palace, and the curtain came down and hid fairy-land for good.

* * *

With Granny and Algernon, Vi'letemma made her way out, still in a dream of wonder and delight. People spoke to her kindly, but she did not hear them; she could not have said just how they reached the automobile. She did not really come to herself until they drew up in front of the well-known doorway in Avenue B, and the children came running from every direction to see them get out. Vi'letemma felt no regret now at coming home, she wanted to be at home where she could think it all out.

It would be hard to say what created the greatest sensation, Vi'letemma's roses and the alligator bag; Granny's gold lorgnette, which she used right and left as if she had been accustomed to it all her life, or Algernon and Edward, the lion, who roared diligently all the way across the sidewalk and up-stairs. They talked about that home-coming in Avenue B for months afterward.

At the top of the stairs the last and greatest surprise of all awaited them in their own rooms—even Vi'letemma, who had taken all that had happened as no more than one would expect of the fairies when they really exerted themselves, was surprised this time. She opened the door with a little sinking of the heart, for it was difficult to think of having to start right in and imagine away bareness and cold after all they had been through, but she fell back with a little cry of wonder; and Granny and Algernon looking around her, cried out softly, too. It was not the place they had left! Here was no cheerlessness—it was warm and bright and cozy! a transformation scene! a bit of fairy-land transported to Avenue B! A splendid fire burned in the grate, there was a red rug on the floor, pictures on the walls, a clock on the mantelpiece! Beside that, there was a little table with a great lamp on it, glowing richly under a beautiful yellow shade; and there was a larger table all spread for tea, with a shining white cloth, and silver knives and forks, and bread and butter and jam! Best of all, drawn up in front of the fire were three comfy, warm, padded rocking-chairs; a medium-size one for Granny; a little one for Vi'letemma; and a little bit of a one for Algernon!

* * *

On the table under the lamp lay a letter with something round and hard inside. It was addressed to Vi'letemma in the same hand of the earlier note. When she opened it a shining gold eagle dropped out and rolled on the floor. And this is what the letter said:

Dear Violet Emma:

We will send you a gold eagle every Saturday so that you can take care of Granny and Algernon without working at Murray's. We want you to go to school. You may expect a visit every now and then from an agent of ours who will come to see if everything is all right with you. You will know him by the fact that he is plump and has rosy cheeks and is beginning to get bald on the top of his head.

Yours lovingly, THE FAIRIES.

They were so astonished that they all sat down in their rocking-chairs and rocked without even taking off their hats and coats.

"Just like the old homestead where I was born, my love!" said Granny, laughing, delightedly and nodding her head many times.

"It's trawberry-jam," said Algernon solemnly. "I tuck my finger in to see!"

As for Vi'letemma she didn't say anything for a long while, but sat and stared into the fire and thought and thought.

ROOM NUMBER THREE

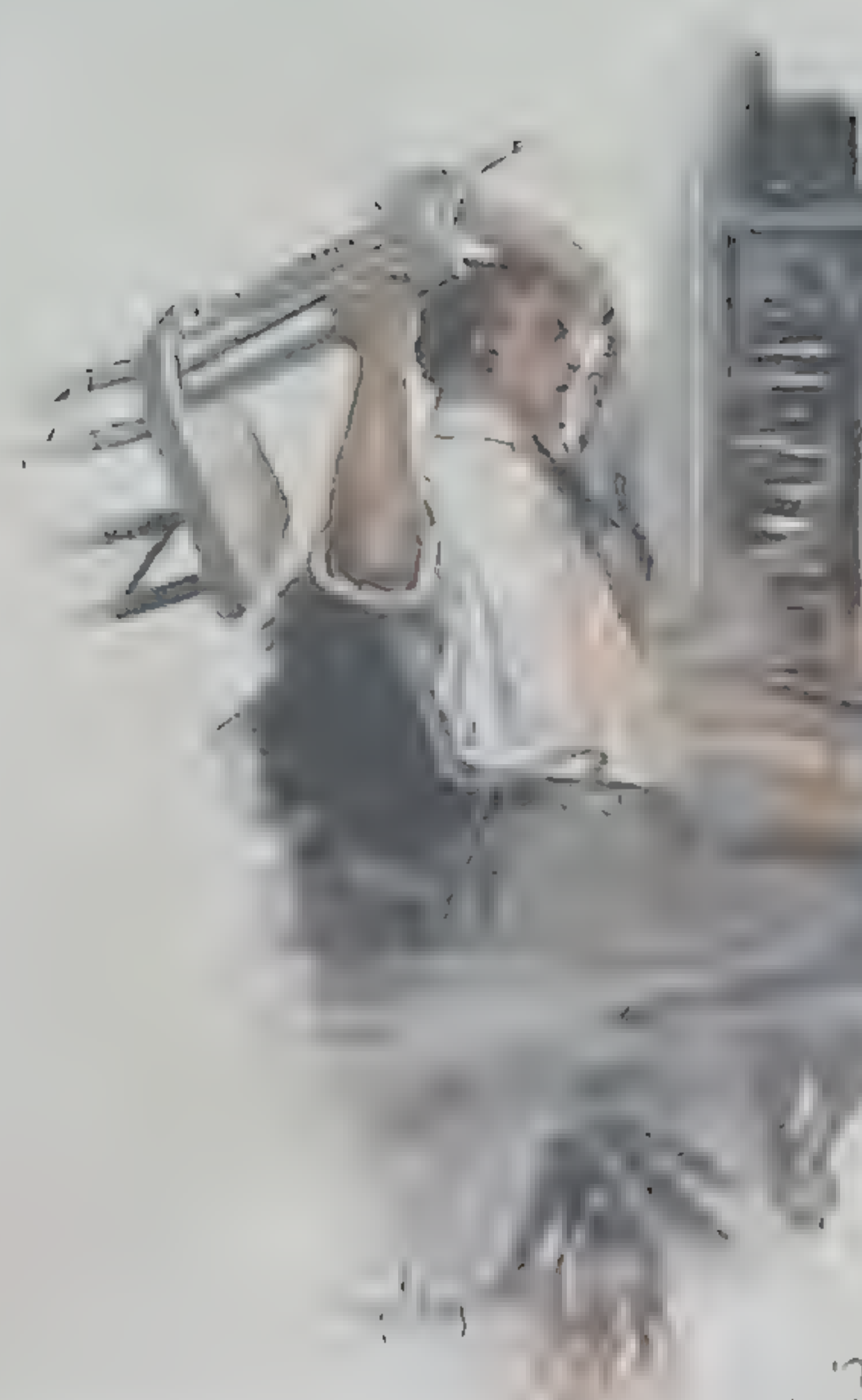
AT THREE FORKS TAVERN

BY

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "The Millionaire Baby," Etc.

OUTLINE of preceding chapter: Three Forks Tavern a number of years ago stood near a country road connecting Chester and Danton in southern Ohio. It was gloomy and little frequented by travelers. Mr. Hammersmith, a young gentleman farmer who is also a deputy sheriff, and Doctor Golden, the coroner, go to it to investigate after a Mrs. Demarest has been found lying dead in the woods near the tavern. Her daughter, a strikingly handsome young woman, is at the tavern and insists that she and her mother stayed there the night before. The landlord, Quimby, denies that the mother was ever in the house, and is backed up in this assertion by his wife and man Jake. The daughter cannot identify the room occupied by her mother, though Hammersmith suspects that it was No. 3. But nothing in it, not even the paper on the wall, fits Miss Demarest's description. The register does not show their names. The girl is closely cross-examined by the coroner, who finally comes to doubt her sanity, and Hammersmith finds himself deeply interested in her.



"There was fire, real fire, in the air, and in his ears the echo of a shriek, was it *hers?*"

Chapter II.

"THE girl's beauty has imposed on you."

"I don't think so. I should be sorry to think myself so weak. I simply credit her story more than I do that of Quimby's."

"But his is supported by several witnesses. Hers has no support at all."

"That is what strikes me as so significant. This man Quimby understands himself. Who are his witnesses? His wife and his head man. There is nobody else. In the half-hour which has just passed I have searched diligently for some disinterested testimony supporting his assertion, but I have found none. No one knows anything. Of the three persons occupying rooms in the extension last night, two were asleep and the third overcome with drink. The maids won't talk. They seem uneasy, and I detected a sly look pass from the one to the other at some question I asked, but they won't talk. There's a conspiracy somewhere. I'm as sure of it as that I am standing here."

"Nonsense! What should there be a conspiracy about? You would make this old woman an important character. Now, we know that she wasn't. Look at the matter as it presents itself to an unprejudiced mind. A young and susceptible girl falls in love with a man, who is at once a gentleman and a scamp. She may have tried to resist her feelings, and she may not have. Your judgment and mine would probably differ on this point. What she does *not* do is to let her mother into her confidence. She sees the man—runs upon him, if you will—in places or under circumstances she cannot avoid—till her judgment leaves her and the point of catastrophe is reached. Then, possibly, she awakes, or what is more probable, seeks to protect herself from the penetration and opposition of his friends by meetings less open than those in which they had lately indulged. She says that she left the house to escape seeing him again last night. But this is not true. On the contrary, she must have given him to understand where she was going, for she had an interview with him in the woods before she came upon her mother. He acknowledges to the interview. I have just had a talk with him over the telephone."

"Then you know his name?"

"Yes, of course, she had to tell me. It's young Maxwell. I suspected it from the first."

"Maxwell!" Mr. Hammersmith's cheek showed an indignant color. Or was it a reflection from the setting sun? "You called him a scamp a few minutes ago. A scamp's word isn't worth much."

"No, but it's evidence when on oath, and I fancy he will swear to the interview."

"Well, well, say there was an interview."

"It changes things, Mr. Hammersmith. It changes things. It makes possible a certain theory of mine which accounts for all the facts."

"It does!"

"Yes. I don't think this girl is really responsible. I don't believe she struck her mother or is deliberately telling a tissue of lies to cover up some dreadful crime. I consider her the victim of a mental hallucination, the result of some great shock. Now what was the shock? I'll tell you. This is how I see it, how Mr. Quimby sees it and such others in the house as have ventured an opinion. She was having this conversation with her lover in the woods below here when her mother came in sight. Surprised, for she had evidently not expected her mother to be so prompt, she hustled her lover off and hastened to meet the approaching figure. But it was too late. The mother had seen the man, and in the excitement of the discovery and the altercation which undoubtedly followed, made such a sudden move, possibly of indignant departure, that her foot was caught by one of the roots protruding at this point and she fell her whole length and with such violence as to cause immediate death. Now, Mr. Hammersmith, stop a minute and grasp the situation. If, as I believe at this point in the inquiry, Miss Demarest had encountered a passionate opposition to her desires from this upright and thoughtful mother, the spectacle of this mother lying dead before her, with all opposition gone and the way cleared in an instant to her wishes, but cleared in a manner which must haunt her to her own dying day, was enough to turn a brain already heated with contending emotions. Fancies took the place of facts, and by the time she reached this house had so woven themselves into a concrete form that no word she now utters can be relied on. This is how I see it, Mr. Hammersmith, and it is on this basis I shall act."

Hammersmith made an effort and, nodding slightly, said in a restrained tone:

"Perhaps you are justified. I have no wish to force my own ideas upon you; they are much too vague at present. I will only suggest that this is not the first time the attention of the police has been drawn to this house by some mysterious occurrence. You remember the Stevens case? There must have been notes to the amount each of seven thousand dollars in the pile he declared had been taken from him some time during the day and night he lodged here."

"Stevens! I remember something about it. But they couldn't locate the theft here. The fellow had been to the fair in Chester all day and couldn't swear that he had seen his notes after leaving the grounds."

"I know. But he always looked on Quimby as the man. Then there is the adventure of little Miss Thistlewaite."

"I don't remember that."

"It didn't get into the papers; but it was talked about in the neighborhood. She is a quaint one, full of her crotchets, but clear—clear as a bell where her interests are involved. She took a notion to spend a summer here—in this house, I mean. She had a room in one of the corners overlooking the woods, and professing to prefer Nature to everything else, was happy enough till she began to miss things—rings, pins, a bracelet and, finally, a really valuable chain. She didn't complain at first—the objects were trivial, and she herself somewhat to blame for leaving them lying around in her room, often without locking the door. But when the chain went, the matter became serious, and she called Mr. Quimby's attention to her losses. He advised her to lock her door, which she was careful to do after that, but not with the expected result. She continued to miss things, mostly jewelry of which she had a ridiculous store. Various domestics were dismissed, and finally one of the permanent boarders was requested to leave, but still the thefts went on till, her patience being exhausted, she notified the police and a detective was sent. I have always wished I had been that detective; the case ended in what was always considered a joke. Another object disappeared while he was there, and it having been conclusively proved to him that it could not have been taken by way of the door, he turned his attention to the window which it was one of her freaks always to keep wide open. The result was curious. One day he spied from a hiding-place he had made in the bushes a bird flying out from that window, and following the creature till she alighted in her nest he climbed the tree and searched that nest. It was encrusted with jewels. The bird was a magpie and had followed its usual habits, but—the chain was not there, nor one or two other articles of decided value. Nor were they ever found. The bird bore the blame; the objects missing were all heavy and might have been dropped in its flight, but I have always thought that the bird had an accomplice, a knowing fellow who understood what's what and how to pick out his share."

The coroner smiled. There was little conviction and much sarcasm in that smile. Hammersmith turned away. "Have you any instructions for me?" he said.

"Yes, you had better stay here. I will return in the morning with my jury. It won't take long after that to see this thing through."

The look he received in reply was happily hidden from him.

"Yes, I'm going to stay here to-night. As it's a mere formality, I shall want a room to sit in, and if you have no objection I'll take No. 3 on the rear corridor."

"I'm sorry, but No. 3 is totally unfit for use, as you've already seen."

"Oh, I'm not particular. Put a table in and a good light, and I'll get along with the rest. I have something to do. No. 3 will answer."

The landlord shifted his feet, cast a quick scrutinizing look at the other's composed face and threw back his head with a quick laugh.

"As you will. I can't make you comfortable on such short notice, but that's your lookout. I've several other rooms vacant."

"I fancy that room," was all the reply he got.

Mr. Quimby at once gave his orders. They were received by Jake with surprise.

Fifteen minutes later Hammersmith prepared to install himself in these desolate quarters. But before doing so he walked straight to the small parlor where he had last seen Miss Demarest and, knocking, asked for the privilege of a word with her. It was not her figure, however, which appeared in the doorway, but that of the landlady.

"Miss Demarest is not here," announced that buxom and smooth-tongued woman. "She was like to faint after you gentlemen left the room, and I just took her up-stairs to a quiet place by herself."

"On the rear corridor?"

"Oh, no, sir; a nice front room; we don't consider money in a case like this."

"Will you give me its number?"

Her suave and steady look changed to one of indignation.

"You're asking a good deal, aren't you? I doubt if the young lady—"

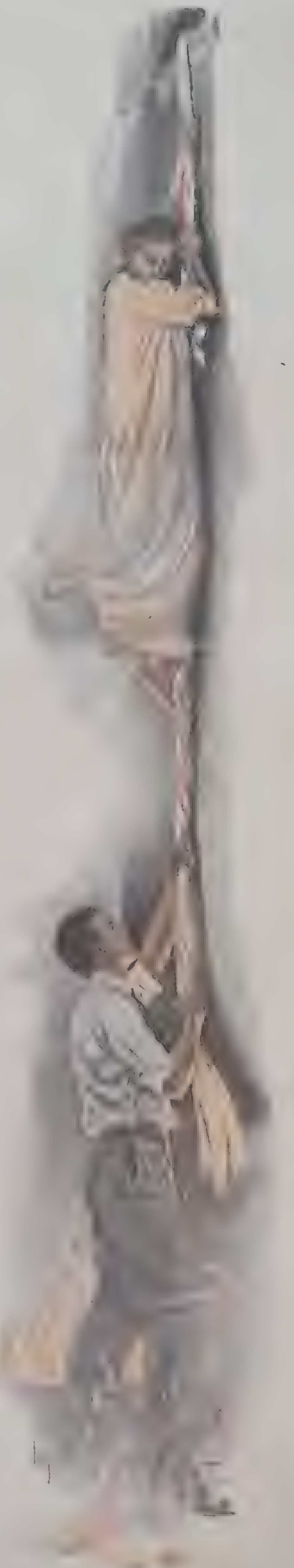
"The number, if you please," he quietly put in.

"Thirty-two," she snapped out. "She will have every care," she hastened to assure him as he turned away.

"I've no doubt. I do not intend to sleep to-night; if the young lady is worse, you will communicate the fact to me. You will find *me* in No. 3."

He had turned back to make this reply, and was looking straight at her as the number dropped from his lips. It did not disturb her set smile, but in some inscrutable way all meaning seemed to leave that smile, and she forgot to drop her hand which had been stretched out in an attempted gesture.

"No. 3," he repeated. "Don't forget, madam."



"'Slowly now!' he shouts, 'Hold on tight'"

The injunction seemed superfluous. She had not dropped her hand when he wheeled around once more in taking the turn at the foot of the staircase.

Jake and a very sleepy maid were on the floor above when he reached it. He paid no attention to Jake, but he eyed the girl somewhat curiously. She was comparatively a new domestic in the tavern, having been an inmate there for only three weeks. He had had a few minutes' conversation with her during that half-hour of secret inquiry in which he had previously indulged, and he remembered some of her careful answers, also the air of fascination with which she had watched him all the time they were together. He had made nothing of her then, but the impression had remained that she was the one hopeful source of knowledge in the house. Now she looked dull and moved about in Jake's wake like an automaton. Yet Hammersmith made up his mind to speak to her as soon as the least opportunity offered.

"Where is 32?" he asked, as he moved away from them in the opposite direction from the course they were taking.

"I thought you were to have room No. 3," blurted out Jake.

"I am. But where is 32?"

"Round there," said she. "A lady's in there now. The one—"

"Come on," urged Jake. "Huldah, you may go now. I'll show the gentleman his room."

Huldah dropped her head, and began to move off, but not before Hammersmith had caught her eye.

"Thirty-two," he formed with his lips, showing her a scrap of paper which he held in his hand.

He thought she nodded, but he could not be sure. Nevertheless, he ventured to lay the scrap down on a small table he was passing, and when he again looked back, saw that it was gone and Huldah with it. But whither, he could not be quite sure. There was always a risk in these attempts, and he only half trusted the girl. She might carry it to 32, and she might carry it to Quimby. In the first case, Miss Demarest would know that she had an active and watchful friend in the house; in the other, the dubious landlord would but receive an open instead of veiled intimation, that the young deputy had his eye on him, and was not to be fooled by appearances and the lack of evidence to support his honest convictions.

They had done little more than he asked to make No. 3 habitable. As the door swung open under Jake's impatient hand, the half-lighted hollow of the almost empty room gaped uninvitingly before them, with just a wooden-bottomed chair and a rickety table added to the small cot-bed which had been almost its sole furnishing when he saw it last. The walls, bare as his hand, stretched without relief from base-board to ceiling, and the floor from door to window showed an unbroken expanse of unpainted boards, save for the narrow space between chair and table, where a small rug had been laid. A cheerless outlook for a tired man, but it seemed to please Hammersmith. There was paper and ink on the table, and the lamp which he took care to examine held oil enough to last till morning. With a tray of eatables, this ought to suffice, or so his manner conveyed, and Jake, who had already supplied the eatables, seeing that there was nothing more to do here, was backing slowly out when his eye, which seemingly against his will had been traveling curiously up and down the walls, was caught by that of Hammersmith, and he plunged from the room, with a flush visible even in that half light.

It was a trivial circumstance, but it fitted in with Hammersmith's trend of thought at the moment, and when the man was gone he stood for several minutes with his own eye traveling up and down those dusky walls in an inquiry which this distant inspection did not seem thoroughly to satisfy, for in another instant he had lifted a glass of water from the tray and, going to the nearest wall, began to moisten the paper at one of the edges where it was quite wet. He took out his penknife, but before using it, he looked behind him first at the door, and then at the window. The door was shut; the window seemingly guarded by an outside blind; but the former was not locked, and the latter showed, upon closer inspection, a space between the slats which he did not like. Crossing to the door, he carefully turned the key, then proceeding to the window, he endeavored to throw up the sash that he might close the blinds more effectually. But he found himself balked in the attempt. The cord was broken and the sash refused to move under his hand. Vaguely disturbed, he stepped back, then hurried forward again and endeavored to peer out between the slats to see if by any possibility he could be seen from below or from the roof of any of the surrounding outhouses. But the room was too light for anything to show outside beyond the pane, and considerably disconcerted he again stepped back, when a new suspicion seized him, and plucking at the broken cord, he drew it out and looked carefully at the severed ends. They were smooth and even; *the cord had been cut.* With a glance of mingled threat and sarcasm cast out into the night, he walked back to the wall and, dashing more water over the spot he had already moistened, began to pick at the loosened edges of the paper which were slowly falling away. The result was a disappointment; how great a disappointment he presently realized, as his knife-point encountered only plaster under the peeling edges of the paper. He had hoped to find other paper under the blue—the paper which Miss Demarest remembered—and not finding it, was conscious of a sinking of the heart which had never attended any of his miscalculations before. Were his own feelings involved in this matter? It would seem so. It would seem very much so. He was astonished at his own sensations. He could hardly believe that it was his heart which was throbbing so imperiously; his that had run its even course before, undisturbed by the evil or despair he had seen before him. Had beauty wrought this spell? It was not his first vision of beauty—or had his time simply come? It was pitiable if so, for with the failure of any confirmation of his doubts, there rushed upon his mind with sweeping force the alternative of her irresponsibility or of the darker suggestions lurking behind that irresponsibility. And he could not accept these; rather would not. The light in her face forbade. He must trust that light, yet—

Crossing back to the table, he sank into the chair beside it and endeavored to call up his common sense, or at least shake himself free from the glamour which had seized him. But this especial sort of glamour is not so easily shaken off. Minutes passed—an hour, and little else filled his thoughts than the position of this bewitching girl and the claims she had on his sense of justice. If he listened, it was to hear her voice raised in appeal at his door. If he closed his eyes, it was to see her image more plainly in the background of his consciousness. The stillness into which the house had sunk aided this absorption and made his battle a losing one. There was naught to distract his mind, and when he dozed, as he did for a while after midnight, it was to fall under the conjuring effect of dreams in which her form dominated with the added force of a relieved fancy. The pictures which his imagination thus brought before him were startling and never to be forgotten. The first was that of an angry sea in the blue light of an arctic winter. Stars flecked the zenith and shed a pale luster on the moving ice-floes hurrying toward a horizon of skurrying clouds and rising waves. On one of those floes stood a woman, alone, with face set toward her death.

The scene changed. A desert stretched out before him. Limitless, with the blazing colors of the arid sand topped by a cloudless sky, it revealed but one break in its monotonous expanse—one suggestion of life which in that herbless, waterless, shadowless solitude meant death. *She* stood in the midst of this desert, and as he had seen her sway on the ice-floe, so he saw her now stretching unavailing arms to the brazen heavens and sink—No! it was not a desert, it was not a sea, ice-bound or torrid, it was a toppling city, massed against impenetrable night one moment, then shown to its awful full the next by the sudden tearing through of lightning-flashes. He saw it all—houses, churches, towers, erect and with steadfast line, a silhouette of quiet rest awaiting dawn; then at a flash, the doom, the quake, the breaking down of outline, the caving in of walls, followed by the sickening collapse in which life, wealth and innumerable beating human hearts went down into the unseen and unknowable. He saw and he heard, but his eyes clung to but one point, his ears listened for but one cry. There at the extremity of a cornice, clinging to a bending beam, was the figure again—the woman of the ice-floe and the desert. She seemed nearer now. He could see the straining muscles of her arm, the white despair of her set features. He wished to call aloud to her not to look down—then, as the sudden darkness yielded to another illuminating gleam, his mind changed and he would fain have begged her to look, slip and end all, for subtly, quietly, ominously somewhere below her feet, he had caught the glimpsing of a feathery line of smoke curling up from the lower debris, and no power remained to shut his eyes or stop his ears, or deaden his nostrils. He smelled the awful flame, while all was dark, he smelled the approach of the creeping devil and—

Horrors! it was no dream! He was awake, he, Hammersmith, in this small solitary hotel in Ohio, and there was fire, real fire in the air, and in his ears the echo of a shriek such as a man hears but few times in his life, even if his lot casts him continually among the reckless and the suffering. Was it *hers?* Had these dreams been forerunners of danger to her? or—he was on his feet, his eyes staring at the floor beneath him, through the cracks of which wisps of smoke were forcing their way up. The tavern was not only on fire, *but on fire directly under him.* This discovery woke him effectually. He bounded to the door and endeavored to unlock it. The key would not turn; it was hampered in the lock. Drawing back, he threw his whole weight against the panels, uttering loud cries for help. The effort was useless. No yielding in the door, no rush to his assistance from without. Aroused now to his danger—reading the signs of the broken cord and hampered lock only too well—he desisted from his vain attempts and turned desperately toward the window. Though it might be impossible to hold up the sash and crawl under it at the same time, his only hope of exit lay there, as well as his only means of surviving the inroad of smoke which was fast becoming unendurable. He would break the sash and seek escape that way. They had doomed him to death, but he could climb roofs like a cat and feared nothing when once relieved from this smoke. Catching up the chair, he advanced toward the window.

But before reaching it he paused. It was not only he they sought to destroy, but the room. There was evidence of crime in the room. In that moment of keenly aroused intelligence he felt sure of it. What was to be done? How could he save the room, and, by these means, save himself and her? A single glance about assured him that he could not save it. The boards under his feet were hot. Glints of yellow light streaking through the shutters showed that the lower story had already burst into flame, while the smoke now poured up instead of filtering up through the interstices of the floor and base-boards. He could not save the room, it must go and with it every clue to the problem which was agitating him. And he must go. His eyeballs were smarting, his head was growing dizzy, he must go, but—he had staggered over to the wall. He was no longer sure of his feet, and was about to make use of its support to aid him in reaching the window, when his eyes fell on the spot from which he had peeled the paper, and he saw something there which brought him to a standstill and filled him with fresh courage.

Dropping the chair which he still held, he fumbled for his knife, found it, made a dash at that wall and for a few frenzied moments worked, hacked, pulled and tore at the plaster till he had off a piece which he thrust into his pocket. Then he groped for the chair again, and stooping as low as he could, made for the window and threw it with all his force against the panes. They crashed and the air came rushing in, reviving him enough for the second attempt. This not only smashed the pane, but loosened the shutters, and in one instant two sights burst upon his view—the face of a man in an upper window of the adjoining barn and the sudden swooping up from below of a column of deadly smoke which seemed to cut off all hope of his saving himself by the means he had calculated on. Yet no other way offered. It would be folly to try the door again. This was the only road, the [illegible] as it looked, to possible safety for himself and [illegible] He would take it, and if he succumbed in the [illegible] it should be with a [illegible] thought of her who [illegible] becoming an integral part of his own being.

Meanwhile he had mounted to the sill and taken another outward look. This room, as I have already intimated, was in the rear of an extension running back from the center of the main building. It consisted of only two stories, surmounted by a low, slightly-peaked roof. As the ceilings were low in this portion of the house, the gutter of this roof was very near the top of the window. To reach it was not a difficult feat for one of his strength and agility, and if only the smoke would blow aside—Ah, it is doing so! A sudden change of wind had come to his rescue, and for the moment the way is clear for him to work himself out and up onto the ledge above. But once there, horror makes him weak again. A window, high up in the main building overlooking the extension had come in sight, and in it sways a frantic woman ready to throw herself out. She screamed as he measured with his eye the height of that window from the sloping roof and thence to the grounds, and he recognized the voice. It was the same he had heard before, but it was not *hers*. She would not be up so high, besides the shape and attitude, shown fitfully by the light of the now leaping flames, were those of a heavier, and less-refined woman. It was one of the maids—it was *the* maid Huldah, the one from whom he had hoped to win some light on this affair. Was she locked in, too? Her frenzy and mad looking behind and below her seemed to argue that she was. What deviltry, and, ah! what a confession of guilt on the part of the vile man who had planned this abominable end for the two persons whose evidence he dreaded. Helpless with horror, he became a man again in his indignation. Such villainy should not succeed. He would fight not only for his own life, but for this woman's. Miss Demarest was doubtless safe. Yet he wished he were sure of it. He could work with so much better heart. Her window was not visible from where he crouched. It was on the other side of the house. If she screamed, he would not be able to hear her. He must trust her to Providence. But his dream! his dream. The power of it was still upon him; a forerunner of fate, a picture possibly of her doom. The hesitation which this awful thought caused him warned him that not in this way could he make himself effective. The woman he saw stood in need of his help, and to her he must make his way. The bustle which now took place in the yards beneath, the sudden shouts and the hurried throwing up of windows all over the house showed that the alarm had now become general. Another moment, and the appalling cry—the most appalling which leaves human lips—of fire! fire! rang from end to end of the threatened building. It was followed by women's shrieks and men's curses and then—flames.

"She will hear, she will wake now," he thought, with his whole heart pulling him her way. But he did not desist from his intention or drop his eyes from the distraught figure entrapped between a locked door and a fall of thirty feet. He could reach her if he kept his nerve. A slow but steady hitch along the gutter was bringing him nearer every instant. Would she see him and take courage? No! her eyes were on the flames which were so bright now that he could actually see them glassed in her eyeballs. Would a shout attract her? The air was full of cries as the yards filled with escaping figures, but he would attempt it at the first lull—now—while her head was turned his way. Did she hear him? Yes. She is looking at him.

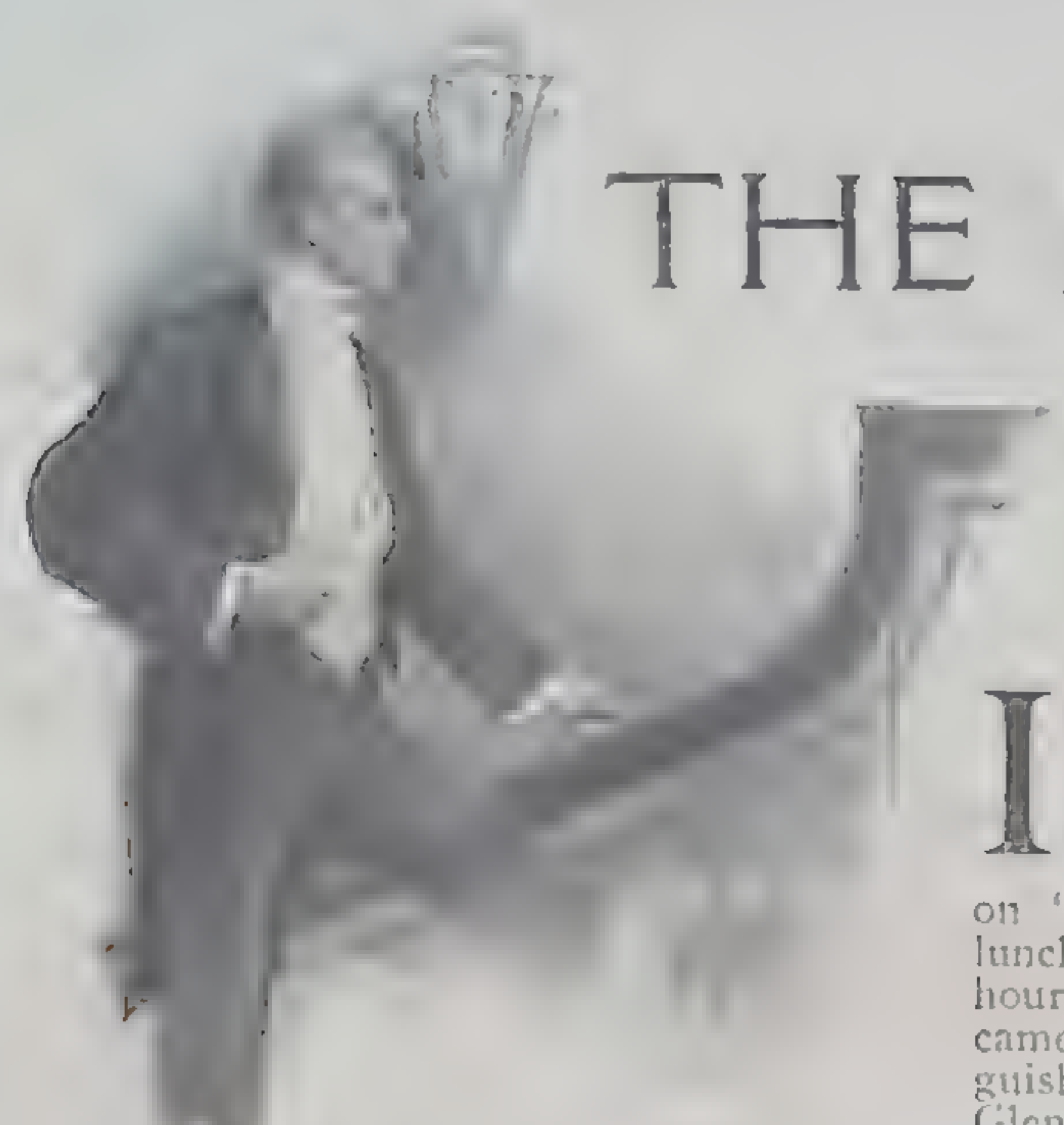
"Don't jump," he cried. "Tie your sheet to the bed-post. Tie it strong and fasten the other to it and throw down the end. I will be here to catch it. Then you must come down hand over hand."

She threw up her arms, stared down at him in mortal terror; then, as the whole air grew lurid, nodded and tottered back. With incredible anxiety he watched for her reappearance. His own post was becoming perilous. The fire had not yet reached the roof, but it was rapidly undermining its supports, and the heat was unendurable. Would he have to jump to the ground in his own despite? Was it his duty to wait for this girl, possibly already overcome by her fears and lying insensible? Yes; so long as he could hold out against the heat, it was his duty, but—Ah! what was that? Some one was shouting to him. He had been seen at last, and men, half-clad but eager, were rushing up the yard with a ladder. He could see their faces. How they glared in the red light. There was help and determination in them, and perhaps when she saw the promise of this support, it would give nerve to her fingers and—

But it was not to be. As he watched their eager approach, he saw them stop, look back, swerve and rush around the corner of the house. Some one had directed them elsewhere. He could see the pointing hand, the baleful face. Quimby had realized his own danger in this prospect of Hammersmith's escape, and had intervened to prevent it. It was a murderer's natural impulse, and did not surprise him, but it added another element of danger to his position, and if this woman delayed much longer—but she is coming; a blanket is throw out, then a dangling end of cloth appears above the sill. It descends. Another moment he has crawled up the roof to the ridge and grasped it.

"Slowly now!" he shouts. "Take time and hold on tight. I will guide you." He feels the frail support stiffen. She has drawn it into her hands; now she is on the sill, and is working herself off. He clutched his end firmly, steadying himself as best he might by bestriding the ridge of the roof. The strain becomes greater, he feels her weight, she is slipping down, down. Her hands strike a knot; the jerk almost throws him off his balance. He utters a word of caution, lost in the growing roar of the flames whose hungry tongues have begun to lap up over the gutter. She looks down, sees the approaching peril, and hastens her descent. He is all astrain, with heart and hand nerved for the awful possibilities of the coming moments when—ping! Something goes whistling by his ear, which for the instant sets his hair bristling on his head, and almost paralyzes every muscle. A bullet! The flame is not threatening enough! Some one is shooting at him from the dark.

[CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]



"As Sanders walked up the staircase he looked like a noble Roman"

THE MAN WHO WENT TO SLEEP

BY JOHN D. BARRY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

IT HAD been what John Sanders called "a big day." There was first breakfast at Senator DeWitt's, with the prolonged discussion of the Senator's article on "Some Crying Reforms." Then luncheon at the White House, two hours of intense exhilaration. Next came the interview with the distinguished novelist, Clara Waters Glenn, an exhausting and deadly experience, followed by the motor trip with Senator DeWitt to the Pioneer Club in Virginia. Then there was the hurried change for dinner with Jerry Fielding. The dinner finished Sanders. When the time arrived for him to keep his appointment with Miss Mills, he was, as he said, "all in." He had reached the point where he could be perfectly happy only if he kept perfectly still.

You may wonder who John Sanders could be to have in one day experiences so varied. He was the editor and part owner of *The Universe Magazine*. Five years before, at the age of twenty-eight, he had arrived in New York with nothing more than a fine wardrobe. Chance secured for him a small editorial position on *The Universe*, then heavily in debt. Five years later he was the editor-in-chief, with a magnificent salary and enough stock to make him feel secure.

Under the circumstances, no wonder that John Sanders could lunch with presidents and hobnob with senators and distinguished novelists. People said he had won through personal charm. He did—partly. But to good looks, a genius for clothes and a magnetic manner he added brains.

Now Sanders loved his work, but he hated what he called the "society end of it." In other words, his friends in society occasionally held him up. A month before, Senator DeWitt had exacted a promise that when Sanders next came to Washington he would go and hear Justice Mills' daughter read aloud a novel she had written.

As he rode in a cab to Justice Mills' house, Sanders reflected that he would give anything to be out of it. But what could he do? Justice Mills was on the Supreme Bench. Besides, Miss Mills was said to be the most beautiful girl in Washington, though at this moment Sanders didn't care a rap about this.

As Sanders walked up the broad, thickly-carpeted staircase he looked like a noble Roman. In the library Miss Mills, all in white, graciously received him. She had the air of kindly patronage, which, with quiet amusement, Sanders had often noted in the daughters of the rich. Through the mist that seemed to envelop her he recognized that she was dazzling, with wonderful black hair and wonderful teeth, and a profile that should have been perpetuated on a coin. Vaguely he followed her to the corner of the room. He hoped she would get to work at once.

"I know you're a busy man," she said, as she took a place by the lamp, "so I'll start right in. Do sit on the divan in the corner. Then you won't have to face the light."

Mechanically he followed her instructions. He liked, as he said to himself, the way she didn't fuss.

In a low voice she began. From where he sat he could observe her profile. It was pretty to see the light from the electric lamp outline her figure. She was very graceful. She had a good voice. Sanders had always found it hard to interest himself in the beginning of a long story. He often began at the last chapter. But of course he couldn't ask Justice Mills' daughter— .He shook himself out of his speculations and sat upright, resisting an impulse to lean back against the pillows. She was too absorbed to notice. Then gradually he yielded to temptation. It was so restful! The warmth and luxury of the house seemed to caress him. Vaguely he became aware that he had been in actual pain—from overtaxed nerves. He could sit on that divan for hours, he reflected. After all, it wasn't so bad, hearing this girl read. But why should she wish to write? He often wondered why girls who— But he couldn't bother with that old problem now. The rich tones of the girl's voice fell softly on his consciousness. The street noises were going far away. Everything was going away—even the light. What peace! Rest! Deeper, deeper, deeper. It was like childhood.

From time to time, as she read, Consuelo Mills cast a glance on her visitor. With apprehension she noticed that he had closed his eyes; but she gave him the benefit of the doubt, by trying to assume that he was intently listening. Nervousness tempted her to speak louder and faster, but she restrained herself. Presently she noticed that he was breathing with deep regularity. She resisted the desire to stop, in order to see if he would start up. Finally there came to her ears the sound of a— Yes, it could be no illusion. He was snoring. She let the manuscript slide into her lap, and she sat, staring at him, her eyes big with indignation.

He did not start. He did not even stir. He was oblivious.

A flush of shame mounted to her neck and swept over her face. She rose, holding the manuscript in one hand. Even in his abandon she recognized that he was remarkably graceful and good-looking. Tears of rage stood in her eyes. She would have liked to seize him by the shoulders and shake him into consciousness. Instead, however, she tiptoed from the room and stood in the hall. Then for a long time she listened intently. Even from the distance she could hear that fearful breathing. Her father was in the library, up-stairs, working over some papers. Her mother had gone to bed. She was wondering what she ought to do. At that instant the man-servant came softly up the stairs.

"William," she whispered, "don't disturb the gentleman who is on the sofa. He has fallen asleep. Stay down-stairs till he wakes up. Then help him into his coat. But don't let any one disturb him," she repeated.

The servant looked mystified, but her manner forbade further discussion.

"I suppose my father is in his study," she said casually, as if what were happening were a matter of course. "Oh, by the way, if the gentleman should ask for me, say I have gone up-stairs for the night."

Though she had deliberately and plainly conveyed the impression that she was about to seek her father, when she reached the study door she passed on without even looking in. Her own door she opened quickly, and closed as quickly behind her. The lock clicked. A few minutes later an attentive ear might have heard the sound of repressed sobbing.

When Sanders awoke, the lights in the library had gone out. He was alone. He sat up straight, startled, resentful. Then he realized. He had a terrible moment.

Through the hangings at the door he saw a light in the hall. He rose heavily. At that moment he heard a silvery tinkle, and he counted the strokes. Twelve o'clock. He had been asleep more than two hours. He guiltily brushed back his hair and pulled down his white waistcoat. Then a wave of shame swept over him. He covered his face with his hands.

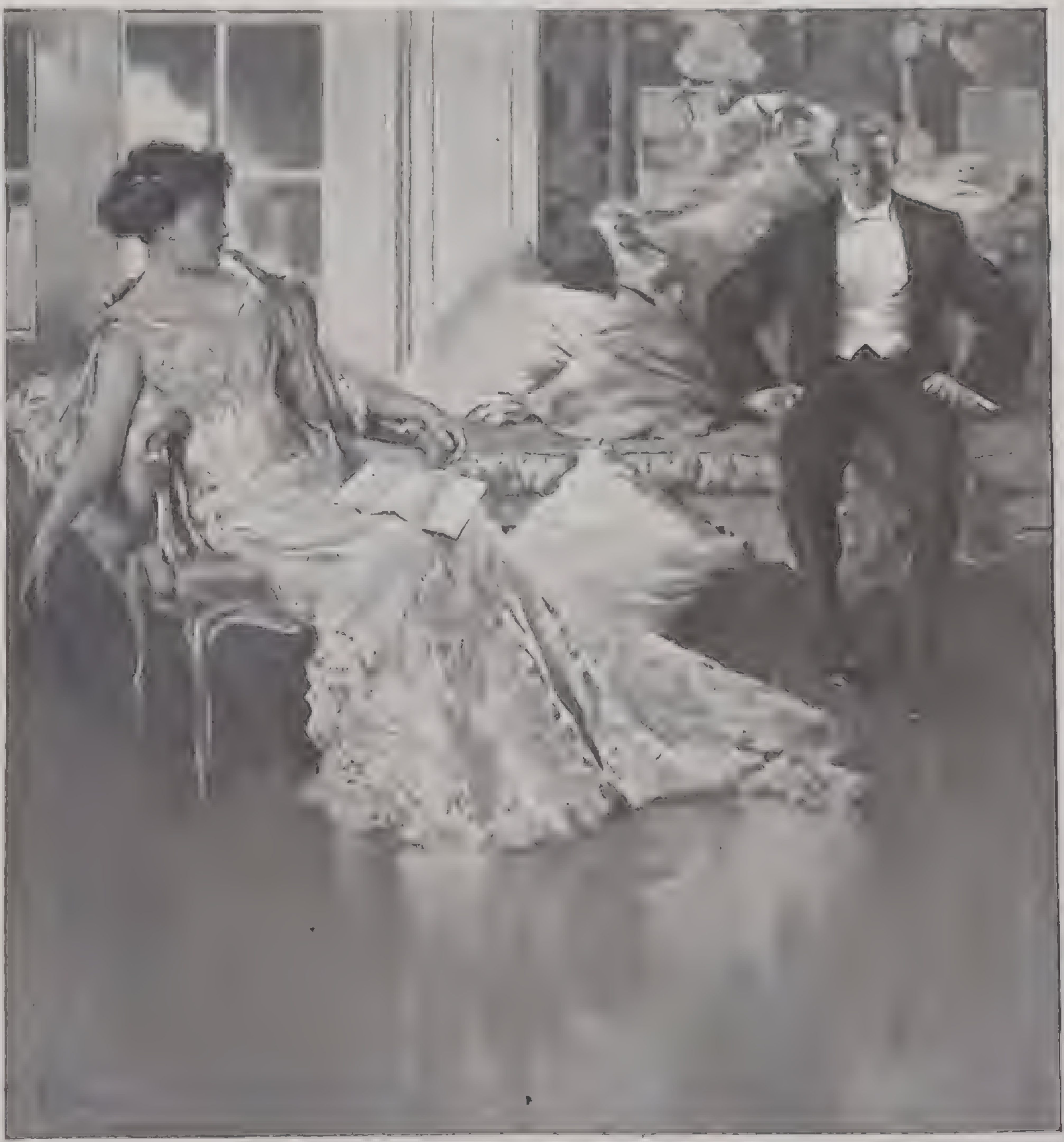
Sanders had a good sense of humor, so he loathed being ridiculous himself. He also thought of Miss Mills. He believed he knew how she felt. But she was paying him back all right, and he didn't blame her.

Slowly he walked into the hall and down the broad, heavily-carpeted stairs. It was a humiliating descent. In the lower hall he met the man-servant. The man held out an overcoat. Sanders slipped his arms into it. Then the door opened, and he went out, as the novelists say, "out into the night."

Ordinarily, in Washington, at this hour, Sanders would not have thought of going to bed. He would have turned his steps toward the Cosmos Club, where several congenial night-owls habitually gathered. But now he wished to be alone. He walked with noble dignity to the hotel, and in spite of his nap, he slept heavily until ten o'clock. On waking he had another bad moment. When he had shaved, dressed and eaten breakfast, he asked himself what he had better do. "There's nothing to be done," he decided, "except to write a note apologizing and then get out of the city as fast as I can." Then he added, "Yes, there's one thing I can do. I can keep from ever telling any one. Perhaps she will do the same. But she'll never believe I'll do it."

He wrote the note. It was humble, even meek. At the end he said he had to go back to New York at once, but he'd like to have the privilege of reading the story. He hoped his humility would prompt her to reply. But it didn't. And he didn't blame her.

He often thought of her, however, with shame for himself and with pity for her. Somehow he pitied her all the more because she was so beautiful and so important. There was something pathetic to him in all those society girls who tried to write.

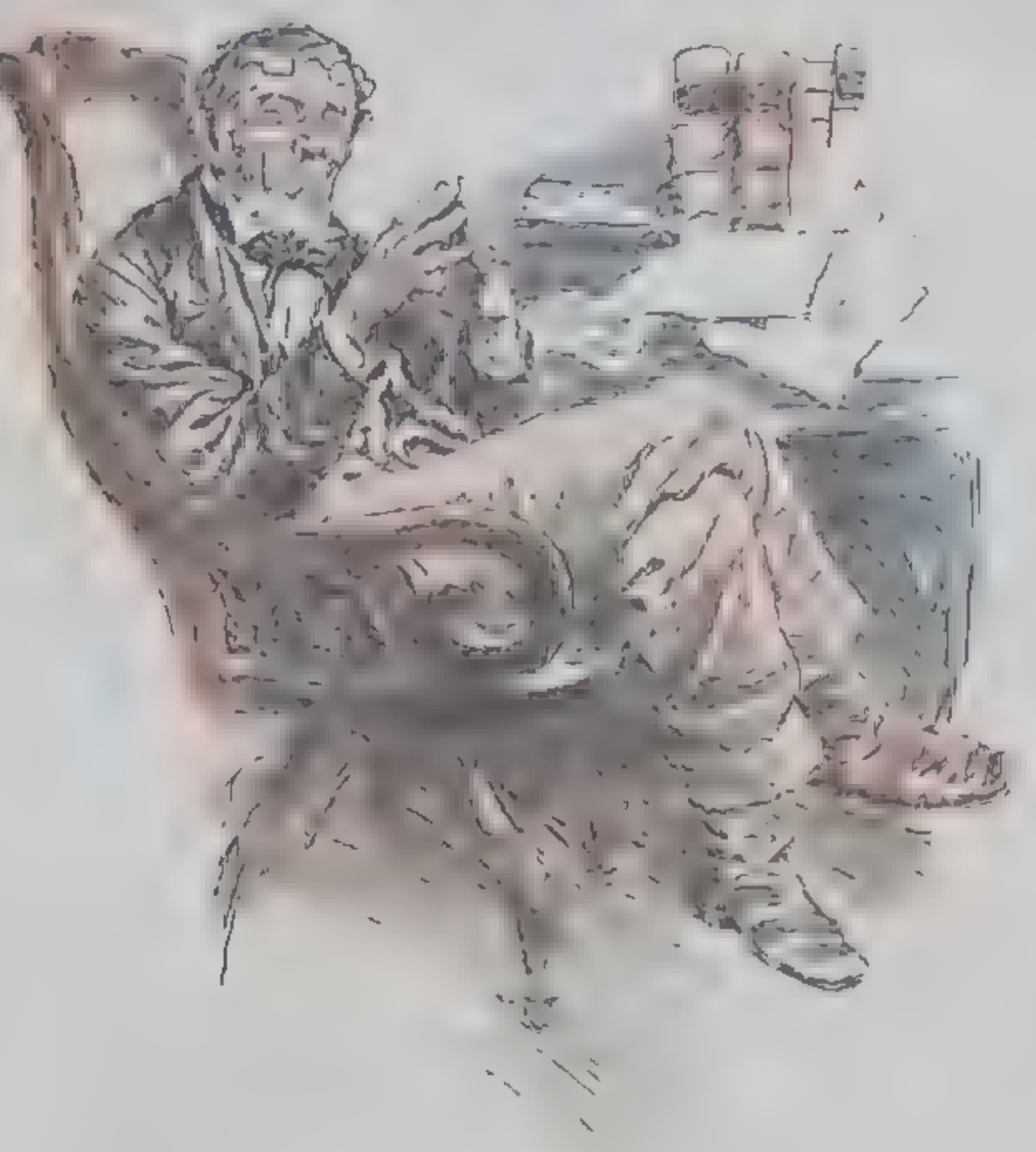


"He did not start. He did not even stir. He was oblivious"

For the first time in his life he began to scan the social items in the newspapers. Often he found her name. He wondered if she were engaged. She must be, of course, such a lovely creature and the daughter of a Supreme Court Justice. How the fellow, whoever he was, must feel about *him*—that is, if she had told of the incident. And of course, he argued, girls never had secrets from the men they were engaged to. Altogether it had been a very annoying experience. The fact was, John Sanders liked to be liked and he hated to be associated with anything disagreeable or undignified, however trifling it might be. And yet at times, at the thought of that evening, he used to break into spasmodic, almost hysterical, laughter.

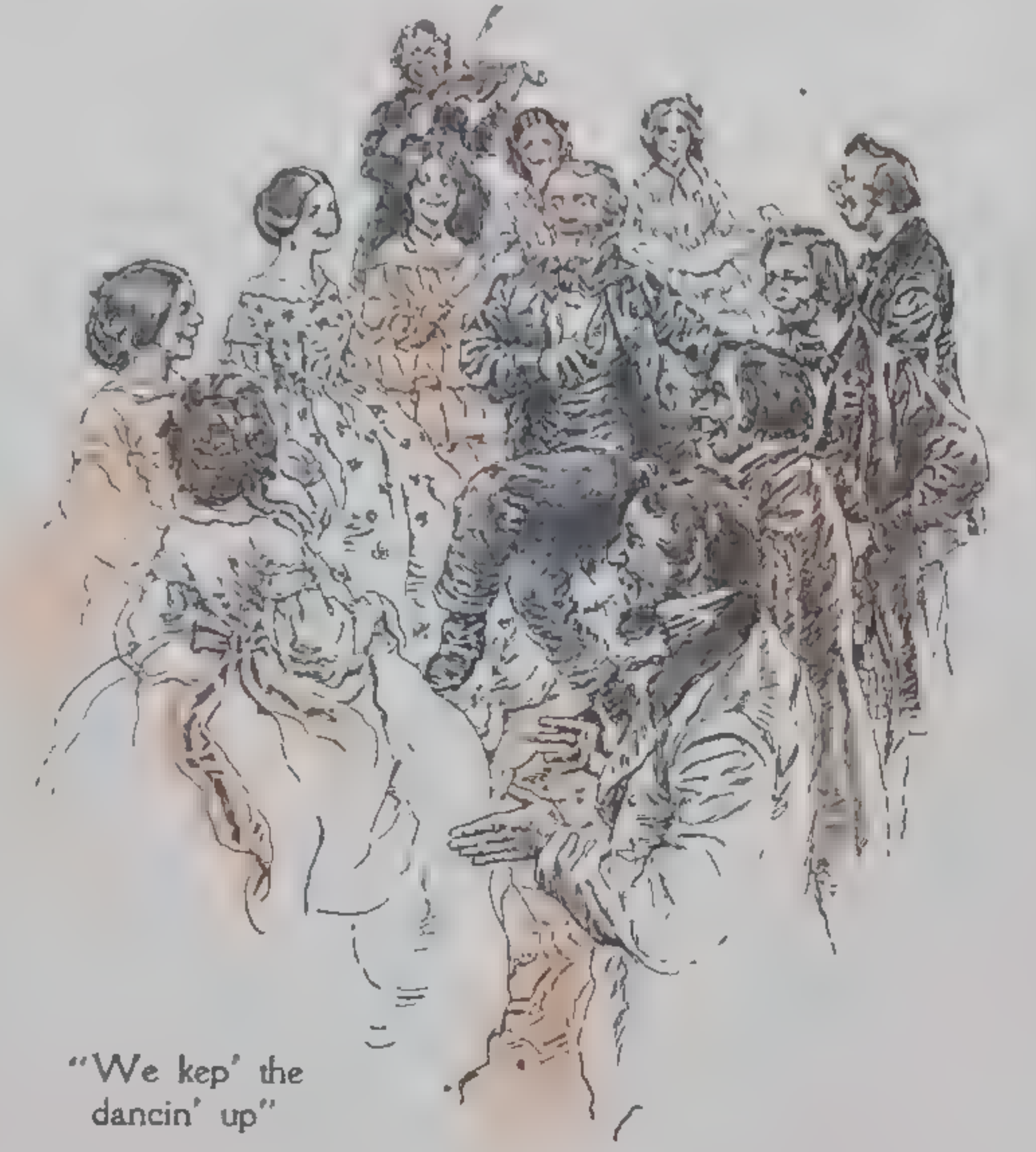
Consuelo Mills deserved all the pity Sanders gave her. Long after her first outburst, she took the incident hard. But if Sanders really thought she wouldn't tell on herself, or that any woman under the circumstances [CONTINUED ON PAGE 69]

A HOOSIER ROMANC
Or
Squire Hawkins's Story

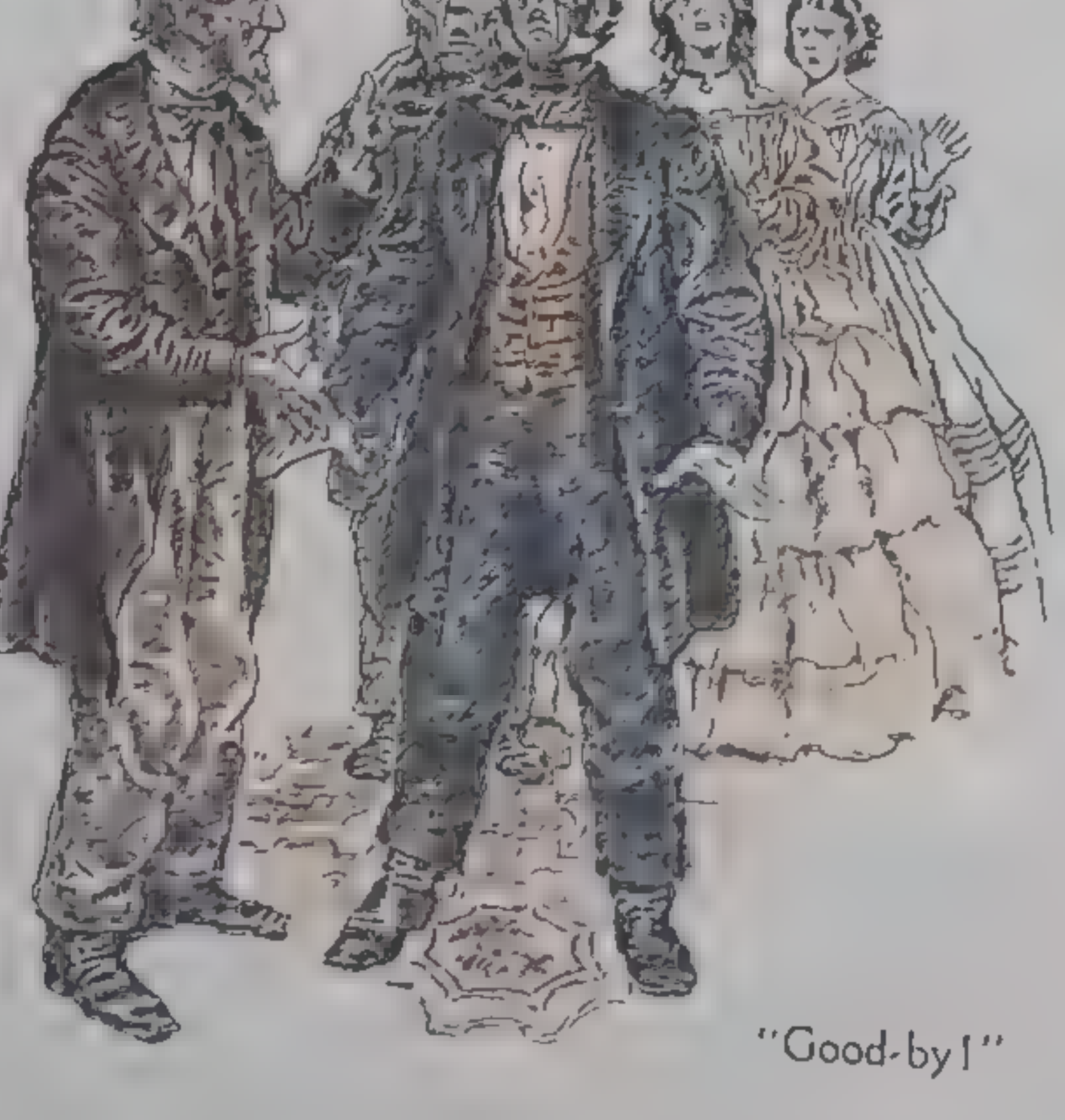

"The Squire"

I HAIN'T no hand at tellin' tales,
Er spinnin' yarns, as the sailors say;
Someway o' 'nother, language fails
To slide fer me in the oily way
That *lawyers* has; and I wisht it would,
Fer I've got somepin' that I call good;
But bein' only a country squire,
I've learned to listen and admire,
Ruther preferrin' to be addressed
Than talk myse'f—but
I'll do my best:—

Old Jeff Thompson—
well, I'll say,
Was the clos'test man I
ever saw!—
Rich as cream, but the
poorest pay,
And the meanest man to
work fer—La!
I've knowed that man to
work one "hand"—
Fer little er nothin', you
understand—
From four o'clock in the
morning light
Tel eight and nine
o'clock at night,
And then find fault with
his appetite!


"We kep' the dancin' up"

Some folks hint, and I make no doubt,
That that's what wore his old wife out—
Toilin' away from day to day
And year to year, through heat and cold,
Uncomplainin'—the same old way
The martyrs died in the days of old;
And a-clingin', too, as the martyrs done,
To one fixed faith, and her *only* one,—
Little Patience, the sweetest child
That ever wept unrickonciled,
Er felt the pain and the ache and sting
That only a mother's death can bring.


"Good-by!"

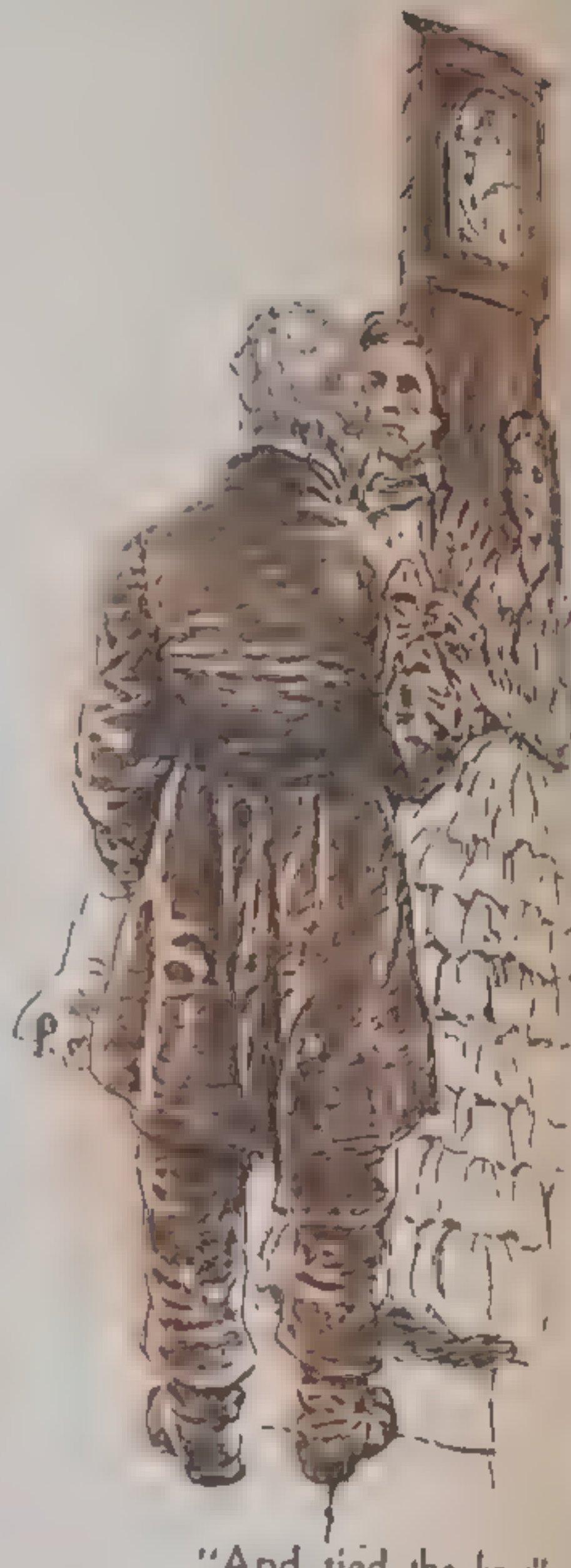
Patience Thompson!—I think that name
Must a-come from a power above,
Fer it seemed to fit her jest the same
As a *gaiter* would, er a fine kid glove!
And to see that girl, with all the care
Of the household on her—I de-clare
It was *oudacious* the work she'd do,
And the thousand plans that she'd put through;
And sing like a medder-lark all day long,
And drown'd her cares in the joys o' song;
And *laugh* sometimes tel the farmer's "hand,"
Away fur off in the fields would stand
A-listenin', with the plow half drawn,
Tel the coaxin' echoes called him on.

Now *love's* as cunnin' a little thing
As a hummin'-bird upon the wing,
And as liable to poke his nose
Jest where folks would
least suppose,—
And more'n likely build
his nest
Right in the heart you'd
leave unguessed,
And live and thrive at
your expense—
At least, that's *my* expe-
rience.
And Old Jeff Thompson
often thought,
In his se'fish way, that
the quiet John
Was a stiddy chap, as a
farm-hand *ought*
To always be,—fer the
airliest dawn
Found John busy—and
"*easy*," too,
Whenever his *wages*
would fall due!

But John, fer all of his quietude,
Would sometimes drap a word er so
That none but *Patience* understood,
And none but her was *meant* to know!—
Mayby at meal-times John would say,
As the sugar bowl come down his way,
"Thanky, no; *my* coffee's sweet
Enough fer *me!*" with sich conceit,
She'd know at once, without no doubt,
He mean't because *she* poured it out.

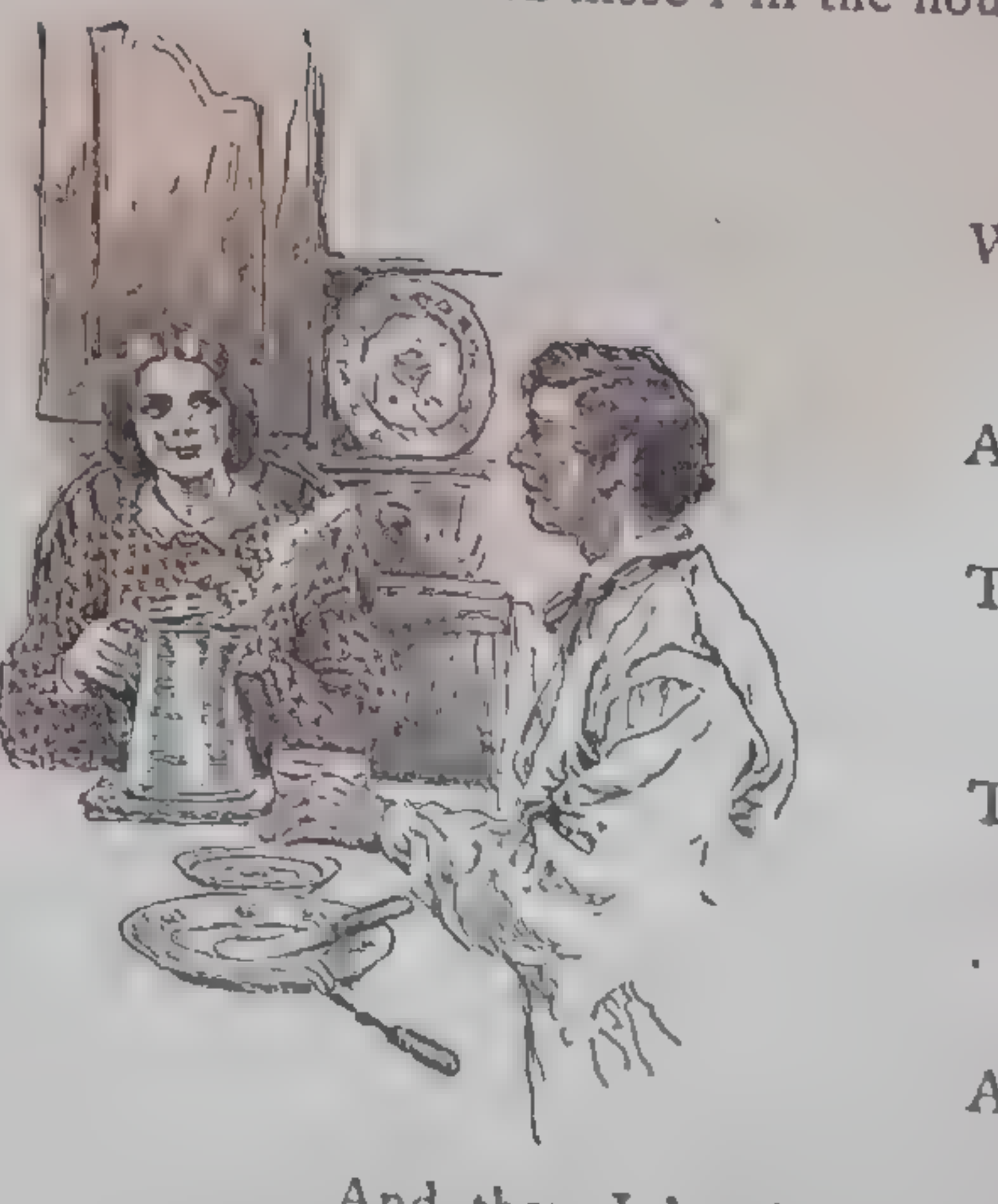
And so things went fer 'bout a year,
Tel John, at last, found pluck to go
And pour his tale in the old man's ear—
And ef it had been *hot lead*, I know
It could n't a-raised a louder fuss,
Ner a-riled the old man's temper wuss!
He jest *lit* in, and cussed and swore,
And lunged and rared, and ripped and tore,
And told John jest to leave his door,
And not to darken it no more!
But Patience cried, with eyes all wet,
"Remember, John, and don't ferget,
Whatever comes, I love you yet!"
But the old man thought, in his se'fish way,
"I'll see her married rich some day;
And *that*," thinks he, "is money fer *me*—
And my will 's *law*, as it ought to be!"

So when, in the
course of a
month er so,
A *widower*, with
a farm er
two,
Comes to Jeff's,
w'y, the folks,
you know,
Had to *talk*—as
the folks'll
do:
It was the talk of
the neighber-
hood—
Patience and *John*,
and *their* af-
fairs;—
And this old chap
with a few
gray hairs
Had "cut John
out," it was
understood.


"And tied the knot"

Tel finally it was noised about
There was a *weddin'* soon to be
Down at Jeff's; and the "cat was out"
Shore enough!—'Ll the *Jee-mun-neel*
It *riled* me when John told me so,—
Fer *I was a friend o' John's*, you know;
And his trimblin' voice jest broke in two—
As a feller's voice 'll sometimes do.—
And I says, says I, "Ef I know my biz—
And I think I know what *jestice* is,—
I've read *some* law—and I'd advise
A man like you to wipe his eyes,
And square his jaws and start *ag'in*.
Fer jestice is a-goin' to win!"

So we talked on fer a' hour er more,
And sunned ourselves in the open door,—
Tel a hoss and buggy down the road
Come a-drivin' up, that I guess John *knowed*,—
Fer he winked and says, "I'll dessappear—
They'd smell'a mice ef they saw *me* here!"
And he thumbed his nose at the old gray mare,
And hid hisse'f in the house somewhere.



Well—the rig drove
up: and I raised
my head
As old Jeff hollered to
me and said
That "him and his old
friend there had
come
To see ef the squire
was at home."
. . . I told 'em "I was;
and I *aimed* to be
At every chance of a
weddin'-fee!"
And then I laughed—and they laughed, too,—
Fer that was the object they had in view.
"Would I be on hands at eight that night?"
They ast; and 's-I, "You're mighty right,
I'll be on hands!" And then I bu'st
Out a-laughin' my very wu'st,—
And so did they, as they wheeled away
And drove to'rds town in a cloud o' dust.

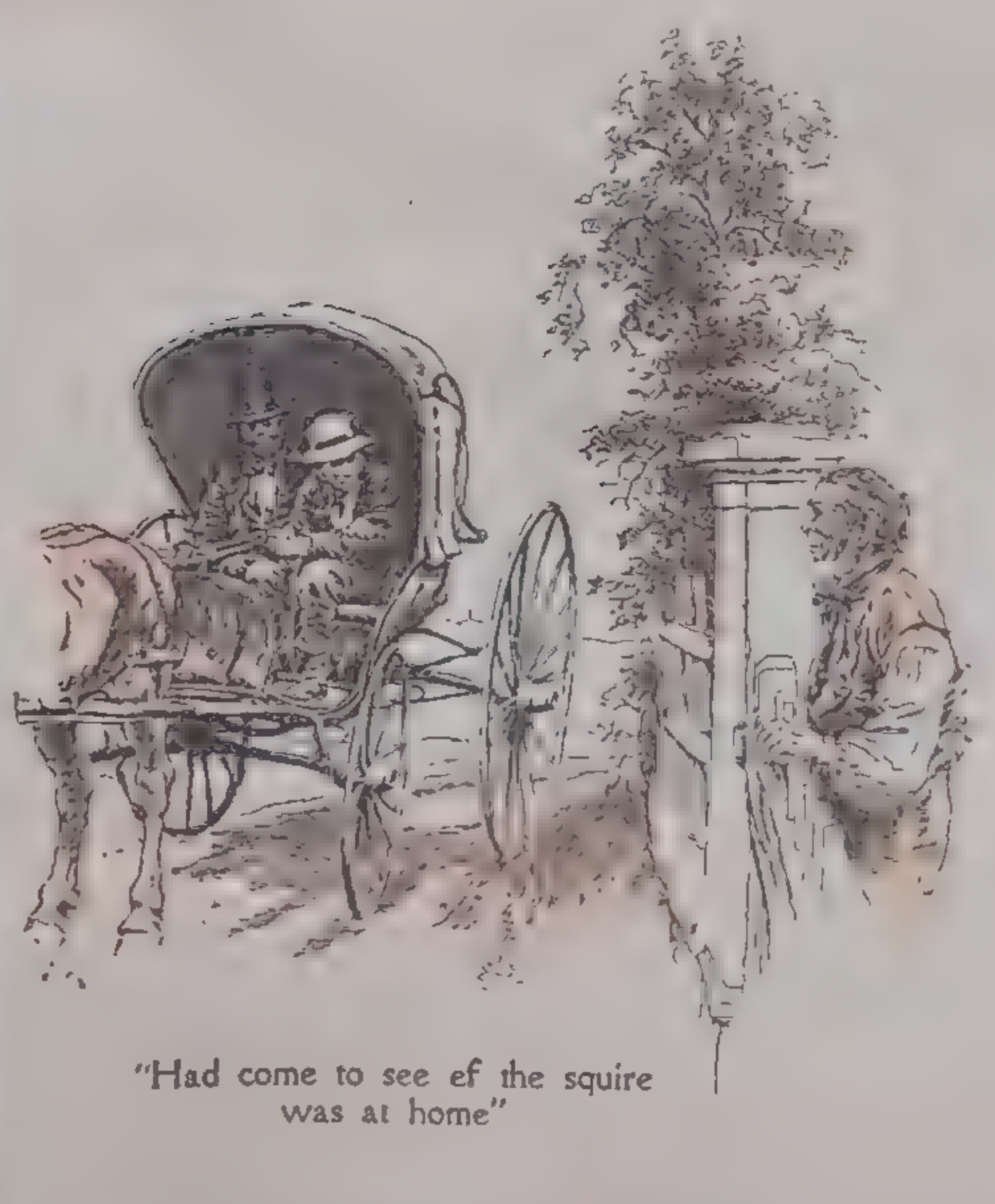
—BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Illustrations by
John Wolcott Adams

But all o' the fun o' the tale hain't done!—
Fer a drizzlin' rain had jest begun,
And a-havin' 'bout four mile' to ride,
I jest concluded I'd better light
Out fer Jeff's and save my hide,—
Fer *it was a-goin' to storm, that night!*
So we went down to the barn, and John
Saddled my beast and I got on;
And he told me somepin' to not ferget,
And when I left he was *laughin'* yet.

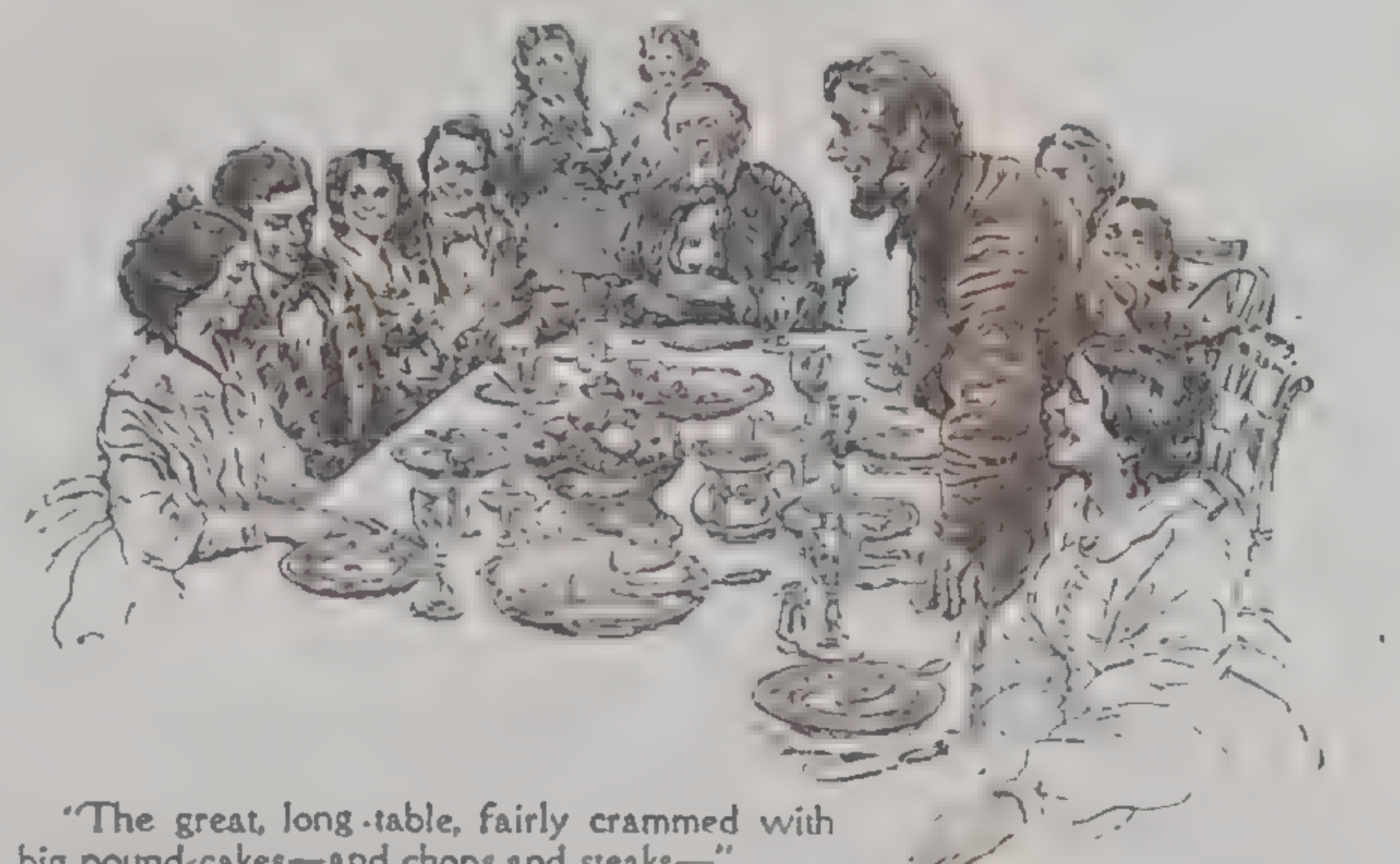
But I struck shelter soon enough
To save myse'f. And the house was jammed
With the women-folks, and the weddin'-stuff:—
A great, long table, fairly *crammed*
With big pound-cakes—and chops and steaks—
And roasts and stews—and stumick-aches
Of every fashion, form, and size,
From twisters up to punkin-pies!
And candies, oranges, and figs,
And reezins,—all the "whilligigs"
And "jim-cracks" that the law allows
On sich occasions!—Bobs and bows
Of gigglin' girls, with corkscrew curls,
And fancy ribbons, reds and blues,
And "beau-ketchers" and "curliques"
To beat the world! And seven o'clock
Brought old Jeff;—and brought—*the groom*,—
With a sideboard collar on, and stock
That choked him so, he had n't room
To *swaller* in, er even sneeze,
Er clear his th'oat with any ease
Er comfort—and a good square cough
Would saw his Adam's apple off!

But as fer *Patience—My!* Oomh-*oomh!*—
I never saw her look so sweet!—
Her face was cream and roses, too;
And then them eyes o' heavenly blue
Jest made an angel all complete!
And when she split 'em up in smiles
And splintered 'em around the room,
And danced acrost and met the groom,
And *laughed out loud*—It kind o' spiles
My language when I come to that—
Fer, as she laid away his hat,
Thinks I, "*The papers hid inside
Of that said hat must make a bride
A happy one fer all her life,*



"Had come to see ef the squire
was at home"

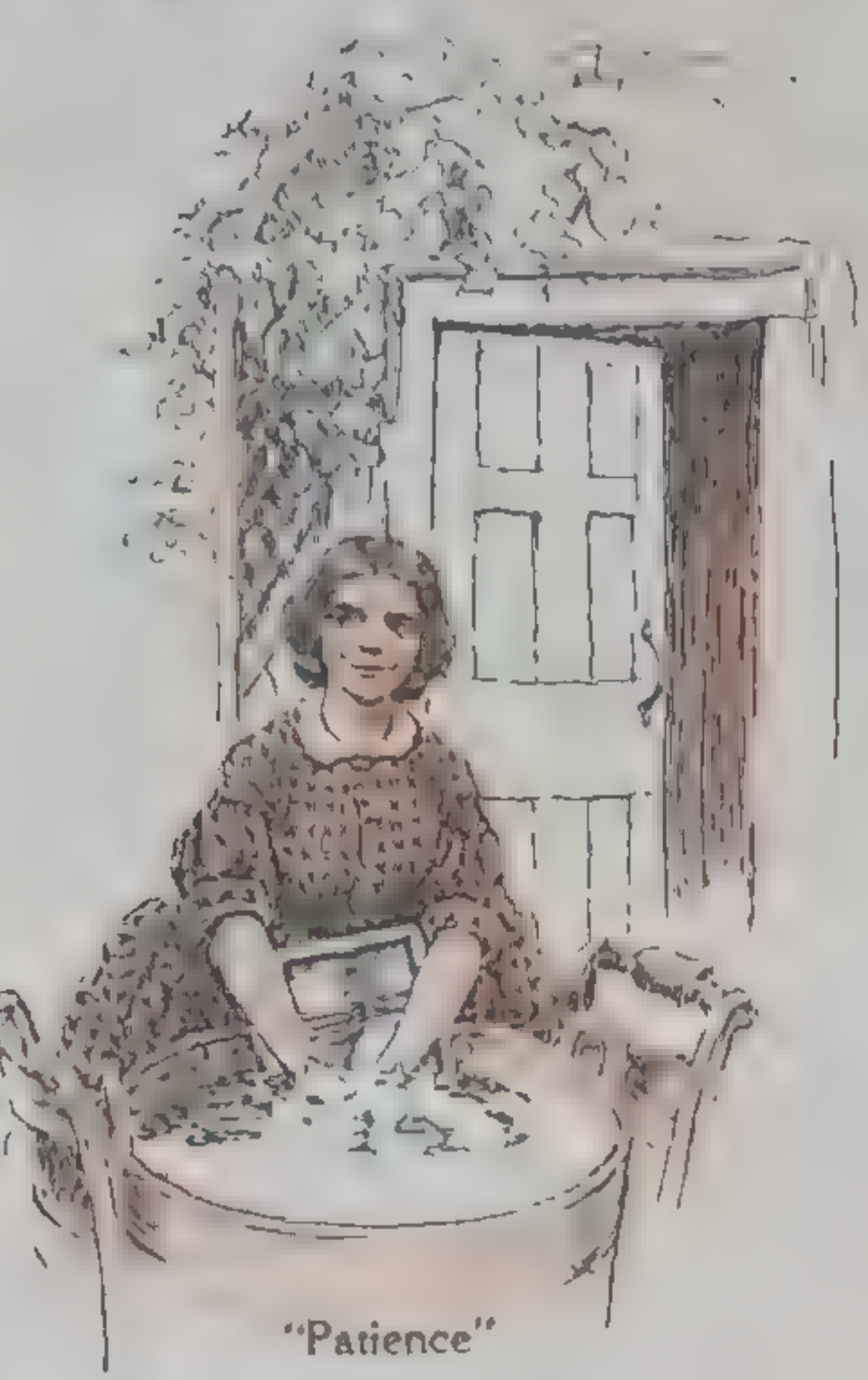
Er else a *wrecked* and *wretched wife!*"
And, someway, then, I thought of *John*,—
Then looked to'rds *Patience*. . . . She was *gone!*—
The door stood open, and the rain
Was dashin' in; and sharp and plain
Above the storm we heerd a cry—
A ringin', laughin', loud "Good-by!"
That died away, as fleet and fast
A hoss's hoofs went splashin' past!
And that was all. 'T was done that quick! . . .
You've heerd o' fellers "lookin' sick"?
I wisht you'd seen *the groom* jest then—
I wisht you'd seen them two old men,
With starin' eyes that fairly *glared*
At one another, and the scared
And empty faces of the crowd,—
I wisht you could a-been allowed
To jest look on and see it all,—



"The great, long-table, fairly crammed with
big pound-cakes—and chops and steaks—"

And heerd the girls and women bawl
And wring their hands; and heerd old Jeff
A-cussin' as he swung hisse'f
Upon his hoss, who champed his bit
As though old Nick had holt of it:
And cheek by jowl the two old wrecks
Rode off as though they'd break their necks.

And as we all stood starin' out
Into the night, I felt the brush
Of some one's hand, and turned about,
And heerd a voice that whispered, "*Hush!—
They're waitin' in the kitchen, and
You're wanted. Don't you understand?*"
Well, ef my *memory* serves me now,
I think I winked.—Well, anyhow,
I left the crowd a-gawkin' there,
And jest slipped off around to where
The back door opened and went in,
And turned and shet the door ag'in,
And mayby *locked* it—couldn't swear,—
A woman's arms around me makes
Me liable to make mistakes.—
I read a marriage license nex',
But as I didn't have my specs
I jest *inferred* it was all right,
And tied the knot so mortal-tight
That Patience and my old friend John
Was safe enough from that time on!
Well now I might go on and tell
How all the joke at last leaked out,

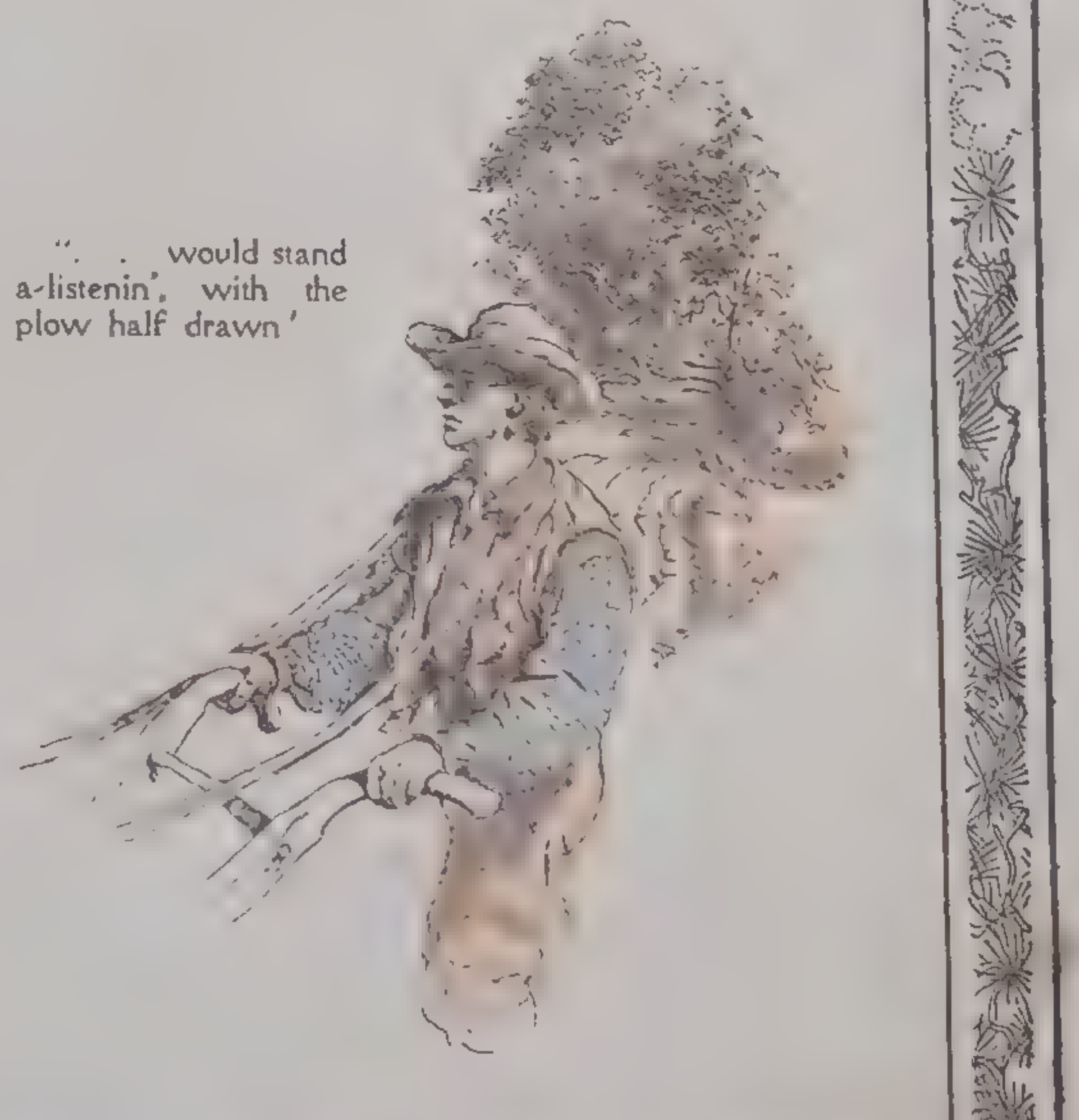


"Patience"

And how the youngsters raised the yell
And rode the happy groom about
Upon their shoulders; how the bride
Was kissed a hunderd times beside
The one *I* give her,—tel she cried
And laughed untel she like to died!
I might go on and tell you all
About the supper—and the *ball*.—
You ought to see me twist my heel
Through jest one old Furginny reel.

We kep' the dancin' up tel *four*
O'clock, I reckon—mayby more.—
We hardly heerd the thunders roar,
Er *thought* about the *storm* that blowed—
And them two fellers on the road!
Tel all at onc't we heerd the door
Bu'st open, and a voice that *swore*,—
And old Jeff Thompson tuck the floor.
He shuck hisse'f and looked around
Like some old dog about half-drown'd—
His hat, I reckon, *weighed ten pound*
To say the least, and I'll say, *shore*,
His *overcoat weighed fifty* more—
*The wettest man you ever saw,
To have so dry a son-in-law!*

The old man turned his eyes on me:
'And have you married 'em?" says he.
I nodded "Yes." "Well, that'll do,"
He says, "and now we're th'ough with *you*,—
You jest clear out, and I decide
And promise to be satisfied!"
He had n't nothin' more to say.
I saw of course how matters lay,
And left. But as I rode away
I heerd the roosters crow fer day.



". . would stand
a-listenin', with the
plow half drawn'

ELENA THE QUEEN

BY KELLOGG DURLAND

THE LAST OF THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE ITALIAN COURT

Queen Elena can wear good clothes if she wishes, but she does not often do it

ITALY'S queen has a wonderful reputation the world around for her heroism and daring in times of peril. More than once she has rendered signal and distinguished service when great disasters have visited her country, so that this reputation is not undeserved.

Queen Elena and the king were in Rome at the time of the great earthquake which devastated southern Calabria and the western tip of Sicily. No sooner had the first authentic reports reached their majesties than they started for Messina, traveling to Naples by special train and then by the Italian cruiser, "Regina Elena." As it happened, I arrived at Messina, also by sea, at almost the same moment as the flagship. I was put ashore to visit the wrecked city, in a small boat, and not one hundred yards away a little drab launch was bouncing over the rude waves toward what was left of a landing-stage, bearing King Victor Emmanuel. On the deck of the "Regina Elena," anxiously watching each rise and fall of the little boat, stood the queen. From almost the same angle I could watch the progress toward shore, only when the king stepped ashore I was much nearer, and therefore could see more distinctly the panic-stricken survivors hurling themselves madly at the feet of their king, and could hear much better the wild shouts: "Vive Vittorio Emmanuele!" It was a strange, weird hurrah, coming from the lips of the bereaved, the sorely stricken, the wounded, the dying. Certainly it impressed me deeply. Later, from an officer aboard the cruiser, I heard that the queen was moved as never before in her life, as well might she be. Before her, in endless panorama, lay the ruined, smoking city. The king, and the crowd he attracted, loomed big on the quay in the foreground. Behind, straightening to the orange and lemon clad hills which after a mile rise abruptly to a great height, lay the greatest scene of human suffering—dead bodies and pinioned, starving, living—that the world had known in many centuries. Yet out of this ghastly picture rose the cry, "Long live the king!" "Long live Queen Elena!" Truly it was overpowering. The queen stood it as long as she could, and then with her hands pressed to her face she went sobbing to her cabin.

After an hour the king returned to the ship. The queen met him at the gangway. Her tears were dried. She wore a long nurse's apron, and from that hour, as long as she remained near the scene of disaster, Queen Elena worked as a nurse. With her own hands she bandaged the bleeding. She assisted at amputations and other serious operations, and from time to time she visited other ships that were caring for the injured and spoke the cheering words which, coming from the sovereign, meant so much more than any stimulant.

The example set by Queen Elena in going to Messina was followed by scores of ladies of the Italian court, who left their homes and, boarding warships and joining relief expeditions, served as volunteer nurses. They established field hospitals all along the devastated coasts and among the hill villages. It was splendid, heroic service and must be so recorded. Between the work of the ladies of the court and the work of the queen was this difference only. The queen remained for five or six days, while the others remained four or five weeks. The queen was decorated by half the monarchs of Europe—not so the others. But being the queen, and having gone there at all, setting the example of personal service, her mite (comparatively) counted for more than the actual work of all the others combined.

When Vesuvius vomited forth its torrents of flaming destruction a few years ago, Queen Elena and the king at once set forth in an automobile upon the same mission of comfort and mercy. And again, when Calabria was visited by a lesser earthquake, in 1905.

No country that I know has a more tragic history than Italy. Death in horrible forms is forever sweeping over some portion of the land, while geological changes under the earth are shaking, jostling and altering her surface contour. Ever since Elena became queen she has worked with zeal during the dark days of these numerous calamities. Fate has been strangely, rudely kind to her, too, in ordaining that she should be near at hand on many occasions when accidents have befallen—railroad accidents, fires, as well as dire disasters. Always has the queen hurried to the danger point and risen to the occasion.

In view of the long list of dramatic, if terrible, events that have from time to time made Queen Elena the most striking figure in Italy, it would be the simplest matter in the world for her to make herself the most popular queen on any throne in Europe. As a matter of fact, in spite of her heroism and her daring, in spite of her romantic girlhood and idyllic years of early married life—which strongly appeal to the naturally sentimental Italian people—in spite of her charming home-life, there is no doubt that she is one of the most unpopular queens in Europe. Her court, which, to meet the tastes of her people, should be bright, popular, brilliant, is really the dullest, the most stupid in the Western world. I have lived in many countries, and I am more or less familiar with all the courts of Europe, but never have I heard a queen so universally spoken of with disrespect and disapproval by her own court. Extraordinary opportunities have been hers, but she has never taken advantage of the great popularity they have given her. A queen's life is one of stern duty, intensely hard, and excessive in its demands from all quarters. Queen Elena, in an American phrase, "plays to the gallery," then retires. She garners the wheat and ignores the chaff. She is quick to figure in dramatic exploits, but reluctant to submit to the daily grind.

The Duke of Ascoli, personal friend and adjutant to the queen, was much embarrassed when I asked him to tell me about the charities of Queen Elena. He mentioned Calabria, Vesuvius, certain children's hospitals and orphanages, and there he paused. It is, to me, inexplicable that a queen who, as the princess of a little state like Montenegro, should have done so much for the people of the country, and then as queen of a great nation do so little. Rightly or wrongly, Queen Elena has the reputation among her own people for being the stingiest queen in Europe. Apparently this is true. She patronizes almost nothing at all regularly, and if once in a while she lends her name to appear on a public bill, it usually means this and nothing more. As far as is known, she gives less to charity, in proportion to her means, than any queen. In this she is in unhappy contrast to the queen-mother who, when she was on the throne, did very much to encourage painting, music and sculpture throughout Italy. This fact rather discredits the only excuse I have ever heard offered for Queen Elena—namely, that she and the king have many palaces to maintain, inheritances which have come to them from many dukedoms and little states which were brought together to make up "United Italy." Queen Margherita and King Humbert had the same number of estates, but their charity and philanthropic list was long and striking.

Queen Elena has one boast. She says that less has been written of her than of any queen in the world, and she is very proud of it. My own impression is that Queen Elena realizes that if more of the facts of her selfish nature were made worldwide, that she would cease to be the object of veneration that she is to-day. If the world at large appreciated to what extent she has carried her ideas of simplicity in dress, the glamour that surrounds her would fade. It is impossible to worship a dowd—especially if she be a queen, with all the splendor and taste of the world at her hand.

I have seen her driving in the Campagna, or even through the streets of Rome, when I would never have believed her the occupant of her exalted position had I not known her. It is somewhat ungallant to dwell upon these things, but Queen Elena *can* wear good clothes, as her court costumes testify. It is because she simply *doesn't*, that makes her a slouch in dress. One need not be extravagant in clothes to be tasteful, but Queen Elena is not even tasteful. Here again, she is in unfortunate contrast to the queen-mother who, still living in Rome, is always exquisitely gowned, and no matter how simply always with unerring taste.

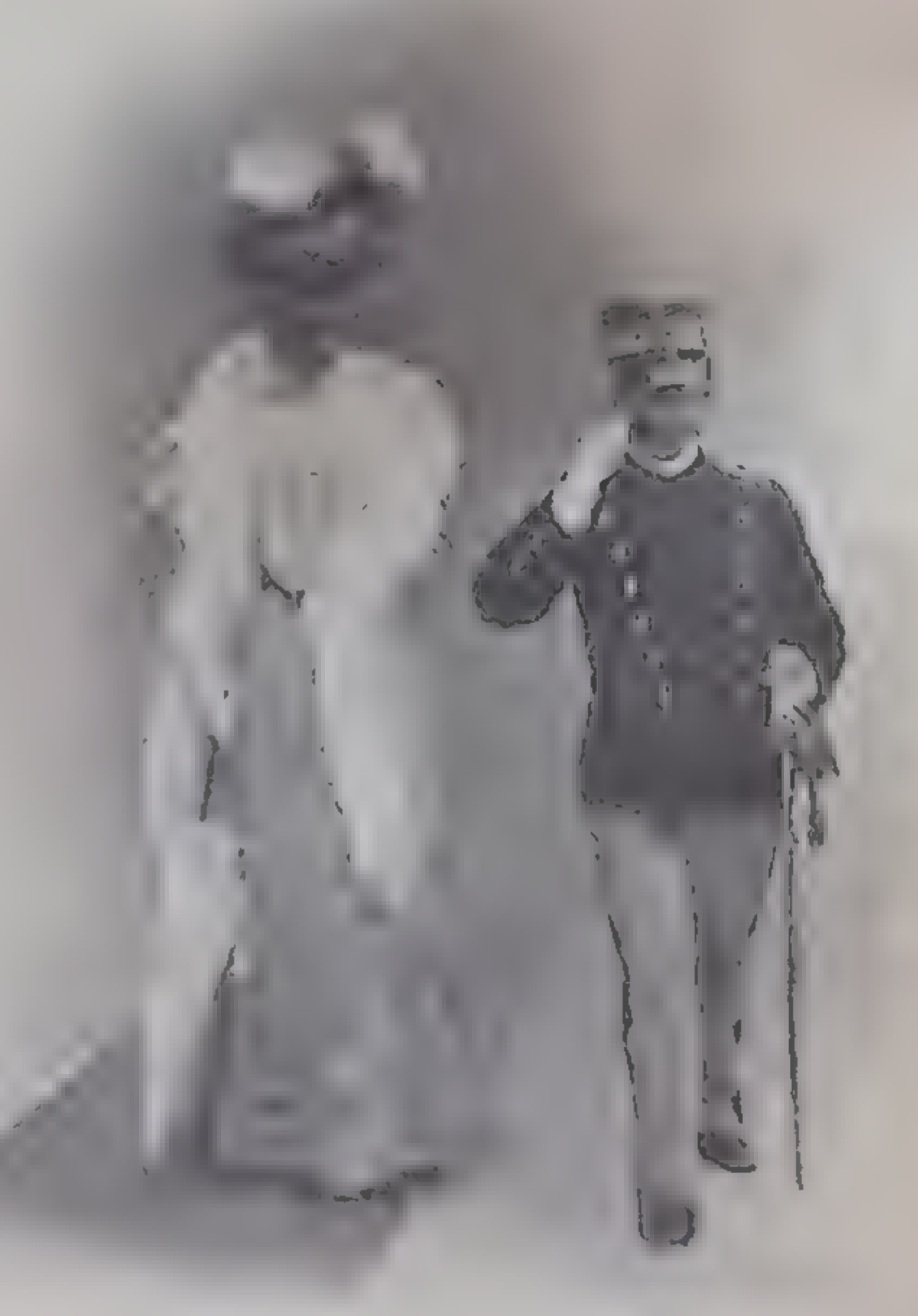
We in America believe that the institution of kingship—"divine right of kings" and all the rest—is largely archaic twaddle. Queen Elena, of all living queens, illustrates the emptiness of queenship as it exists to-day. I would not give the impression that the queen and king of Italy are cruel tyrants like the lately deposed sultan of Turkey, or autocrats like the Czar and Tsaritsa of Russia; nor are they active elements in the social life of the nation like the kings and queens of England and Spain, or the emperor and empress of Germany. What Queen Elena and King Victor Emmanuel represent, however, are the biggest of social parasites. They draw an enormous revenue of many millions of dollars annually from a heartbreakingly poor population, and give the minimum in return.

It is the indifference to every-day affairs of the Italian sovereigns, especially the queen, that breeds the widest discontent. The Italian court, as a whole, is not politically restless so much as discouraged and disgusted with their apathetic monarchs.

The four years of blissful honeymooning enjoyed by Victor Emmanuel and Elena seem to have spoiled them for taking up the tasks of sovereigns. They seem to have then lived too much unto and for themselves. One indication of this is the almost ludicrous jealousy of the king. He guards Elena with the greatest care, and few indeed are the male members of the court who ever approach her save on formal occasions. The sovereigns always have their meals together alone. It was the custom of the former monarchs to have the king's adjutant and the queen's lady-in-waiting at the table; at dinner there were nearly always guests. Not so, Victor Emmanuel. He prefers to be as much as possible alone with his spouse, and never entertains at dinner save when duty demands it. It must be said that he serves Elena with a true and loyal devotion and he is one of the very few, if not the only monarch in Europe against whom no word of unkindly gossip has ever been spoken.

The closely watchful attitude of the king may be in some measure responsible for the impression which is pretty general that Elena is a timid, shy woman. There are several anecdotes recalled to illustrate this trait, each of them interesting.

One afternoon, near the beginning of her reign, Elena had attended a function given by the dowager queen. Elena arrived somewhat late and reached the door of the salon unattended. There was a [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 80]



The king is much shorter than the queen, and it is very noticeable when they appear together in public

THE STORY OF CORINNA AND HER LOVERS

WHITE ROSES

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Outline of Preceding Chapters

At Madrilena, in the Panhandle of Texas, Tom Leonard, civil engineer, commonly known as the Chief, is in charge of a railroad-construction camp. His wife, Milly, is with him. His cousin, Corinna, young and pretty, comes from the East on a visit. She alights from the train at a deserted station some eighteen miles distant early one morning, and finds no one to meet her. A rough but handsome young man on horseback, who announces that his name is Court Morgan, offers to be of service, and later in the day finds the stage, in which she is the only passenger, delayed by a drunken Mexican driver; he sends him away and takes charge of the stage himself. After various adventures they reach the ranch-house of Colonel Walsh, a rich railroad man who is giving a grand ball. Morgan points out the various people, including the Leonards, in the ball-room to Corinna, but refuses the girl's invitation to enter, intimating that he might not be welcome in such society She induces him to tell something of himself, and it appears that he knows nothing of his own parentage, having been brought up by an old Mexican woman at San Antonio. He had been a jockey as a boy, and later had led a somewhat wild life. He was brought to better things by falling in with an old lady who was dying and for whom he bought white roses. He leaves Corinna on the veranda of the ranch-house. The next morning at her cousin's house Corinna receives by mail a single white rose. Corinna soon begins to receive much attention from several men who chance to be in the neighborhood, among them Doctor Brice Appleton. He is engaged to drive with her to a ball at Colonel Walsh's, but he breaks it to care for a Mexican baby with a dangerous case of diphtheria. On returning, she helps him with the child and is much touched at his seeming heroism. Finding, however, that he cared nothing for saving the child, being only interested in it as a scientific case which he could report in the medical journals, she rejects his further advances. Shortly after, Milly's brother Jerry arrives from the East. He has long been in love with Corinna in his rather mild way. They go for a drive and he again urges his suit and she is tempted to accept him. Later in the day Milly goes away, alone, on an errand on a half wild horse and is overtaken by a furious storm. The terror of her husband Tom and the subsequent joy of the meeting of the couple convince Corinna that the feeling she has for Jerry is not real love.

Chapter IV.—The Sawdust Man

"And he's written seven sociology books, and two on archæology, and he holds honorary degrees from three universities and four governments. And then a town house—and in Piccadilly—think! And a cottage on the Isle of Wight, and a shooting-box in Scotland," Milly counted on, gazing reproachfully at her oblivious husband. She sat perched in the rough board window-seat, like a modish butterfly, in her stunning new white motor-coat and airy rose-and-amber veils. "And six Vandyck portraits, and a truly Elizabethan chapel, and a Prussian baron for a brother-in-law!" Her voice rose in a solemn ecstatic chant; her round brown eyes fairly popped with stricken awe. "And a manor-house, all red brick and century-old ivy, and a drawbridge, and a *moat!* And a pack of hounds, and a family ghost! Tommy, think of it!"

"And a checked suit of clothes, and an English accent that you couldn't dent with a hammer." Thomas put down his razor and took up the wondrous tale. "He's said 'Fancy, now!' to me just twenty-nine times, by actual count, since he hit the Camp last Tuesday morning. I give you fair warning, Millicent. If he bleats 'Fancy, now!' at me just once more I shall lead him gently forth and duck him in the rain-barrel. Drawbridge, family ghost, yellow spats, and all."

"It does rather wear on one," conceded Milly. "Yet he's so big, and stunning, and magnificent! Really, Tom!"

"He's big enough. Built on the broad, impressive lines of a refrigerator-car," Thomas agreed. "And he's a fine, well-set-up chap, with a good square handshake, and a clear eye to him, if he is a Snifty Sociologist and a Belted Earl. I must say I approve him. But I can't say that I'm glad to see Corinna approve him so thoroughly. It's not like Corinna, to let one man monopolize the game so. It worries me."

"Well, but when he gave up a summer in Norway, Tommy, and a cruise on the Baltic, and came down to this broiling Texas prairie, just on the chance of a week's sight of her"

"Oho!" The Chief pondered. "H'm. You don't mean to say that this is Aunt Caroline's Candidate? The one that Lady Edmund Frederick—ah—O.K.-ed for her."

"Tommy, you do use such atrocious expressions! Yes, this is the very man. He saw Corinna for the first time when she was at Gibraltar with Aunt Caroline a year ago. He gained an introduction to her through old Admiral Kennard; the *Kentucky* and half the South Atlantic Squadron, besides, were anchored at Gibraltar just then. Corinna was always a pet of the dear old Admiral's, you know. He was giving a deck tea for her, and Sir Augustus deliberately asked for a card to it, on purpose to secure an introduction. From a man of his rank it was a most significant condescension, Tommy."

"A significant condescension, hey? From a high and mighty Britisher? To 'condescend' to an American girl? To a girl like Corinna? *Our* Corinna?" The Chief, slightly pink behind the ears, turned from the dresser, and waved an eloquent collar. "Don't roil my patriotic spirit when it's ninety in the shade, Milly. I might explode into pin-wheels and red fire."

"Well, I'm stating facts. And he did everything quite properly. Although Aunt Caroline was not altogether cordial at first. Not until she found time to look up his English connections. But Lady Edmund's indorsement settled all that. Aunt Caroline was afraid he might be one of those dreadful common English shopkeepers, who are always trying to clamber into society."

"Certainly. Very commendable caution on Aunt Caroline's part. Let's see; what kind of a shop did her father use to run? Cross-roads storekeeper, wasn't he? Soap and gingham and peppermints and axle-grease?"

"No, I think it was a flour-and-feed store. But to return to Sir Augustus. He was a bit rebuffed when he found that he had been investigated. So he rather withdrew. However, Lady Edmund told Aunt Caroline that three calls and one box of flowers indicated deep esteem, when you considered how spoiled he was. And she was quite right, for in six weeks he came tagging over to America. They were at Lakewood, and I imagine Corinna was having a fairly pleasant season without him. Anyway, she promptly snubbed him. And royally. And Aunt Caroline was furious."

"Bully for Corinna!"

"And he was furious, too. Back he went, across the briny ocean; he didn't even wait to visit Niagara Falls. But three months later he tried again. Aunt Caroline and Corinna were in Asheville; so he happened casually in, and they played golf, and went horseback-riding, till Aunt Caroline realized he was having too free a field."

"Lovely, ingenuous old lady, Aunt Caroline! Pity she can't enter the Diplomatic Service. She'd have Takahira running a peanut-stand, and von Bülow driving a dray."

"Tommy, I don't know what you mean, but I do know that you are shockingly disrespectful. So she carried Corinna off to Bermuda. Two weeks later, as she'd expected, Sir Augustus rose above that palm-decked horizon, also. But Aunt Caroline had overreached herself this time. She'd forgotten about the buttons."

"Buttons?"

"Yes, buttons. Gilt ones. And gilt braid, too. The harbor at Nassau was simply crammed with war-ships, English, and American, and all sorts. On a tropics cruise; you know what that means, Tommy. Moonlight nights, and white-and-gold uniforms, and a ship's band that knows twenty dozen two-steps, and whispered confidences beneath shadowy awnings—"

"And Sir Augustus had no buttons, nor shoulder-straps, either?"

"Precisely. So he couldn't even push his way past those serried ranks of the Staff and Line. Then his temper rose again, and he stalked off home, very grand and gloomy. But there's something about Corinna that makes them all try, try again."

"Quite true. What chances has he this time?"

"The very best," said Milly, suddenly grave. "No competitor here dares stand against him. He's handsome, and agreeable, and charming in manner, you must admit. He rules all the kingdoms of this earth—wealth, position, honors; for he's really famous because of his sociological studies, you know. He gives lectures and things that tell all about why poor people are poor, and rich people aren't, and so on. Then—these three voyages of importunity are most romantic, Tom. And Corinna is romantic to her finger-tips. I know that by her refusing my poor sulky Jerry."

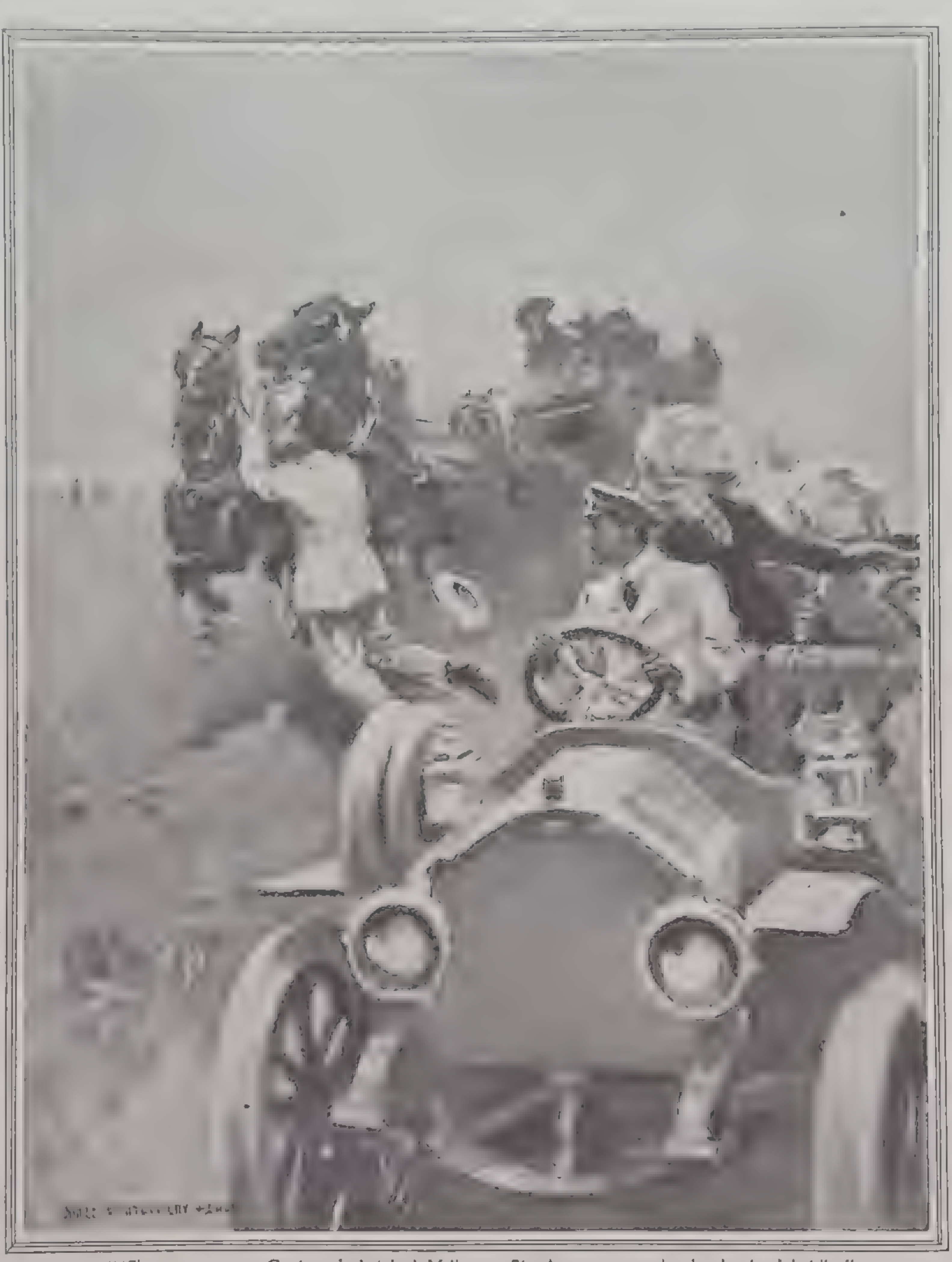
"Milly, may I come in?"

Milly jumped, turning guilty pink. Corinna, enchanting in a marvelous lacy frock which might have graced a Duchess' garden-party, stood framed in the low door. Her cheeks were scarlet; her eyes were dark stars.

"Milly, will I do? This hat—"

"You look really nice," the Chief assured her, kindly. "True, that gorgeous raiment is more suited to a Madison Square Garden horse-show than to a Tri-County Roping and Tying Contest. But if just your Clarence appears in enough purple and fine linen to carry out the color-scheme— Here he comes, now! Whe-ew!"

Across the sandy village common rolled a dazzling apparition; a great, gleaming, snow-white touring-car, ablaze with blinding brasswork, mystic, wonderful. Side by side with the spotless, white-duck chauffeur sat a glorious object in even whiter serges, and exquisite gold-corded sombrero. As the car stopped, the regal being leaped out, smiling, radiant. The Chief whistled softly. Milly frankly gaped. But the rose-red dimmed in Corinna's cheek, and her soft eyes held a calm which mocked her flying pulse-beats. For once in her fearless gay life Corinna was afraid.



"'Shut your eyes, Corinna,' shrieked Milly, as Sir Augustus caught the leaders' bridles"

Worse, Corinna's fear was not of this splendid conquering adorer. Neither did she quail before the recollection of Aunt Caroline's quiet, definite commands. But with all her heart and mind, she did fear—Corinna.

"He'll sweep you off your feet before you know it, you excited, romantic goose," she scolded her racing heart. She dared not look up at Sir Augustus Broughton as he waited, superbly at ease, to lift her into the car.

In this white glare of sunlight, he stood like a fair-haired boyish god, splendidly handsome. His manner, for all its autocratic languor, was princely in its grace. He was symmetrical in mind and temperament, as well as in body; a noble instance of the finest development of his time. And, three times over, this lordly suitor, this real prince of Fairyland, had crossed the seas to offer himself and all his wonder-world to her; to that little penniless Cinderella of a Corinna Curtis!

Corinna set her mouth in serene, impartial lines. But for all her stern will she could not quench the growing light in her grave eyes.

"We are precisely on the contest hour. Fancy, now!" proclaimed Sir Augustus in his slow, pleasant voice. He guided the car close to the corral ropes, and turned to observe the unfamiliar scene. "Most picturesque setting, is it not? I imagine, too, that the sport will be well worth seeing. Quite so."

Picturesque was the word. There lay the great rope-fenced corral, a huge irregular circle, glaring white beneath the fierce noon sun. Beyond, the endless sunburnt plain rolled away, till its brown wave met the low unbroken horizon blue. Against this mighty background of desert and sky the great excited crowd which swarmed around the cattle-pens and eddied through the shiny new grand stand seemed but a crowd of eager Liliputians briskly gyrating beneath this fathomless eternal canopy.

The competitors, half a dozen famous riders, sat at ease on their alert little mounts. They laughed and joked, tranquilly. Beneath the strong light, their shining accoutrements, the gleam of goldwork on belt or sombrero, the flash of the great wheel-spurs, were leaping points of fire. From their tiny stand the Pecos County Band sawed and squeaked through hoary waltz and immemorial schottische. Corinna smiled.

"Be impressed, please. For this is our leading social event of the year," she assured Sir Augustus. She waved her hand to Mrs. Walsh, throned on her big green drag, with its splendid fretting four-in-hand, and bowed to the crowded house-party seated behind her, in sumptuous array. Then, yet more graciously, she bowed to Paige Fairfax, who drove by in his jingling but still jaunty trap, his pale, pretty mother at his side. Paige's quick, almost passionately eager response missed her glance. She had turned to Sir Augustus.

"The starter—that important gentleman, standing on the barrel—will call the events through his megaphone. The umpire beside him signals with revolver-shots. The competitors enter the corral one at a time. On the first shot the bar across the cattle-pen will fall, and a steer will be driven out at a gallop. The cow-boy will be waiting, his lariat coiled ready. He must give the steer a start; say sixty yards. Then he gallops after, catches it in his lariat, throwing it to the ground, jumps off his horse, and ties the steer's feet together—hog-tying, they call it—so it can't move. Then another steer is driven in, and another rider tries his skill. The man who accomplishes this in the shortest time—they're timed by split-seconds, by the way—wins the contest and takes the prize. Last year it was a beautiful saddle; this year it is a belt of gold. Moreover, the whole country-side claims him as a hero; so to win the contest is no small honor. Ah, see!"

A shot rang out. The buzzing crowd fell silent. The band stopped short on a high crescendo. The first rider, a debonair young puncher, swung his lariat and saluted the crowd with a shame-faced grin. Another shot; the bar across the nearest pen dropped. Out into the corral loped a big, angry, red-and-white steer, dazed at his sudden freedom, but sullenly wary. He lumbered heavily, his broad head tossing from side to side; for a moment there was no sound save his thudding hoofs.

The puncher gave his pony a word. Horse and rider wheeled and dashed after the steer at a flying run. The long Arizona lariat lifted its soaring coils into the air. With one slow easy swoop the rope settled upon the steer's swaying horns.

The pony stopped short, head down, solid as a post against the shock of the big struggling brute. Down went the steer, flat on its side, with a jarring thud. As it fell, the boy leaped from his saddle, snatching knife and cords from his pocket as he ran. One more hard-drawn breath and the steer lay helpless, trammeled deftly and lightly, his legs caught together with a loose knot, yet secure as clamps of steel.

The crowd burst into wild cheering. The band dashed excitedly into "The Star-Spangled Banner" on five different keys. Sir Augustus stared at his watch.

"And all in eighty-one seconds, on my word!" he gasped. "What skill! What accuracy. I have never seen its equal. Really, now!"

"That's a poor score. The record is fifty-eight seconds," returned Corinna. She was absurdly proud of her good Panhandle world. Pride flamed to delight at Sir Augustus' unstinted praise.

The two shots sounded again. The scene of a moment past was reënacted, but with elaborations. This second rider had a gruelling siege of it. Twice his pony slipped and fell with him before he could draw the lariat taut. On the third throw, the steer whirled and charged him, with a bellow of rage. A warning shout rose from the crowd. But the puncher, coolly alert, dodged the brute's maddened rush, then swung his pony right-about with a snatching jerk that flung the astonished steer flat and helpless. The boy dropped from the saddle, secured his floundering enemy almost with a turn of the wrist, and sprang up, waving a jaunty hand to the roaring crowd.

"Seventy-eight seconds!" blared the megaphone. Then the crowd went wild.

"It's almost as exciting as a Harvard-Carlisle game," remarked Milly.

"Seventy-eight seconds! Incredible. Really." Sir Augustus stared again. "And quite courageous, upon my word. To face such an attack demands real bravery. Although his behavior was foolhardy, quite. Decidedly so. Some safety device should be designed to avoid such desperate risk."

Corinna looked up with a keen glance. Her delicate flushed face grew suddenly cool, remote; her gaze weighed Sir Augustus with level scrutiny. What an odd speech, to be sure! And from a man of his splendid physique and strength at that! Corinna, bred from babyhood to a contempt of physical danger which touched recklessness, set caution beside cowardice in her vocabulary. She had no patience with even the hint of a white feather. The mere thought of prudence, in such a royal sport as this, disgusted her.

Milly felt the sudden atmospheric change. Moreover, Milly knew Corinna.

"I don't see what safety device would avail against a cross cow," she reflected. "Unless you might lasso them from an automobile, preferably a limousine, at that, so they couldn't climb in."

Sir Augustus took her in solid British earnest, of course. He inveighed violently against such unsportsmanlike methods. He described minutely his own experiences at tiger-hunting. "The other chaps all took pot shots from a judicious distance, don't you know. Where they could swarm up a tree, or scuttle up a howdah ladder, if the brute did charge. Some of them were so—ah—apprehensive that they declined to leave the elephants at all, and took chances on the brute's happening along within range. But I chanced it on foot every time, and my bearer and I had one or two distinctly narrow escapes. Quite so. The boy was once knocked flat by an unexpected charge. I fired, just as the beast rushed by, and my second shot potted him. I had the pelt mounted for my morning-room. It is—ah—magnificent. You may be interested in seeing it, some day—when you honor my home by crossing its threshold." Sir Augustus' handsome, clear-cut face colored slightly; the last words had been spoken for Corinna's ear alone.

Corinna's lips relented. Yet a vague question still darkened her calm eyes.

"Just one more rider, and one more cross cow," breathed Milly. "Corinna, what does possess Mrs. Walsh to drive those fractious horses so close to the corral ropes? They're a hard team to control at any time, especially Pat and Ninkum. To-day they're half frantic."

"The band worries them, that's all." Yet Corinna glanced nervously at the magnificent leaders, who were backing and fretting under Mrs. Walsh's steady hands and soothing voice.

The band was now ramping through a weird paraphrase of "America," with much crash of cymbal and whang of drum. Corinna chuckled in sympathy.

"It's their sensitive musical ear, that's all. If the band would only climb down somewhere near the key—O-oh!"

The umpire's revolver banged the first signal. Pat jumped sidewise like a rabbit; Ninkum went straight into the air, then executed a wild double shuffle. The groom sprang to their heads. Mrs. Walsh checked him with a quick word.

"Never mind, Connor. They'll quiet down. It was just that shot. Whoa, Ninkum. There, there, Pat! Nice boy. That's right. Now, then!"

The leaders came to a quaking standstill. But the wheelers now chafed and fidgeted. Mrs. Walsh leaned forward, calling them softly. "Quiet, Fox, my beauty! Steady, Diana! There, there!"

She turned, with a smile of reassurance to her coach-load of guests. Even as she glanced away, the second shot rang out; the band chimed in with an ear-splitting blare.

As moved by one demoniac spring, the four horses leaped in their traces. Mrs. Walsh, the reins twisted in her hands, was jerked to her knees. Both grooms clutched at the leaders' heads; half a score ran to their aid. But nobody was in time.

There rose a scream of fright from the coach-load, a groan from the crowd. The big four-in-hand lurched and swung on one wheel, then righted itself with a terrifying sway. The crazed team bolted off across the prairie at a wild gallop, the loaded coach rocking and plunging horribly behind.

"Oh, stop them, stop them, somebody! Oh, they'll all be killed!" wailed Corinna above the uproar.

"Sit *still!*" commanded Sir Augustus fiercely. His hand grabbed the lever; the great car leaped under his hand like a living thing. "Hold tight! Now!"

With a snort and a roar, the automobile plunged forward. Bouncing from rut to hummock, it tore in pursuit of the coach at lightning speed.

Now it was abreast; now forty yards ahead. With a jar that flung them from their seats, Broughton shut off the power; and even as the car staggered to a standstill, he had leaped out and had flung himself squarely in the road of the galloping team.

"Shut your eyes, Corinna!" shrieked Milly, sick with horror. But Corinna looked, and saw.

Sir Augustus had caught the leaders' bridles and hung now, his whole weight swinging from the horses' heads. He was dragged, and buffeted, and thrown. He hung on. His burly white figure was slammed to the ground, jerked up, slammed down again, like a stuffed doll. And he hung on. He was dragged again, first headlong, then tossed from side to side. His yellow head sank with exhaustion; his big shoulders drooped, limp. And he continued to hang on.

Corinna shut her eyes. Then she opened them, reluctantly.

Around the coach swarmed an exultant mob, shouting and cheering. Some ten men apiece were holding Pat and his comrade, which discouraged further activities. Mrs. Walsh, quite ashen beneath her violet plumage, admirably serene, stood in the knee-deep grass. Her hands clasped those of Sir Augustus, who now leaned, somewhat wilted, against the tonneau. The coaching party, divided between tears and whoops, swirled tumultuously around them.

"Really, you know, I have not a scratch," lied the Honorable Augustus tranquilly. He mopped his blood-streaked brow with a swollen, shaky hand. "I am quite too disreputable an object. Really. The moors here are a bit dusty, you know. And I lost my balance once or twice. Ah, Miss Curtis, may we not start for home at once? An opportunity to wash my face is my utmost desire."

Corinna gave him a steadying hand into the [illegible] seat. Plowing its way through the cheers and [illegible] of the crowd, the car rolled away down the trail.

"No, I am not injured. Pray do not give me another thought." Sir Augustus cut short Milly's exclamations. He viewed his ruined garments, his torn and blackened hands, with rueful good humor. "I must apologize, Miss Curtis, for sitting beside you in this shocking disarray. Really."

"It's hardly necessary," remarked Corinna. There was a note in her voice which brought a swift flush to Sir Augustus' battered cheek, a gleam to his blue eye. Milly heard, and comprehended. And Milly, happily prescient, sat pondering as to whether one's presentation gown should have a square train or a round one, and whether a diamond comb or a pearl one—

"We must be near Madrilena," ventured Corinna, after half an hour. "Yet it doesn't look familiar, somehow."

"Oh, we are on the right highway. Of course. There is no other road back, you know."

"Provided we are on the road at all," persisted Corinna.

Sir Augustus sighted at the sun, now dimmed in afternoon haze. Then he groped through his pockets. After which he looked annoyed.

"I must have—ah—mislaid my compass. Most careless!"

"You probably dropped it when you were being dragged head-first over the prairie," suggested Corinna. "Mrs. Leonard will know where we are. Milly!"

Milly turned reluctantly from beatific dreams; tea in a velvet-terraced Thames garden; dappled foxhounds and gay red coats, aflash beneath a far fog-shadowed sky.

"Where are we, Milly? This isn't the Madrilena trail!"

"Indeed it is not." Milly gazed bewildered at the narrow, grass-choked trail, then out over the boundless empty plain. "Mercy, we're miles and miles from anywhere! We'll have to ask our way—"

"Who will we ask, pray? We haven't met a soul on this desert since we left the corral!"

Milly took the glasses and scrutinized the horizon. Finally she nodded, satisfied.

"I have it. Can you make out that clump of poplars, away to the south. That's that queer, mysterious hacienda that the men call Peaceful Valley, though I never did know why. We'll go straight over there. On its east boundary we'll strike a trail that takes us straight back to Madrilena. We've gone in a circle, that's all."

"We are running short of gasolene," remarked Broughton anxiously.

"Oh, then we'll ask the hacienda people for some. I don't even remember their names, but I know Tom said they were the best sort ever. They'll give us anything we need. Besides, you can rest there, while Corinna and I explore the hacienda. Why not?"

Broughton's tired face lit with satisfaction. He headed the car toward the mysterious Peaceful Valley at a flying clip.

"Peaceful Valley is well named," said Corinna, as a flustered old gardener and a motherly housekeeper welcomed them on the broad, vine-shaded gallery, and scuttled to bring footstools, and tall frosted goblets, and perfumy grass fans. Sir Augustus had vanished, escorted by two sympathetic servants. Corinna leaned back in her wicker chair and sipped her sherbet luxuriously. "Actually, Milly, there's ice in it! Truly frozen ice! It chinks when I turn the spoon! What a queer, comfortable place this is, anyway. Look at the hammocks strung about. There must be eight or ten of them. And all these veranda-chairs, and folding tables, and magazines! It's quite like a summer hotel, dropped down bodily in this wilderness. There's such a pretty, pale woman reading in that farthest hammock. I do wonder—"

"Himself will be sorry that he was not here to welcome ye," said the old majordomo, bustling back with a loaded tea-tray. "He's rode all the way to Fort Parry to fetch out a friend of his, what's been sick. Will ye be seein' the place? 'Tis some different from the other ranchos about."

Corinna looked out on the long, cool green lawn, then up at the low, vine-wreathed house, with its glint of fair curtains, its indefinable air of quiet, exquisite order. Yes, this was different. Quite different.

"I can't well take ye through the whole house, for 'tis the hour when his folks mostly take their naps, an' Himself in particular that they sha'n't be disturbed," the old man continued. "Here's your gentleman, lookin' quite freshed up," as Sir Augustus, scrubbed and plastered, appeared. "Here's the big livin'-room. Just see the pianny, would you? Himself, he plays sometimes, an' 'tis grand. Then there's the dinin'-room. Yes, 'tis spacious; it needs be. There's seldom less [illegible] twenty sits down. Himself, he likes everybody to [illegible] down-stairs to their meals, even if they don't feel like it. Then he gets them to laughin' an' [illegible] cuttin' up, an' before they know it, they'll eat [illegible] an' enjye it, too. Himself ain't no doctor, but [illegible] got hard sinse."

"Who is 'Himself,' pray tell?" asked Corinna.

"Himself? Don't ye know, at all?" The old man stared. "Why, I thought everybody knowed [illegible] he's the *finest*"—he struggled for his word—"he's just the grandest lad iver! An' it's meself that knows, for I've worked under him these siven year. I've seen him wid his ranchmen; I've seen him wid his sick folks; I've wint wid him through hot an' cold, [illegible] fair an' foul. An' there's not his match in the [illegible] country-side. Nor the whole world, either: that's [illegible]."

"But what does he do? Who are his sick folks? [illegible] own people?"

"No, they're not his own." A stalwart young [illegible] loitering near-by, took up her words. "But you'd [illegible] think but what they was his blood and kin. You [illegible] to know what he does, eh? Well, I'll tell you. [illegible] in so often he goes off to San Antone, say for a [illegible] of days. When he comes back he always brings [illegible] pany with him."

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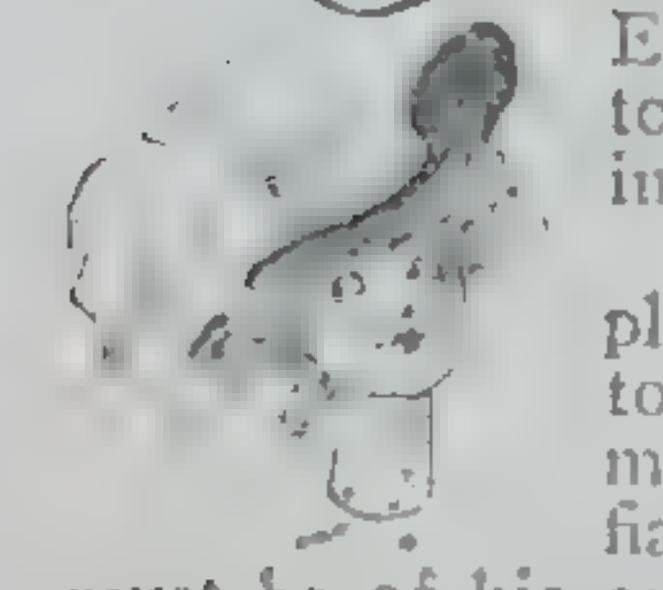
THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

BY MYRA KELLY

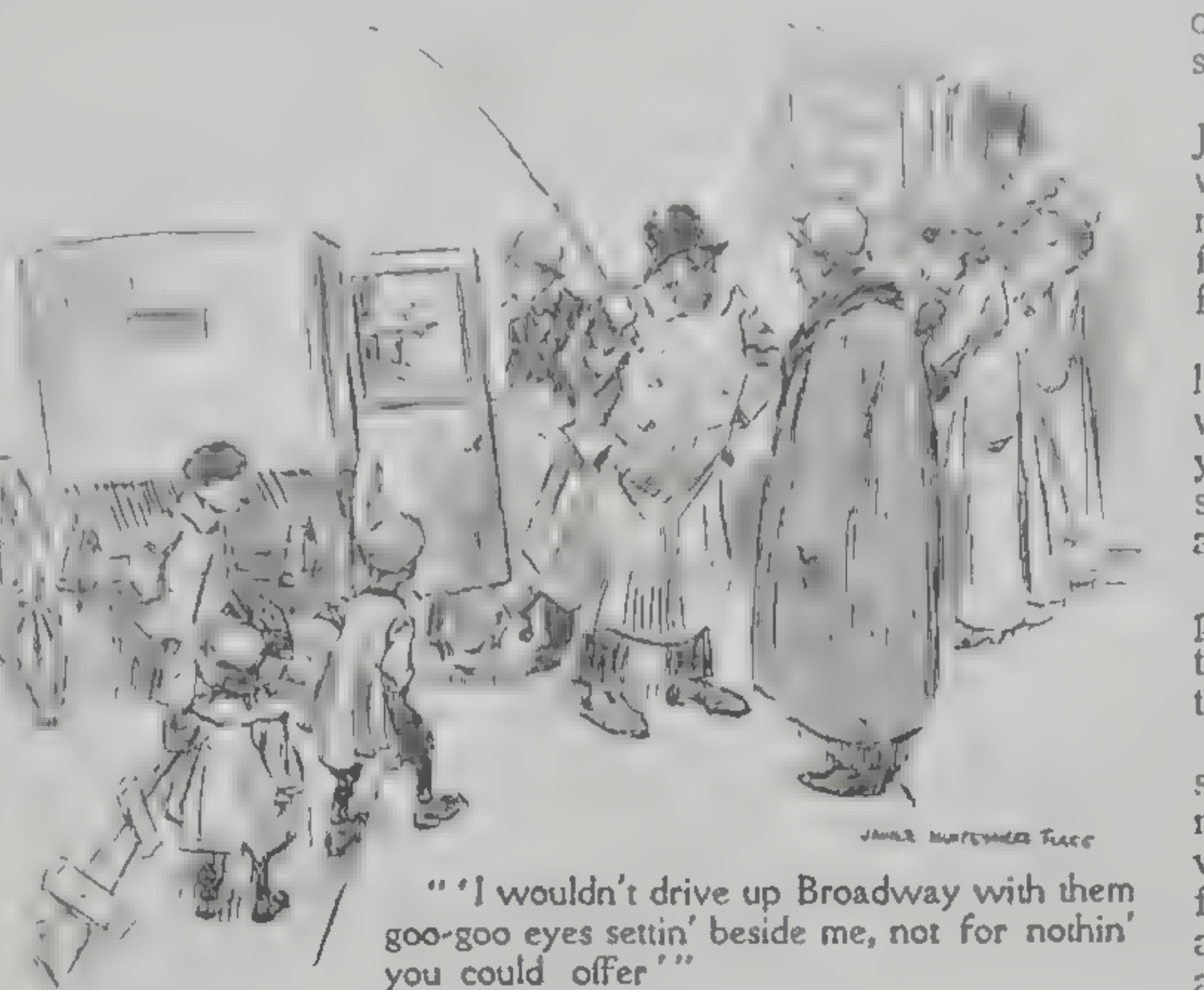
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



ON THE day before Christmas Eve John Sedyard closed his desk, dismissed his two clerks and his stenographer two hours earlier than usual, and set out in quest of adventure and a present for his sister Edith. John Sedyard had a habit of succeeding in all he set forth to do, but the complete and surprising success which attended him in this quest was a notch above even his high average.

Earlier in the month his stenographer had procured the annual pledges of his affection for all the relatives, friends and dependants to whom he was in the habit of giving presents; all except his mother, his unmarried sister, Edith, who still lived at home, and his fiancée, Mary Van Plank. The gifts for these three, he had decided, must be of his own choice and purchase. He had provided for his mother and for Mary earlier in the week. Neither excitement nor adventure had attended upon the purchase of their gifts. Something for the house or the table was always the trick for elderly ladies who presided over large establishments and gave their whole souls to the managing of them. He bought for his mother a set of colonial silver candlesticks. For Mary he bought a comb of gold, all gold, like her own lovely hair. The dark tortoise-shell of the one she wore always seemed an incongruous note in her fair crown. But Edith was as yet unprovided for and it was on her account that Mr. Sedyard deserted his office and delighted his subordinates at three o'clock in the afternoon with word that all work was over for the day.

Edith was much more difficult than the other two had been. She was strong-minded, much given to church-work and committees. Neither the home, as represented by the candlesticks, nor self-adornment as typified by the golden comb could be expected to appeal to her communistic, altruistic nature. And Sedyard, having experienced two inspirations, could think of nothing but combs and candlesticks. So he threw himself into the current which swept along Broadway, trusting that some accident would suggest a suitable offering. Meanwhile he revelled in the crowd, good-humored, holiday-making, holly-decked, which carried him up-town; past the first big department-store and Grace Church; swirled him across "dead man's curve" and down the Fourteenth Street side of Union Square. Here shops were smaller, not so overwhelming, and here he was stopped by seeing a red auction flag. Looking in over the heads of the assembled crowd he saw that the auctioneer was holding up a feather-crowned hat and addressing his audience after the manner of his kind:



" 'I wouldn't drive up Broadway with them goo-goo eyes settin' beside me, not for nothin' you could offer' "

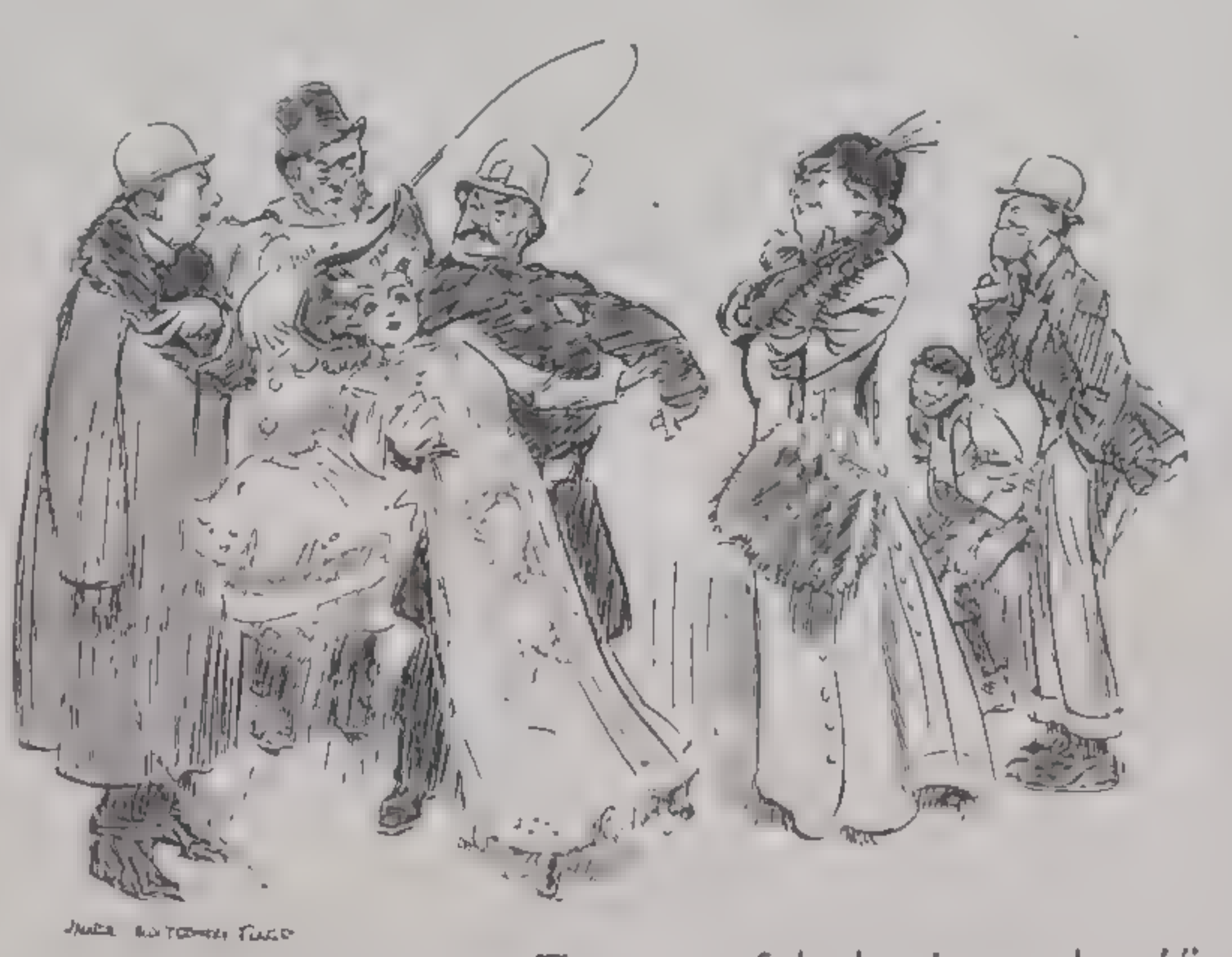
"Buy a hat for your wife. A waste-paper basket by night and a hat by day. Genuine ostrich-feathers growing on it. Becoming to all styles of feminine beauty. What am I bid on this sure tickler of the feminine palate? Three dollars? Why, ladies and gents, the dooty on it alone was twelve. It's a Paris hat, ladies. Your sister, your mother, your maiden aunt—"

Sedyard harkened but absently to the fellow's words, but his problem was solved. He would buy Edith something to look pretty in. She was a pretty girl and in danger of forgetting it. And she had been dumb, John reflected, awfully dumb about Mary. He knew that the *entente cordiale* which existed between Mary and his mother was largely due to Edith and he knew, too, that Edith, an authority on modern housing and model living, surely but silently disapproved of Mary's living alone in a three-room studio and devoting her days to painting when there was so much rescue work to be done in the wicked world.

"I get my uplift," Mary would explain when Edith urged these things upon her, "from the elevator. Living on the eighth floor, dear, I cannot help seeing this delightful world from a very different angle."

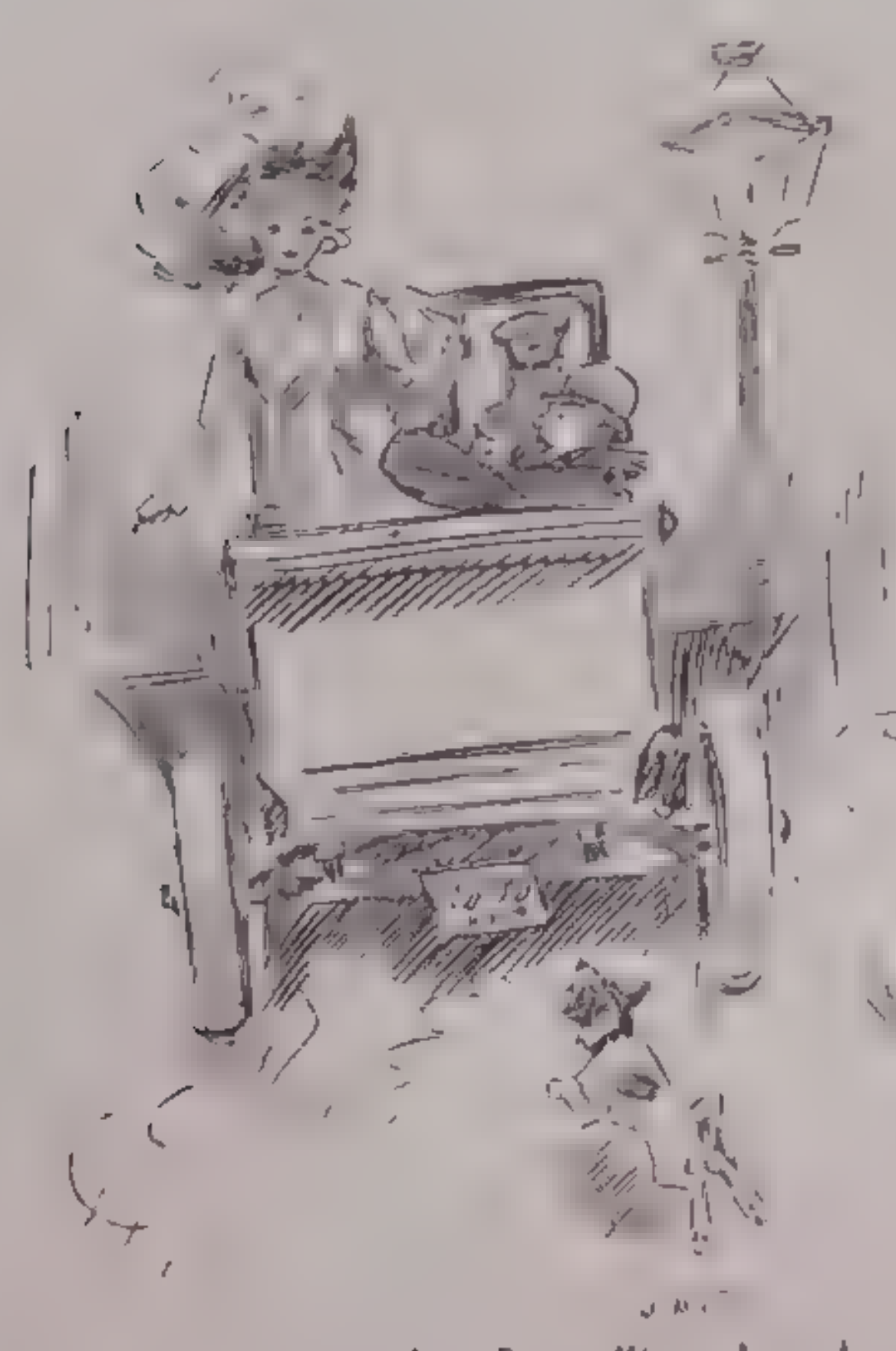
Yes, John reflected as he chuckled in retrospect over such conversations, Edith had certainly been awfully decent, and he was tremendously fond of her.

During these meditations several articles of feminine apparel had come and gone under the hammer. The crowd had decreased somewhat and his position now commanded a clear view of the auctioneer's platform, and he realized that the fierce light of the arc-lamps beat down upon as charming a costume as he had seen for many a day. All of cornflower blue it was, a chiffon gown, a big chiffon muff and a plumed hat. Oh, if he had been allowed to do such shopping for Mary! how quickly he would have entered into the lists of bidders! Mary's eyes were just that heavenly shade of blue, but Mary's pride was as great as her poverty, and the time when he could shower his now useless wealth upon her was not yet. And then his loyal memory told him that Edith was blue-eyed like all the Sedyards and he knew that his sister's Christmas gifts stood before him. He failed, however, to discern in the bland presence of the lay-figure upon which they were disposed to such advantage the companion of one of the most varied adventures in his long but circumspect career.



" 'You're all right, miss, now The arrum of the law is around you' "

The chiffon finery was rather too much for the Fourteenth Street audience. The bidding languished. The auctioneer's pleadings fell upon deaf ears. In vain his assistant, a deft-fingered man with a beard, twirled the waxen-faced figure to show the "semi-princesse back" and the "near-empire front." Corn-blue chiffon and *panne* velvet are not much worn in Fourteenth Street. The auctioneer grew desperate. "Twenty-five dollars," he repeated with such scorn that the timid woman who had made the bid wished herself at home and in bed. *"Twenty-five* dollars!"



" 'Ain't she the friendliest bunch of calico!' "

"Throw in the girl, why don't you?" suggested a facetious youth chiefly remarkable for a nose, a necktie and a diamond ring. "She's a peach all right, all right. She's got a smile that won't come off."

"All right, I'll throw her in," cried the desperate auctioneer. "What am I bid for this here afternoon costume complete with lady."

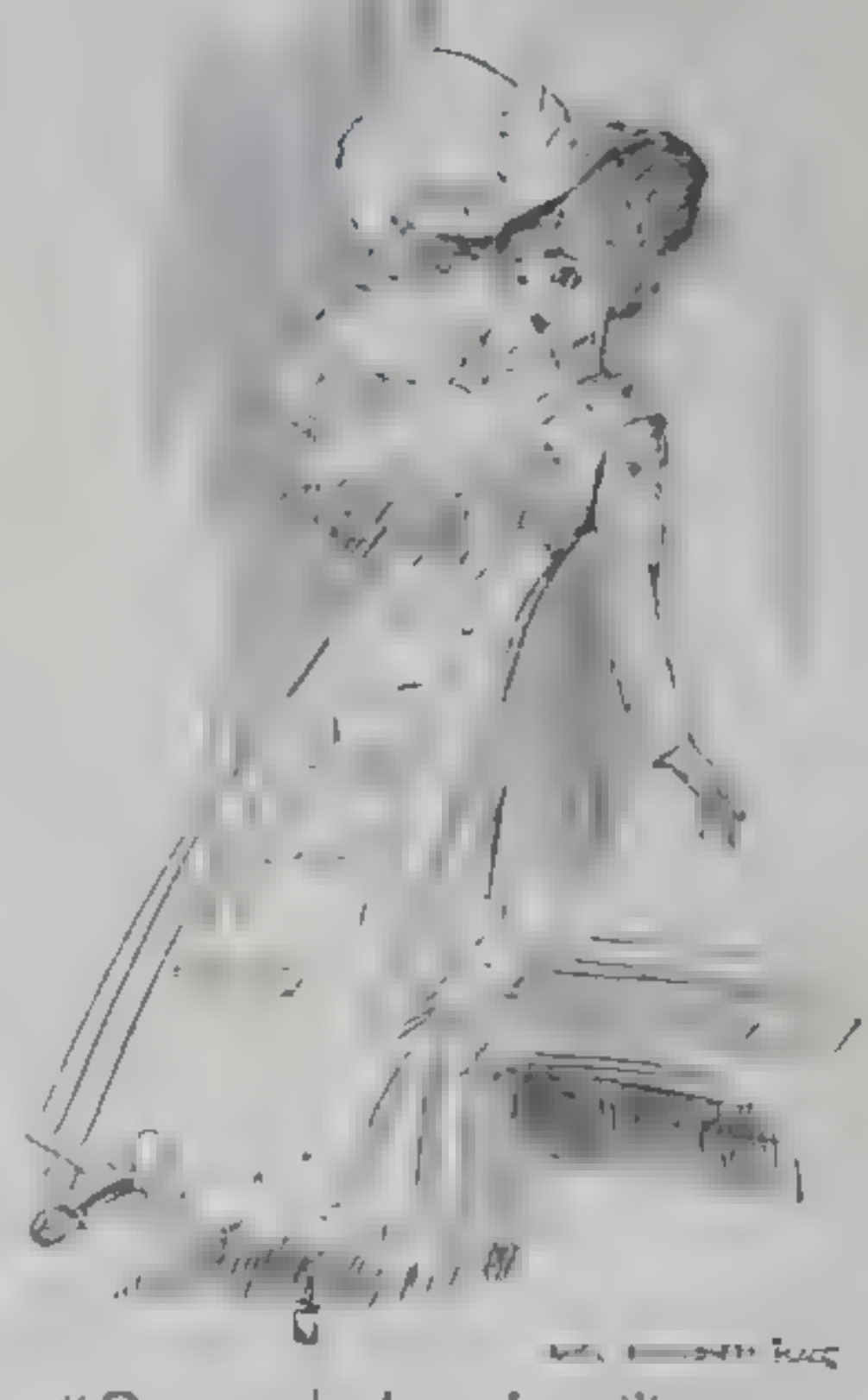
"Twenty-seven fifty," said a woman whom three years of banting would still have left too fat to get into it.

"Twenty-eight," whispered the first bidder.

"Thirty," said John Sedyard.

There was some other desultory bidding, but in a few moments Sedyard found himself minus fifty-four dollars and plus a chiffon gown and muff, a hat all drooping plumes and a graceful female form, golden-haired, bewitching, with a smile sweetly blended of surprise, incipient idiocy and allure.

"She's a queen all right, all right," the sophisticated youth cheered him. "Git onto them lovely wax-like hands. Say, you know honest, on the level, she's worth the whole price of admission. I don't wonder you got stuck on her."



"One arched and smiling eye showed above the muff"

John, still chaperoned by this sagacious and helpful youth, made his way to the clerk's desk and proceeded to give his name and address and request that his purchases should be delivered in the morning.

"Deliver nothin'," said the clerk pleasantly. "Do you suppose we'd 'a' let you have the goods at that price if we could 'a' stored 'em overnight? Our lease is up," he continued, consulting a nickel watch, "in just fifteen minutes. In a quarter of an hour we hand over the keys and what's left of the fixtures to the landlord. He's let the store for to-morrow to a Christmas-tree-ornaments merchant."

"Then I suppose I'll have to get an expressman. Where is the nearest, do you know?"

"Expressman," exclaimed the sharp youth, "well, I guess the nearest would be about Three Hundred and Fifty-Second Street, and then he'd have a load and a jag. No, sir, it's the faithful cab for yours. There's a row of cabs just on the edge of the square. I could go over and get you a hansom if you want one."

"Thank you," said John, "I wish you would." But a glance at his languishing companion made him add, "I guess you had better make it a four-wheeler. Hansom-riding would be pretty cold for a lady without a coat."

"All right," said the sharp youth. "You bring her out on the sidewalk and I'll get the hurry-up wagon. Say!" he halted to suggest, "you know what you'll look like, don't you?—riding around with that smile. When the lights flash, you'll look just like a bridal party from Hoboken."

Leaving this word of comfort behind him, he proceeded to imperil his life among trolley-cars and traffic while John engaged the lady and urged her to motion.

He discovered that, supported at the waistline, she could be wheeled very nicely. He forced the muff over her up-raised right hand so that it somewhat concealed her face and through an aisle respectfully cleared by the onlookers he led her to the open air. There he propped her against the shop-window and turned in search of the cab and his new friend. In doing so he came face to face with an old one.

"Why, hello, John," said Frederick Trevors, a man who had an office in his building and an interest in his sister. "Who would have thought of meeting you here?"

"Or you," retorted John. "But since you are here you can help me in a little difficulty. You see Christmas is coming and my sister—"

"Not now, old chap," said Frederick, "I'm in a bit of a hurry. See you about it to-morrow. Well, so long. Don't let me keep you from your friend."

"Friend!" stormed John, and then following the direction of Trevors' eyes he descried a blue-clad, golden-haired young lady lolling against the window, trying with a giant chiffon muff to smother a fit of hilarious laughter. One arched and smiling eye showed above the muff and the whole figure was instinct with bacchanalian mirth. "Why, that's—" he began to explain, but young Trevors had vanished into the crowd.

Presently the cab with the smart youth inside drew up to the curb and Sedyard, with a new self-consciousness, put his arm around the blue figure and trundled her across the sidewalk. The cabman threw his rug across the horse's quarters and lumbered down to assist at the embarkation of so fair a passenger. The smart youth held the door encouragingly open and John proceeded, with much more strength than he had expected to use, to heave the passenger aboard.

Even these preliminaries had attracted the nucleus of a crowd and the smart youth grew restive.

"Aw, say Maudie," he urged when the lady stuck rigid catty-cornerwise across the cab with her blue feathers pressed against the roof in one corner, and her bird-cage skirt arrangement protruding beyond the door-sill, "aw, say Maudie, set down, why don't you, and take your Trilbys in. This gent is going to take you carriage-riding."

"What's the matter with her, anyway," demanded the cabman. "Don't she know how to set in a carriage?"

"No, she doesn't, she's only a wax figure," said John. "But I bought her and now I'm determined to take her home. She'd better go up on the box with you."

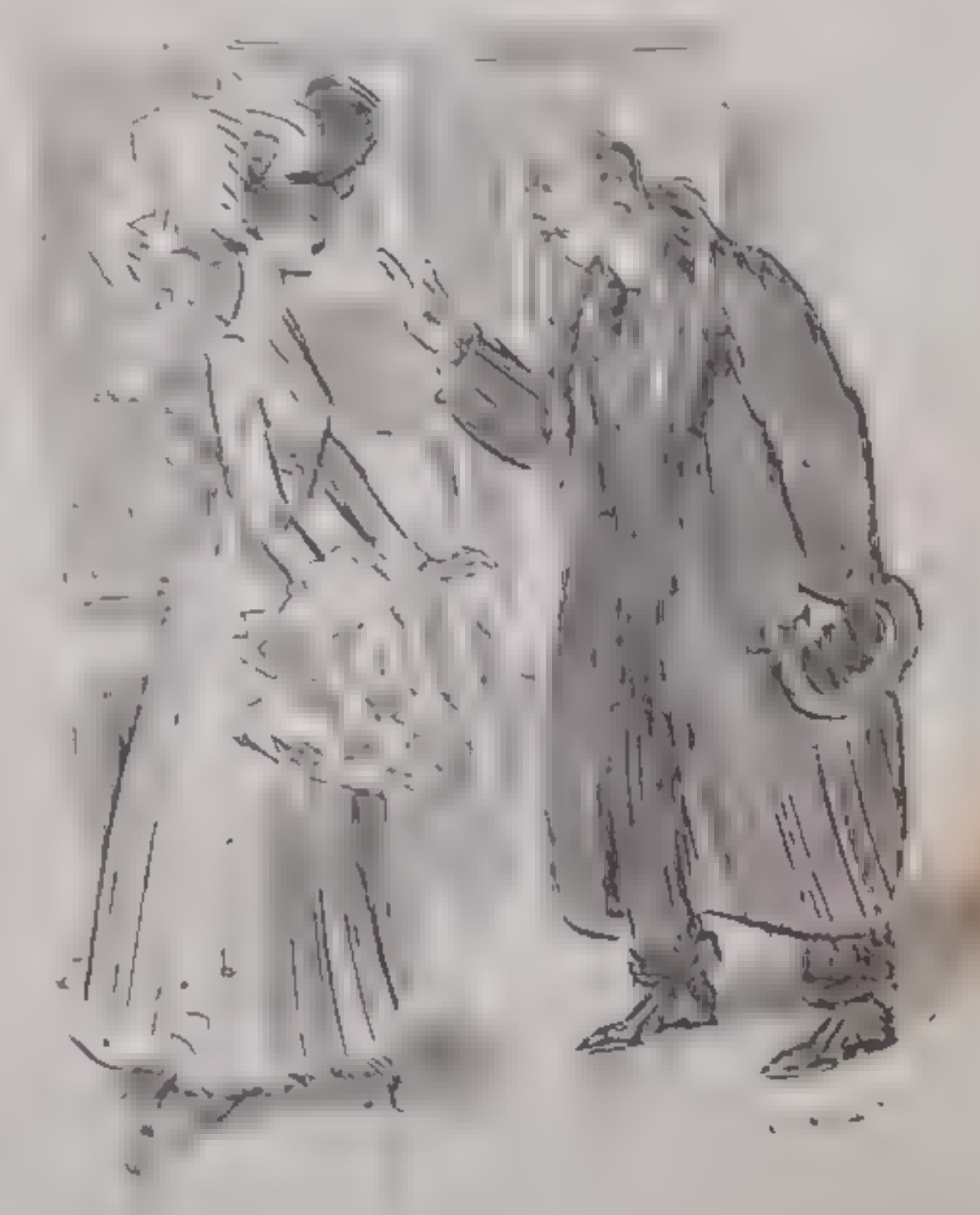
"What! her?" demanded the outraged Jehu. "Say, what do you take me for, anyway? Do you suppose I ain't got no friends just 'cause I drive a cab? Why! I wouldn't drive up Broadway with them goo-goo eyes settin' beside me, not for nothin' you could offer, I wouldn't."

By this time the crowd had reached very respectable proportions, although there was nothing to see except the end of a blue gown hanging out of the cab's open door. The sharp youth, the cabman and John took turns in trying to adjust the lady to her environment. The rigidity and fragility of her arms and head made this very difficult and presently there rolled upon the scene a policeman, large, Irish and chivalrous. It took Patrolman McDonogh but a second, but one glance at the tableaux and one whisper from the crowd to understand that a kidnapping atrocity was in progress.

With wrath in his eye he shouldered aside Sedyard and the cabman, grabbed the smart youth, whose turn at persuasion was then on, and threw him into the face of the crowd.

"Oh! but you're the villyans," he admonished them. And then addressed the captive maid in reassuring tones.

"You're all right, miss, now. You're no longer definceless [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 56]



" 'If you're not mighty careful, you will be wrecking a home' "

CINCINNA

An Editorial Estimate

THE DAILY LIFE OF A CONTENTED [illegible] WHO LOVE THEIR CITY AND ARE PROU[illegible]

[illegible]

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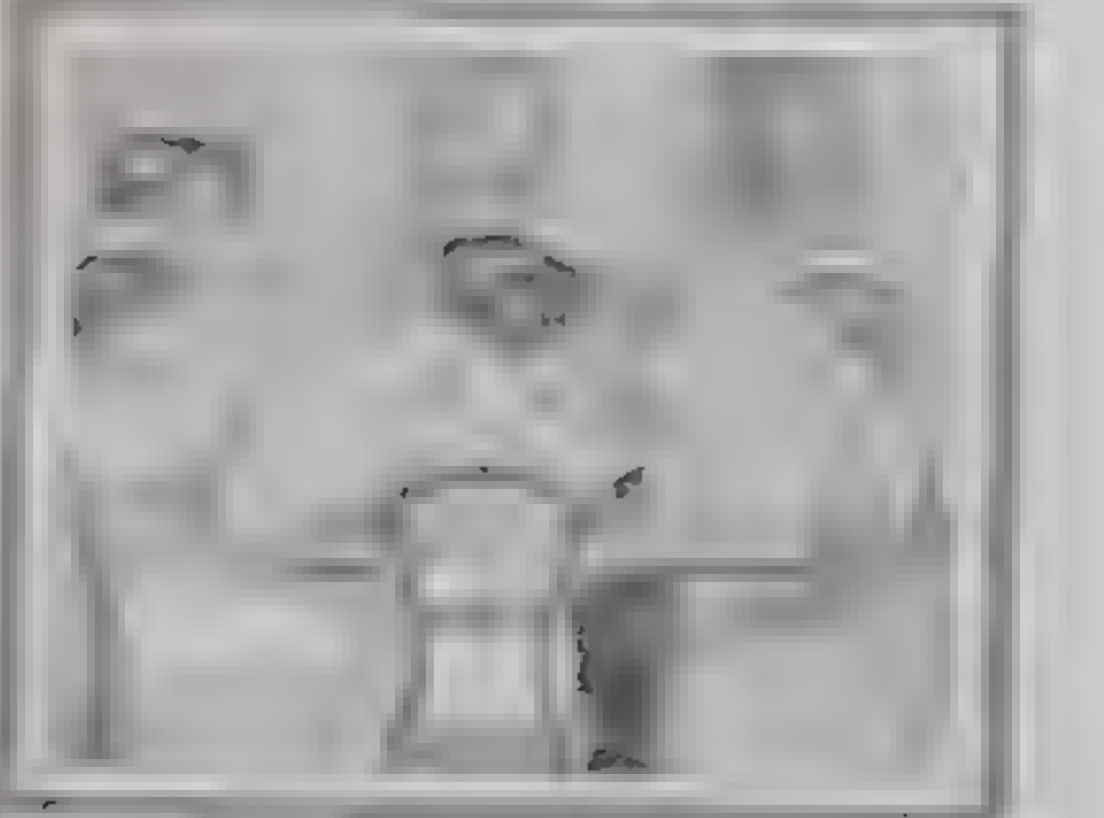


"Turned her picture-gallery into a gambling-room"

[illegible] hundred for a [illegible]

[illegible] Where did you get it?

T[illegible]

[illegible] perfunctory—I [illegible] I [illegible] added with a mocking [illegible]

My host flung me a [illegible]

"Any one would know you came from New York. When a Cincinnati man says 'Come to my house,' his gates will be standing open, and his wife will be on the porch

◆

Socially, Cincinnati is divided into dozens of cliques. There are the old, old families, with or without large fortunes; the staid German families whose wealth, gained by generations of honest trading, none can rightly estimate; the newly rich, whose corporation-made or franchise-made wealth may or may not bear investigation; a rather dashing younger set drawn from almost all the [illegible] some [illegible] positions [illegible] sheer cleverness and all bent upon [illegible] pursuit of pleasure; and, finally [illegible] families who, on incomes varying [illegible] three to five thousand a year, maint[illegible] home and social life, steeped in a [illegible] see to appreciate—and [illegible] the people who give to Cincinnati its [illegible] reputation for hospitality, culture [illegible] interest in art, music [illegible]

[illegible] you find [illegible] Andersons, the [illegible] that stand forth bravely [illegible] the financial and social annals of Cincinnati. Grandin Road is neither impressive nor picturesque. [illegible] chosen section, land is high, homes are comfortable, but not particularly beautiful from an architectural viewpoint [illegible] is at hand.

Dip down [illegible] houses, and up [illegible]

[illegible] most impressive [illegible] mid-West, and [illegible] adding as [illegible] and [illegible] Queen City and University [illegible] winter, and throng the Business [illegible] they sign their restaurant [illegible] of husbands, fathers [illegible]

◆

[illegible] do most of their entertaining [illegible] homes, but often use the St. Nicholas [illegible] and the beautiful reception-room at [illegible] Sinton for large affairs. The Mansions [illegible] Walnut Hills and the Pillars at Mt. [illegible] are famous halls for large functions. [illegible] Mansions many a débutante dances her [illegible] to the first season, and the Pillars is [illegible] for Southern cookery and darky music. Both the Havlin and the Sinton restaurants are popular gathering-places after theaters, though [illegible] is still a large conservative element which goes home directly after the play and eats at its own board.

The big social event of the year is the Charity Ball. It costs a man fifty dollars to take a girl to this function, though tickets are only five dollars. The Cincinnati girl, "finished" in expensive schools, has developed a taste for orchids and carriages which will soon create a shortage of dancing men.

Here and there in the social life of the richer Cincinnati you will find traces of association with the New York smart set whose social idiosyncrasies are exploited in Sunday sheets of the yellowest variety. Numerically this class is so small that it cannot taint the wholesome social life of the city. A small group of young matrons and older girls have acquired the bridge habit, and play practically day and night. They never attend an afternoon party unless guaranteed a room to themselves where they may play for money. In other words, they do not risk being forced to play with any one outside their own set. One of the most conservative hostesses who did not include bridge in her program, recently received regrets from eleven out of twelve in this group. The hostess remarked sarcastically that if she had been informed of this fact before, instead of after, the affair, she would have turned her art-gallery into a private gambling-room for their convenience and pleasure.

◆

At noon in the smarter hotels, like the Sinton and the St. Nicholas, I saw many parties of young girls lunching with middle-aged men [illegible] own social set, generally chaperoned [illegible] a young matron. Conservative matrons frown on this custom. The Cincinnati matron does not believe in staying down-town for [illegible] It is neither conservative nor thrifty; [illegible] form.

[illegible] woman dresses in extremely [illegible] in Paris and [illegible] women affect shop[illegible] of Cincinnati [illegible] k, the vast majority [illegible] patronize home shops, and there is [illegible] popular modiste who employs [illegible] hundred and fifty hands in dull times. And [illegible] pay two hundred dollars for a hat in [illegible] just as well as in Paris. [illegible] know how to enjoy pleasure of [illegible]

[illegible] is own. You see ma[illegible] in proportion to the [illegible] cities. Cincinnati has [illegible] moreover, a man w[illegible] he cannot aff[illegible] question, "Where [illegible] mortgage his hom[illegible] retain his credit [illegible] and baker, nor yet his [illegible] respect. Cincinnati has [illegible] but this is a business or [illegible] Its principal [illegible] roads, encourag[illegible] contests and incident[illegible] trade.

[illegible] leading outdoor [illegible] is the Country Club [illegible] fad of the moment. Here [illegible] bridge as golf or tennis [illegible] of its dining and lunching and [illegible] through a long and [illegible]

The Cincinnati Tennis Cl[illegible] ranged courts and inviting g[illegible] Stanbery is one of its leading [illegible] through him many interesting [illegible] arranged, attracting players of [illegible] international fame.

Many of the smart women of C[illegible] horseback, and the Riding Cl[illegible] largely of débutantes, gives charming [illegible] and musical rides each season.

The Cincinnati man who cannot [illegible] take a long vacation in Canada or [illegible] Lakes does not repine. He joins a [illegible] on the Miami River, and spends his [illegible] there during the entire fishing season.

Cincinnati is base-ball mad. A [illegible] cheerfully announces the score to a [illegible] first and trusts to selling the paper [illegible] and an office-boy does not need to [illegible] grandmothers a year. Everybody [illegible] game.

◆

Of the making of clubs, there is [illegible] nati literally no end. One is born [illegible] hour. The German families have [illegible] Kranz, or singing society, and [illegible] athletes their Central Turners, West[illegible] ers and North-Cincinnati Turners [illegible] annual Turnverein festivals and, [illegible] winter season, many amateur drama[illegible] sical entertainments in which the [illegible] musical interests join forces. [illegible] said to form the most active and [illegible] organization in the city, and their [illegible] enjoy much prestige. The Business [illegible] which has a delightful series of [illegible] dining rooms on the top floor of the [illegible] of Commerce, is a typical Cincinnati [illegible] tion of one thousand business men. [illegible] entertaining is done, and many a [illegible] put through across one of its [illegible] The City Club with its [illegible] Saturday, is another repr[illegible] of Cincinnati men. The [illegible] is every man's social center—[illegible] One dollar per couple [illegible] game with typical refreshments [illegible] alley.

The flat-house evil has not [illegible] nati. The vast majority of [illegible] homes, and take great pride in [illegible] however small. Boarding [illegible] ronized by a [illegible] signed to meet the needs [illegible] floating population only [illegible] stay at the old-fashioned hotels [illegible] nett House, in winter, but [illegible] suburbs or hills in summer.

When a Cincinnati man [illegible] made enough money, he [illegible] go to New York or to [illegible] of his days and [illegible] stays right in Cincinnati [illegible] hobby, and it is not [illegible] or American. It's [illegible] Adolph Mayer retired from the [illegible] ing Machine Company, he [illegible] Men's Christian Association [illegible]

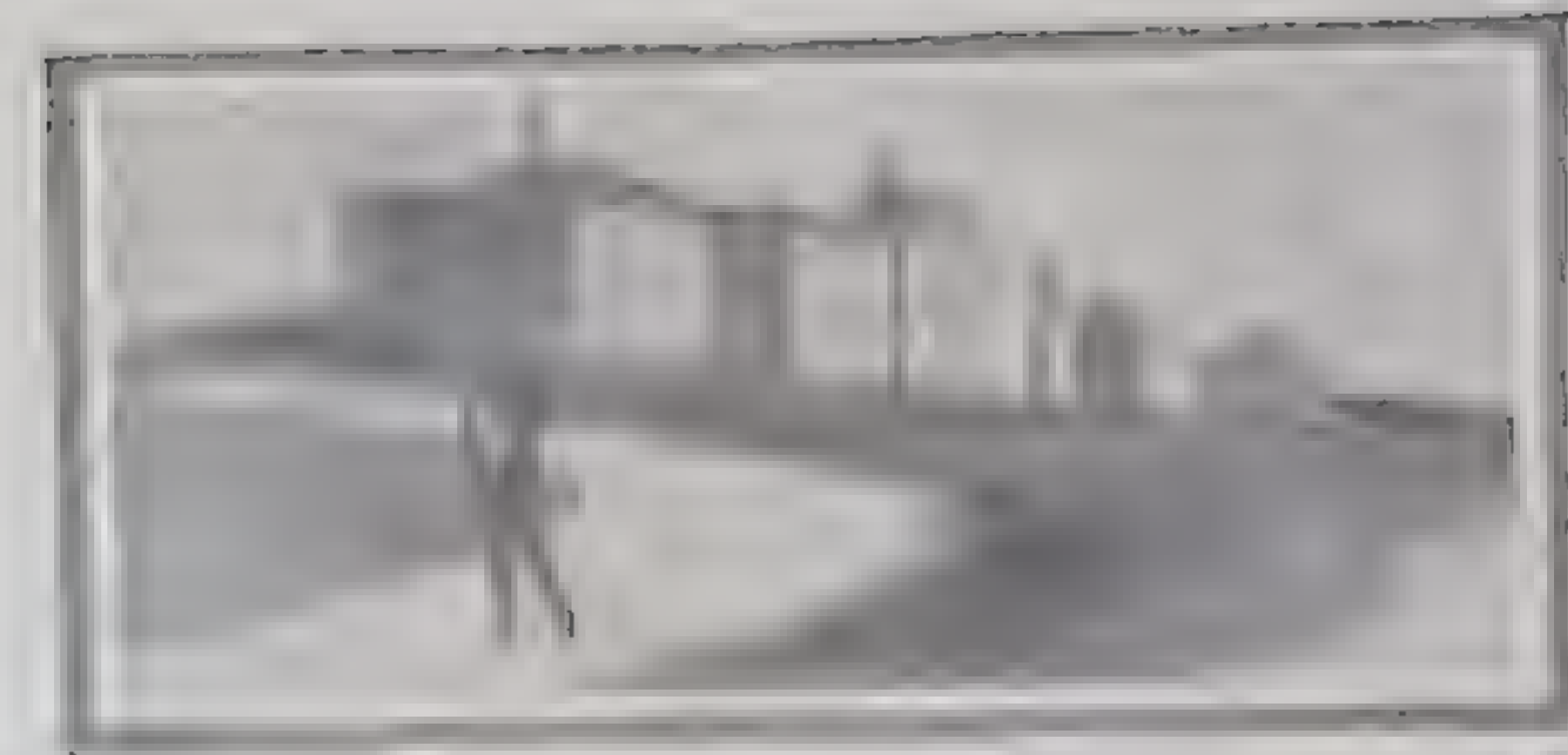
[illegible] They overflow the Country Club in [illegible]

"Many of the smart women of Cincinnati ride horseback"

A HAPPY CITY

Illustrated by Edward A. Poucher

THE SECOND OF AN IMPORTANT SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "THE WAY PEOPLE LIVE"



'He may alternate work in a Cincinnati shop, with study in the University of Cincinnati"

did not endow the institution and leave some one to run it while he sought tarpon in Florida. He stuck to Cincinnati and put the local Young Men's Christian Association on its feet. Then some one told him that Cincinnati politics needed house-cleaning. He became the head and front of the Voter's League, which is making a determined fight on "the gang."

H. L. Manss retired from the management of a big shoe-manufacturing plant and was chosen by the political ring as an eminently respectable and amenable figurehead to leaven a lot of less desirable candidates. When they had installed Mr. Manss as a member of the board of public service which practically runs Cincinnati, they found they had made a mistake. This retired manufacturer had made honest shoes, and to the disgust of the gang he wanted to make an honest city. They have been voting four to one for a year now, and popular opinion says that H. L. Manss is a marked man. Others say he will be the next mayor. And any one will tell you that Mr. Manss, political house-cleaner, works harder than Mr. Manss, manufacturer, ever thought of doing.

Dr. Otto Geier, son of an old and wealthy family in Cincinnati, became interested in the city milk problem. He traced heavy infant mortality to the feeding of brewery slop to dairy cows. He was elected secretary to the National Milk Commission, and he led the local fight on unsanitary dairies. The ring and all its henchmen, including the board of health, were against him. The papers gave tepid support. The fight was carried into the legislature at Columbus, and Dr. Geier won. The bill prohibiting the sale of milk from slop-fed cows became a law.

❦

I went to see Mr. Edward Ritchie, one of the city's busiest attorneys. The photograph of a beautiful baby lay on his desk.

"Is that your little girl?" I asked.

"No," he said with a smile, "that is my place-card as guest at the annual dinner for the trustees of the Children's Home. During the rest of the year that little girl is to be my personal charge. I must see that she has outings and Christmas and birthday gifts. We consider it an honor to be on that board and at that dinner."

That evening, Monday, Mr. Ritchie invited me to visit his "hobby," the Guarantee Deposit Company, Cincinnati's "one-night-a-week" bank. It occupies an unpretentious building at 1504 Vine Street, "across the Rhine," as they say in Cincinnati, otherwise in the heart of the German population, where wage-earners, large and small, live. The bank, which is incorporated under the state laws, is open only on Mondays from 4 to 10 P.M. Between those hours depositors can deposit any amount from ten cents up, and draw out any amount on demand. They cannot draw out between times on check. The tellers are young students from the municipal university, young bookkeepers and stenographers glad to work here, six hours a week, for one dollar and fifty cents. Around its walls are high shelves for mothers, fathers and big brothers to use in filling out their deposit slips, and there are low, four-foot shelves for younger members of the family. From all over the neighborhood they come, small boys and girls carrying as many as four and five books, representing various members of the family, and all depositing—twenty-five cents, two dollars and fifty cents, twenty-five dollars —any amount.

[illegible]e tempted two bright looking boys with quarters, suggesting that, having deposited their family funds, they adjourn to the nickel- [illegible] of the evening. [illegible] his father [illegible] brother, [illegible] account with his quarter and went away followed by an envious and [illegible] string of [illegible] to the [illegible]

More than eighteen hundred [illegible] depositors patronize that bank. They all know Mr Ritchie.

These are hobbies Cincinnati men have

Cincinnati women are delightful. A few leaders of new movements claim that the Cincinnati woman is too placid for the city's good. To one coming from a more strenuous feminine world she is distinctly restful and pleasing. "Votes for women" as a slogan is not yet taken seriously in this city of contentment.

Every one knows that the standard of musical taste in Cincinnati is high and that its Musical Festivals, held biennially, are important events to the whole musical world. One woman, Mrs. Charles R. Holmes, formerly Bettie Fleischman, has done much for musical advancement in Cincinnati. She has recently reorganized the Symphony Club and put it on a permanent basis by securing subscriptions to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. The musicians employed will rehearse and play exclusively in this club, and the leader is to be Stokovski, a well-known conductor from Paris. The home of the Symphony Club is also the gift of a woman, Mrs. Mary J. Emery, who has recently given five hundred thousand dollars for a new Mechanics' Institute building. The auditorium and recital room, seating eighteen hundred persons, will be used by the Symphony Club.

❦

"Miss Annie Laws, citizen," a prominent man called her.

"Philanthropist or club-leader?" I inquired, and the man smiled.

"Neither—just plain citizen. She has solved the problem of reaching the parents through the public schools."

I promptly went out Reading Road way to a solid-looking, gray-stone residence, set well back from the street, to see this woman who was a citizen, not a citizeness.

She proved a distinctly feminine personage, clad in soft, unrustling black silk. An extremely up-to-date millinery creation shaded smiling eyes. No mannish raiment, no yellow badge, no short-cropped hair for this woman who has given to Cincinnati the finest coöperative system of public, private and institutional kindergartens in the world. She has done more, but this is enough to start on, because much of Cincinnati's wholesome school and home life is built on this foundation.

Thirty years ago, Miss Annie Laws and a few pioneer spirits founded the Cincinnati Kindergarten Association and its training-school for teachers. The association was not satisfied to reach politicians, school directors, principals and teachers. It wanted to reach the mother and the home through the child and to affiliate mothers. Every kindergarten had its mother's club almost as soon as it had children for its garden. Nor was it necessary to have a child in the garden to join its club. If she had a babe in arms, or hoped to have one in the near future, a woman could join the circle and learn of her responsibilities, the care of the new-born babe's body and the building of its character. These mother clubs held joint meetings and entertained each other. Here was no patronage, but the one half of Cincinnati began to know and understand how the other half lived. A municipal sisterhood with common interests was born. It would take pages to tell how all this was accomplished, but the results may be read by him who runs.

❦

The school buildings are rapidly becoming recreation centers for the family, for in addition to evening classes open to all day-workers, there are free lectures, choral classes and gymnasiums.

You will not find sororities or fraternities in Cincinnati public schools, but you will find lectures and entertainments, to say nothing of *kaffee klatches* in the German districts, where the entire family foregathers. You will find the public libraries literally traveling into the homes, and the branch library buildings used as meeting-places for parents and civic workers. The recreation center and the mother club are bureaus of information, where parents may learn about clinics to which the young and old may be taken for treatment. Where the kindergarten association works, you will find on tap information regarding wholesome games, normal amusements, plans for short, inexpensive trips to art-galleries, free concerts, anything and everything that will help the people of Cincinnati to help themselves to better living.

In Cincinnati, they have fine school buildings, a few honest politicians, splendid teachers, a city superintendent of schools, F. B. Dyer, in whose veins flows good, red blood and in whose heart is a warm sympathy with the needs of the modern boy and girl. But when something is to be tried out, when a new idea is to be introduced, no matter how or by whom suggested, somebody arises and says: "Ask Annie Laws, citizen, what she thinks of it," and the motion is carried without a dissenting voice.

Speaking of schools, Cincinnati owns a university. The University of Cincinnati has been more or less of a storm center, for where politics figure among the board of directors and in the appointment of a president there is less pedagogical and moral independence than in an endowed or self-supporting institution. But one feature, however, has risen supreme above criticism or cavil—its practical, thorough, coöperative course in engineering. For six years after a Cincinnati boy graduates from the high school he may alternate work in a Cincinnati shop, with study in the University of Cincinnati. He is paid for his shop work by a regular employer. The academic work at the university is free. This coöperation between Cincinnati manufacturers and the university board means that for six years a boy secures free education in classical branches and yet serves a paid apprenticeship in a practical shop. One week in the shop, one in the class-room, then back to the shop—he finally goes forth with complete manual and collegiate equipment. The fame of this course has spread all over the world, and applications from would-be students are postmarked Germany, France, Russia and Japan.

❦

The Cincinnati woman is discriminating in her charities. When Mrs. Henry Hanna and her daughter decided to install a new heating plant in the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum, they studied plans and specifications, and the result is a practical as well as munificent gift. Mrs. Emery, whose gift of five hundred thousand dollars to the Ohio Mechanical Institute, where boys may study trades by night at a cost of five dollars a year, as already mentioned, is a practical philanthropist. Last year she installed a new sanitary plumbing system in the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum, built a new parish house for Christ Church, one of the finest institutional churches in the mid-West, and then she added funds to install a new furnace for heating both church and parish house. The Cincinnatian with money to give away does not mail a check and then sail to Italy for the winter. She stays right on the ground and sees the money well and honestly spent.

There are at least a dozen multi-millionaires and a hundred mere millionaires in Cincinnati, but in only one of their homes will you find an automatic lift. The Cincinnati man of wealth is still able to walk up-stairs. He builds a home, not a show-place or a palace. Neither does he invest his money in a sure thing and go away to spend the profits. He still calls Cincinnati home. The Charles P. Tafts, for instance, are Cincinnatians to the core. You'll find Mrs. Taft's name—and she inherited a large share of the Sinton fortune—on the roster of the Woman's Club, and on the directory of many a local charity. Their old-fashioned Cincinnati home holds a rare collection of art works, and is a social center the greater part of the year.

Another wealthy Cincinnatian, D. B. Gamble, whose fortune is built on the soap that floats, has a home in Florida where he goes annually, but his heart is in his coöperative manufacturing plant and the Cincinnati Young Men's Christian Association.

Cincinnati has its Woman's Club, which is just about to build a fine new home. With the true Cincinnati frugality, the club did not undertake to build until

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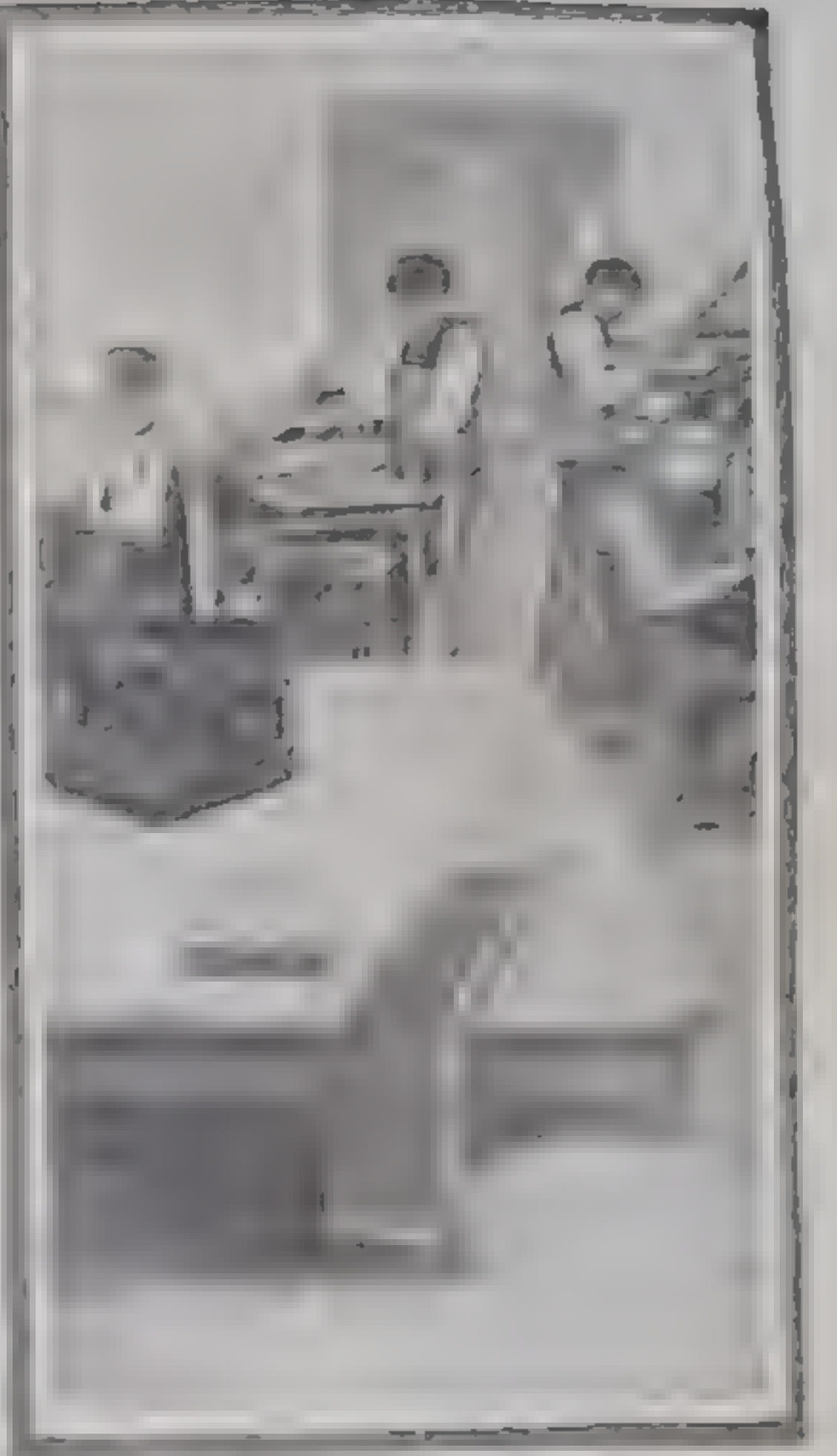

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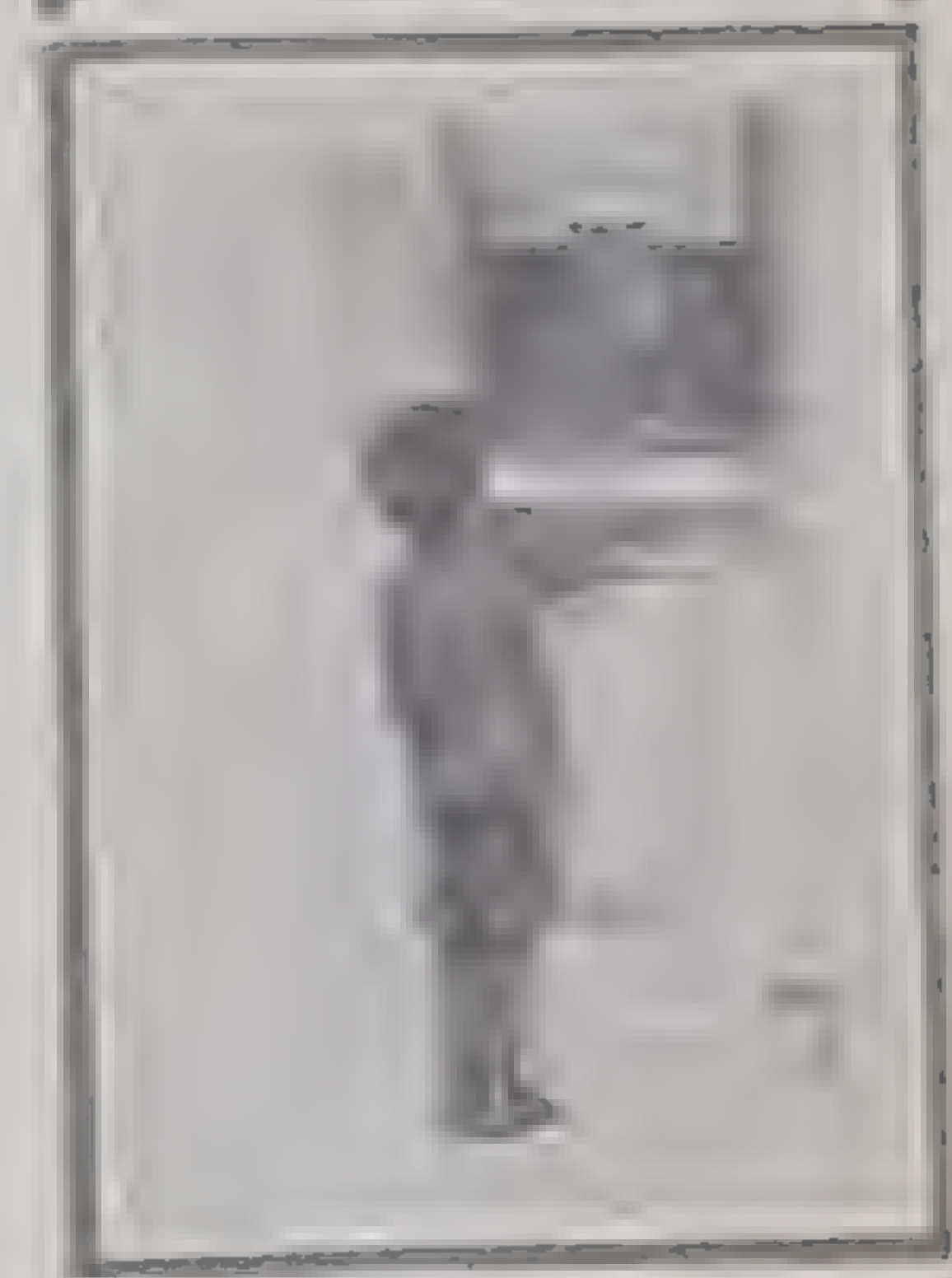

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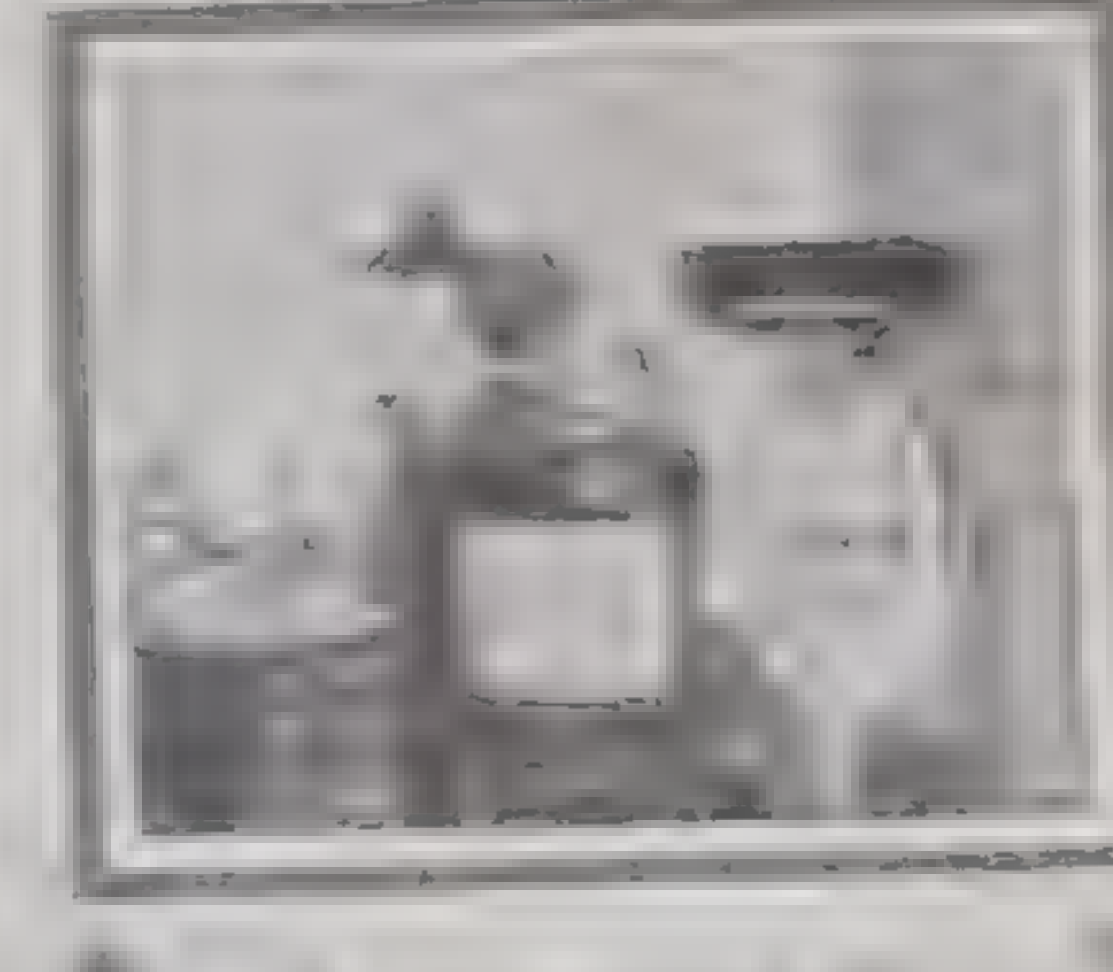

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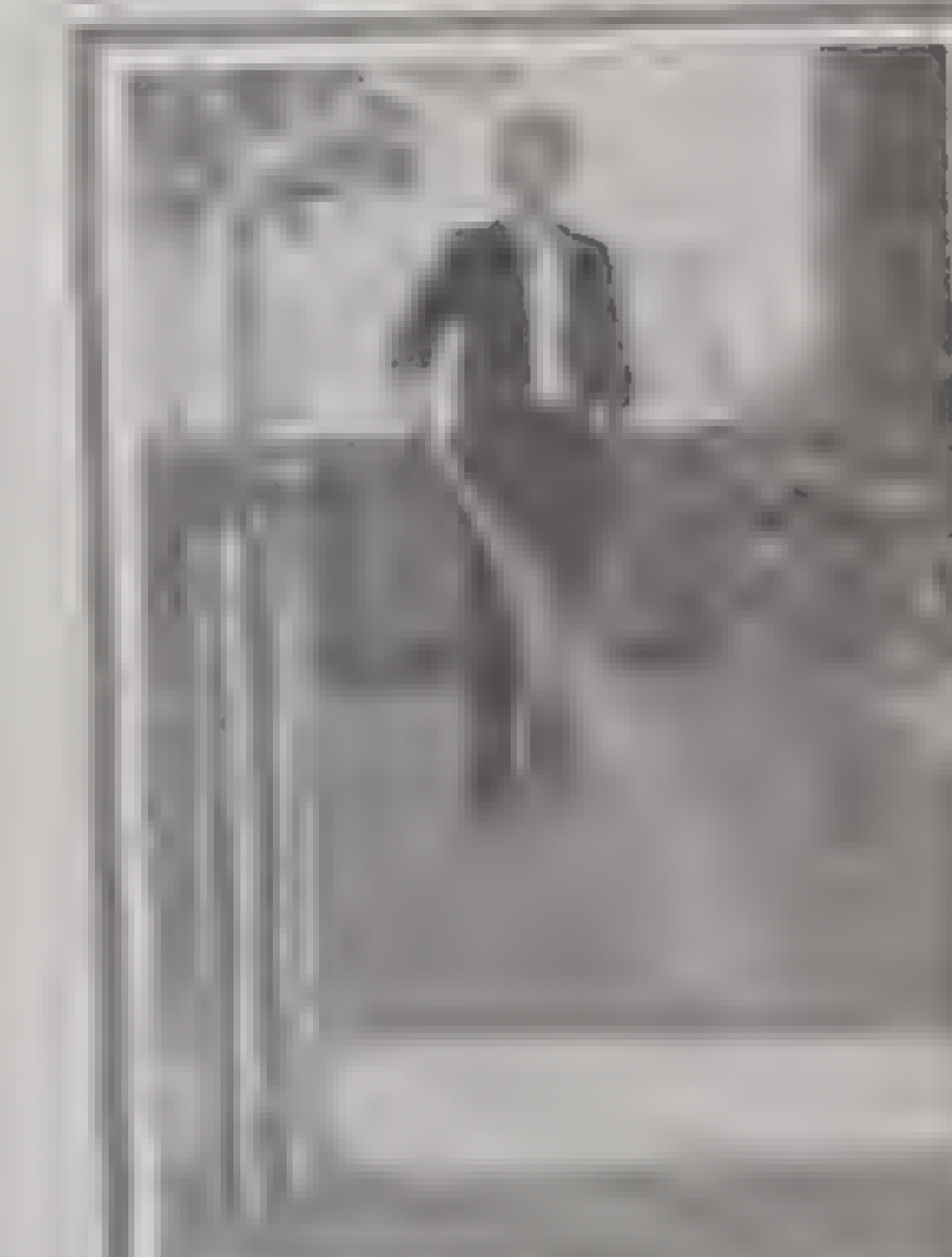

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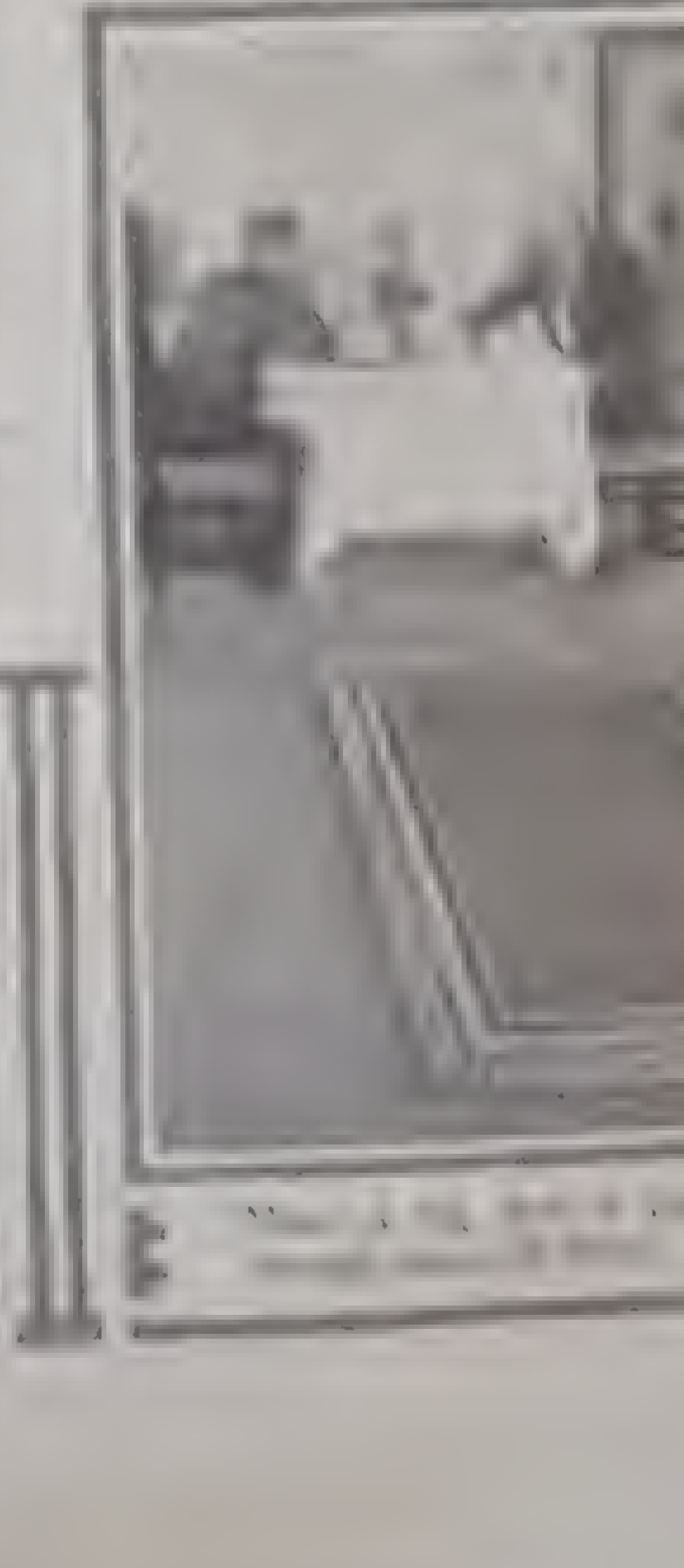

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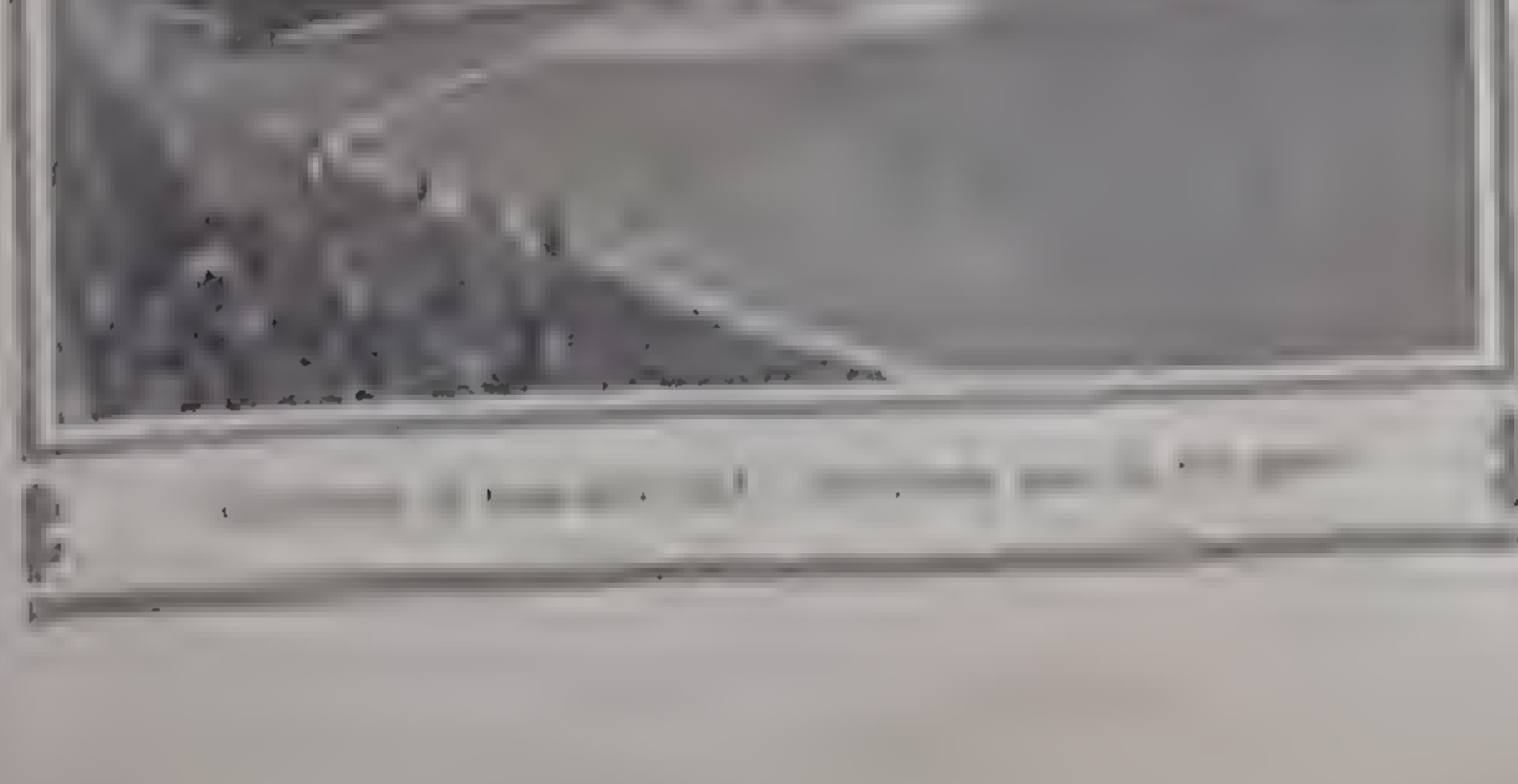

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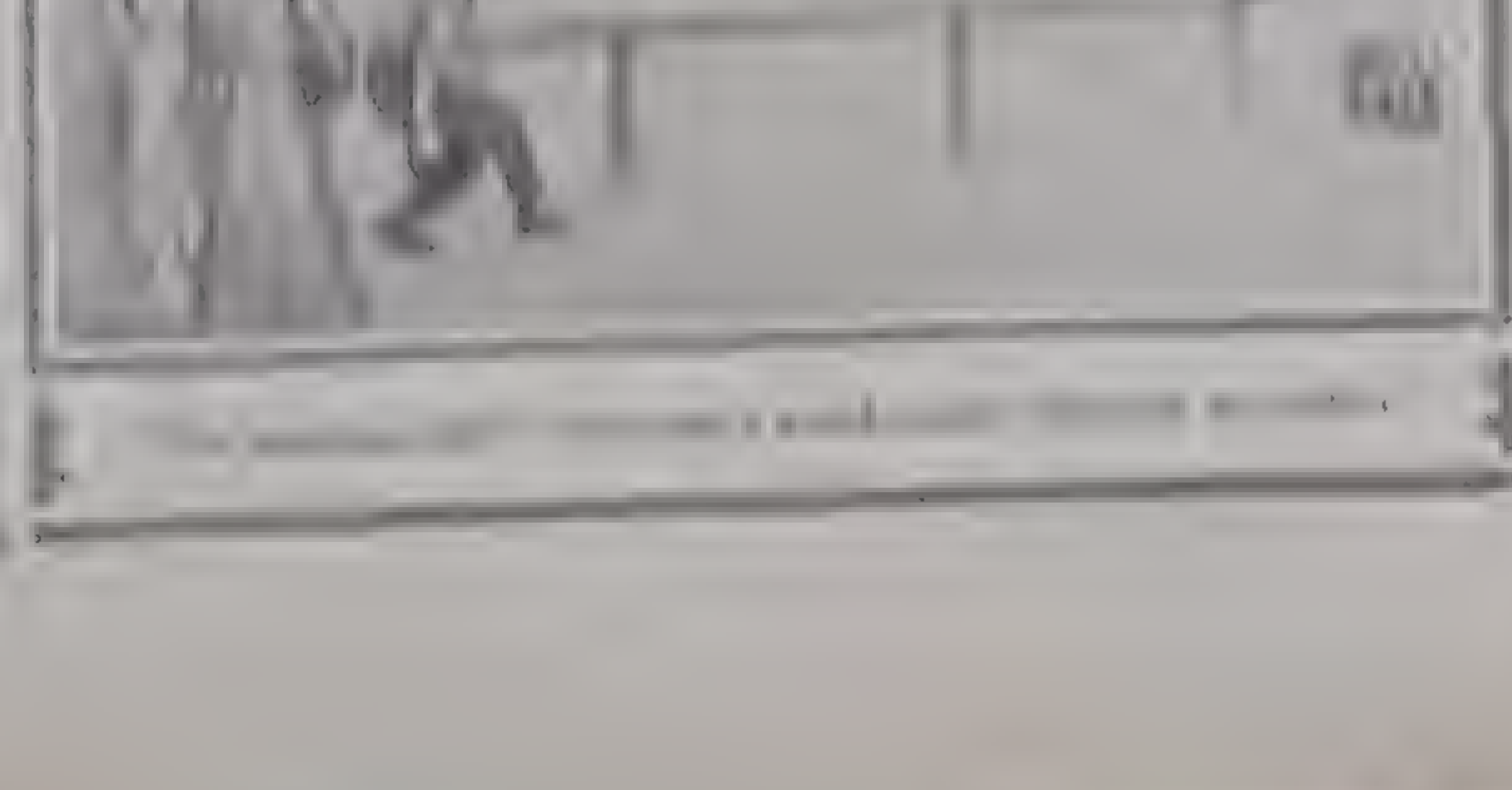

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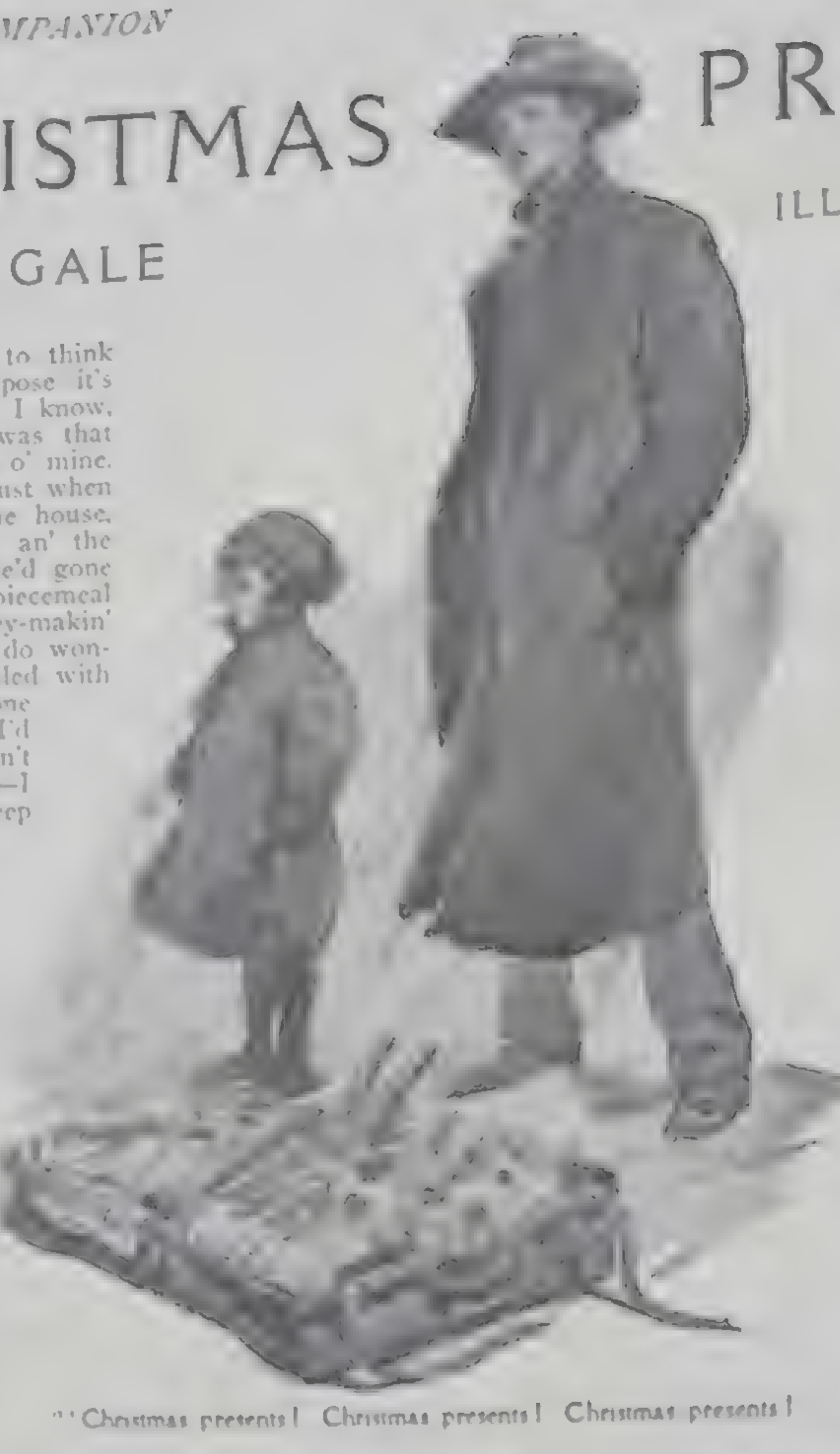
THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT MAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

BY ZONA GALE



"'Christmas presents! Christmas presents! Christmas presents!"

It's some like a big black pit for me to think back," said Authority Temple. "I s'pose it's that way to a good many people. An' I know, them first days, all I sensed much was that little kiddie's fingers hangin' onto two o' mine.

"She'd went off in the spring, Fanny had—just when a man likes havin' his wife home, 'round the house, while he tinkers in the yard an' the cellar, an' the windows all open an' no screens in. An' she'd gone sole because she couldn't stand the little piecemeal way I was providin' for her. I ain't the money-makin' kind—I ain't the kind that *can* get ahead an' do wonders. Barty Ellacomb, that had set an' whittled with me by the hour when we was boys, he'd gone off to the city an' got coal-king rich. But I'd stayed just a whittler, you might say. I couldn't get up outside things to do to earn money—I couldn't do nothin' but draw my pay an' keep down my own wants. An' Fanny, she'd been a stenographer an' earnin' her own money when she'd married me, an' she was pretty—the kind of a woman that pretty clothes brings out like the mornin'. An' she'd got sick to death o' turnin' an' twistin' her dresses an' of lookin' dowdy even then, an' she was ashamed of the parlor an' of the way I looked. The kiddie she'd always managed to keep dressed pretty good. But her an' me an' the parlor was too much for her, an' she went off—alone, thank God; they's hurts I ain't touched yet—an' she went, her letter from the city said, to earn some money herself.

"I took the boy an' headed for the city, too. Her letter hadn't said enough—like you don't when you ain't real used to letter-writin'—for me to know rightly what she meant to do about comin' back. You might say I'd ought to 'a' set down an' waited to see. But I donno—not all men can provide for 'em, but I figger there ain't any man that can't protect 'em, an' I *had* to find her, seems though. So for two weeks I tramped the streets, lookin'. I didn't hev money enough to stretch the two weeks—I couldn't even provide for that. An' if most of hell was ever jammed into fourteen days an' nights, it was then. Fanny, you know—you understand it was *Fanny* that was gone. When it come to me that way it seemed to me like a piece was sliced clean off the created world an' me left topplin' on the border-edge. I could say her name over till it seemed like the ache in me an' her name was the same ache. An' the worst—yes, sir, the worst—was when some o' the little fool talk we'd had come back to me, little names an' sayin's we'd made up an' use' to use. Well, there's those that never heard o' me nor me of them, that knows what I went through. An' I didn't find her. Somehow, all of us don't.

"I'd thought a little of lookin' up Barty Ellacomb there in the city. Seemed like it'd felt good to 'a' told him about it, like I use' to when I got a lickin', an' heard him say 'My dum,' like he would. But then I thought prob'ly he'd forgot all about that, an' me, too—I hadn't heard of him in years, excep' about the checks he sent his old Aunt Kate in the village. So when my money was gone I come back home. The little town was near enough the city, though, so's Sundays an' holidays I could go back an' look again. That was what I done, an' I always took the kiddie with me. I thought if Fanny was on a car or somewheres she might look out an' see the little check' cloak an' his red tassel cap that pushed his ears front, when she might not see me. I wasn't sure of her love for me, any more—I wasn't sure of anything, only I knew wherever she was she was lovin' him—like they do. An' that kep' me up an' hopin'. But the whole time is like the black dark to think about, all but that little chap's hand, hangin' onto mine.

"It was that little hand that brought me to myself one night, sittin' on my porch an' the kiddie side o' me, not sayin' anything. It come to me that he'd quit talkin' of late, chatterin' on soft an' earnest like he use' to do. An' I remembered I prob'ly hadn't spoke to him, excep' from havin' to, since she went away. There's the differ'nce, ain't they? When a woman's left alone she snuggles her baby all the harder an' it's her whole world to her; but when a man's left, the kiddie sort of trots around behind him, forlorn an' forgot.

"When I thought o' that I up an' shook his arm an' squeezed his little paw some, hangin' onto mine.

"'Hello, Schnickelfritz,' I says, sort o' feeble—I'd use' to call him that.

"My, my, the way he looked at me kind o' made all my thoughts scrape by each other, huntin' new places. Such a pitiful little glad—only so awful, awful glad.

"'*Pop!*' he says, like I'd hove in sight down a long road.

"'Why, hello, little cuss,' I says to him, an' I picked him up on my knee an' kissed him—a real one, an' not the little brush I'd been givin' him for good-night.

"I donno if you'll know how I mean it, but when I kissed him that way I swear I was kind o' scairt. I tell you, he was the sort of a little chap you always think, when you're young, that your little chap is goin' to be. Then, when they come, sometimes they're nice little things an' all, but they ain't quite exactly the way you'd thought of 'em bein'—though you forget that an' forget everything but lovin' 'em. But it was like our little boy was the one I'd meant, all the time, for mine. It wasn't the way he looked so much, though he was pretty—pretty like some o' the things you think about an' not like a calendar—but it was the way he [illegible] with his breath comin' past, an' somethin' you couldn't name gettin' round him, an' his quick little smile like somebody lovin' him across the face an' then runnin'. Settin' there with him that way made me feel, all to once, like it was long ago, an' I was that first Me, differ'nt an' nicer. An' I sort o' kindled up in my neck, an' felt like I was the whole world to that little check' cloak an' red tassel cap, an' I liked the feelin'.

"The first form the feelin' took was bein' crazy to make more money, to provide for him an' save somethin' up for the time when Fanny might come back. That's the form the feelin' mostly takes, first, with all of us—to provide; an' the bigger part gets to us afterwards. But it hadn't been enough that way with me. Somehow I'd had all I wanted an' I'd thought Fanny had, too. An' so when I found differ'nt I was crazy to save up some money ahead before that next Christmas.

"'Because,' I says, long towards fall, 'if she's comin' back at all, it'll be for Christmas. I know that. She won't stay away over Christmas. She can't,' I says to the little chap, 'she *can't*.'

"I sort o' built on that solid, but I knew I had to do my part, too. I hed it to face that I'd failed—that I'd took a woman to care for an' love, an' though God knows I had loved her, I hadn't cared for her right, the way a woman wants. I use' to wake up every night o' my life about an hour past midnight, an' find the truth waitin' for me there by the edge o' the bed. An' when that first awful sweep o' loneliness hed got by, I'd hev about two hours to work through o' seein' myself one o' the men that can't provide. It's agony an' it's iron in you to feel that, an' when it's brought you to where it hed brought me, it's just what I said: the Pit. It's the Pit.

"So them nights I begun tryin' to find what I could do to earn some extry. I don't think I'm rogue enough to gamble, but even if I was I dassent risk it, because I wanted to be sure, *sure* o' providin', an' riskin' ain't certain. That's it—riskin' ain't certain. I'd kep' my job, an' I was drawin' my little pay, but I'd hev to hev somethin' more than that to keep her like she wanted to be kep'. No use goin' over the things I thought of, nor the things I tried, nor the fake advertisements I answered. But by an' by I come back to the little bit of a thing right under my hand that I could do best—whittlin', like I'd use' to do with Barty. An' I says to myself, 'Why not whittle? I ain't smart enough to do wonders, but 'most everybody can use their hands somehow, an' I'm handy with my knife. Mebbe I can earn enough so if she does come back I can give her a little spendin'-money, now an' then, for a surprise.' Because with a woman it ain't only providin'—it's surprisin'. They don't always know that, bless 'em, an' neither do you. You call it just providin', whether you're a coal king or a whittler.

"I donno whether I thought of it myself, or whether it just come to me—like I'd hit on somebody's big, bad plan that was outside me, an' that sort o' flowed into me, sudden. But my whittlin' idea got some bigger. I'd noticed, ever since I could remember, an' Fanny an' I had often laughed about it, how folks goes clear out o' their heads around Christmas. 'My,' Fanny use' to say, 'Authority, Christmas is a chore for some.' You know how it goes—the part about folks forgettin' folks till the last minute, an' then rushin' off wild to find somethin' for 'em, or pickin' up, for a present for 'em, somethin' that's layin' around the house, domestic; an' then the certain few they often can't find anything for, an' feel mean about all the year. I'd noticed, differ'nt times, more than one wife urgin' her husband, right up to Christmas Day, to please pick out his presents for them he loved; an' I'd always wondered why more of 'em didn't do the way our druggist Mince done—picked out four blank headstones for his four sisters that he never could think what to get 'em. 'Merry Christmas. Fill 'em in to suit yourselves,' he wrote on the cards. So I got to thinkin', why not help folks out? An' wouldn't that be a way to make [illegible]—fillin' in a want that drives most folks out o' [illegible] heads every year.

"I went to work on the little things Barty Ellacomb an' I use' to whittle—little sweet-wood boxes with secret slides, so's you hev to know how, if you open 'em. I guess we'd known a dozen ways to make 'em open differ'nt, an' I went to work an' made 'em all, big an' little. An' after a while I got old Kate to help me, Barty Ellacomb's old aunt. She was a wonder with her crochet-hook an' her knittin'-needles, an' I set her to makin' the things she use' to make—[illegible] wrist-cuffs, braided watch-chains, ink-wells made of river stones an' shells stuck into putty, collar-cases cut out o' imitation leather to look like ripe banana-skins, bootjacks with a sentiment painted on, an' like that. Old Kate looked after the kiddie some daytimes, an' evenin's she an' I set down together an' we worked, her grumblin' now an' then to know what I meant to do with the things, but sure o' her pay. It was all a part o' the Pit—the bracket lamp, an' the red spread that old Kate put on differ'nt than Fanny had it, the little room that got too hot with the windows shut an' too cold with 'em open, an' hadn't ever done so with Fanny home. The only scrap that I had that was human life was the way the kiddie was to me—watchin' me while I whittled, his breath comin' past, an' that little quick smile, like somethin' lovin' him acrost the face an' then runnin'. I was findin' out things about him, too, an' that kep' me some occupied. I rec'lect one whole day was made livable by my noticin' for the first time the back o' the little chap's neck. I'd never thought about his neck havin' any back, special'. But it had one.

"By the time Christmas week come in, my big valise was filled up full o' Christmas presents. I could only get off from work for the two last days before Christmas, but them was the days I wanted most, because then folks is always the craziest. An' so, two days before Christmas Day, without sayin' a word to anybody, I put a letter for Fanny where we kep' the key, an' I took the kiddie an' the valise, an' I headed for the city. It was pretty cold—I hated to take the little chap, but I figgered it was his hunt, just like it was mine, an' it wouldn't be square to leave him home. We didn't lose any time. I got my peddler's license an' then we made straight for the best down-town corner, an' we stood there an' I opened my valise an' I told about it:

"'Christmas presents,' I says, 'Christmas presents—Christmas presents! Watch-chains, wrist-cuffs, useful ink-wells an' collar-cases, bootjacks with a sentiment on, an' anything o' that. Presents for them you've forgot right up till now. Presents for them that you can't think what to get for 'em. Christmas, Christmas, Christmas presents!'

"Most folks looked up sort o' friendly at first, though some didn't pay any attention—like some don't. But not many stopped. Some hesitated, some looked at what I had, an' before the day was out a few did buy boxes. But the most hurried along—hurried along, till I was sick an' mad at 'em for havin' so much to hurry for. That's the hurt when you ain't no big work to rush away to an' nothin' at home to get back to—the hurt o' seein' other folks rushin', perfectly brazen, like they had the right. By nine o'clock at night I hadn't had in enough to pay for our [illegible] that we got in a cold top-floor room.

"I was glad it was top floor. I set down in the dark an' took the little chap in my arms, an' looked out, an' looked. *She* was out there, somewheres, in under the light an' smoke—I was sure of it. Sometimes ain't it awful not to hev a voice that can reach to the brim o' the world? I set there, I know, fair ragin' around inside the boundary o' bein' me—that couldn't shout loud out the window:

"'Here's the little kid an' me, Fanny—here we are, 'way up here! Come back—come back an' try me again, an' see if this time I can't provide!'

"All of a sudden, 'Pop,' says the kiddie.

"'Yes,' I says, as bright as I could, 'Yes, little chap.'

"'Why didn't they buy things?' he ask' me.

"'I'll tell you,' says I, grave, 'I bet they donno it's comin' Christmas.'

"'*I* bet you 'ey donno it's comin' Christ*mis!*' he [illegible] over, real joyful. An' pretty soon he went to sleep—not layin' back on my arm like most any kiddie, but face down on my other arm. I could see the back of his neck in the shinin' of the arc-light, an' it give me the courage to get up an' get into the bed.

"Next day it went just the same way. Sometimes, though, I think it wa'n't the fault o' the goods I hed, but because I wasn't payin' enough attention. Every minute, all day long, my eyes was on every person an' car—yes, an' carriage, that passed, not to see if they wouldn't buy, but to see if they wasn't *her*. An' that ain't the way the hustlers o' this world sells their goods. A few things went, but not many. An' by dusk I quit callin' out. What was the use? I see I'd just failed again, like I always did fail. An' I begun to think I guessed mebbe Fanny was right, an' that I couldn't provide, an' I'd best go back home.

"The kiddie was hangin' round like he hed all day, stampin' down his feet, or singin' soft, or walkin' bent over so's his cap tassel would swing, or settin' down a spell under a store window. After I'd stood there still for a while he looks up.

"'Pop,' he says, 'don't you think 'ey know 'bout Christ*mis* yet?'

"'It don't look like it, does it?' says I.

"'I know 'bout Christ*mis*,' he says to me, bright [illegible]

"An' all to once he turns 'round from me an' lit out, fast as his little feet could carry him [illegible] run to the first man he see—a big man in a big coat just gettin' into a big carriage—an' he grabbed him by one leg, his little arms tight 'round. An' he shouted out, clear an' shrill:

"'Di'n't you know it's comin' Christ*mis?* Di'n't you ever know to-morrow's Christ*mis?*'

"The big man shook loose some like one o' these big institutions shakin' off a debt, casual

"'Why, you little rat o' the gutter—' he says, an' then he looked down in the kiddie's face, an' he stopped. I told you the little chap was pretty, like some o' the things you think an' that get away from you—only he stayed. I'd wondered, private, why folks hadn't seen that more, them two days. But some never do. The big man, though, was one that did.

"'Come on an' I'll show you,' the kiddie says, an' he wrapped his little hand 'round a finger o' the man's glove, an' he pulled him acrost over to me. An' the man come

"'It's Christmas presents, sir,' says I, eager an' wishin', 'Christmas presents for them you've forgot right up till to-night, an' them that you don't know what to get for 'em——'

"An' with that the big man brought his hand up an' lit it down on my shoulder like a wild man.

"'Authority Temple, my dum!' says he

"An' there he stood as Barty Ellacomb—Barty, that I hadn't seen since he'd got coal-king rich. I donno how I got my words together nor how I let 'em out at him. Why, next to Fanny he was the one in the world I'd 'a' wanted most to see. An' happenin' just then—just *then,* you understand, it was like a door lettin' me through into somewheres else

"Next thing I knew he hed me in front o' the lighted store-window, an' he was lookin' at what I hed. He didn't ask me no questions. He seemed to take me in with one look, like men like him learn to do.

"'Aunt Kate made 'em—Aunt Kate,' I told him joyous, 'all but the whittlin'. I done the whittled ones. See what they are, Barty?' I ask him

"He picked up one o' the boxes an' run his hand 'round under the edge for the spring. An' when it opened he grinned like a boy. It was the secret spring—like we'd use' to know. An' he hadn't forgot.

"He kep' the box in his hand an' wheeled 'round on me.

"'Would it interrupt you too much,' he ask', 'to come along with me?'

"But at that I hesitated. It was Barty, too; but I'd worked hard on the things, an' so had Aunt Kate, an' Christmas Eve was our last chance to turn the luck. Besides—I'd thought mebbe Christmas Eve Fanny might be on the street buyin' a little somethin'. Mebbe somethin' to take home to the boy

"'Look here,' says Barty, understandin' the business part, 'I think I can take you to a better market,' he says. 'Come along.'

"So then I went with him. After all, Fanny might be there as much as anywhere. An' all the way in the carriage he was talkin' to me—the old Barty, the same old Barty, sayin' his words a little differ'nt, but his spirit stickin' out of 'em like blue sky showin' through.

"'Authority,' he says, 'you look like you use' to—kind o' pleased an' soft-spoken. An' you've got an expression on your face like some folks only get when they're shakin' hands with somebody cordial. *But,*' says he, sort o' troubled, 'you look, too, like when they remember, right in the midst o' the handshakin', somebody that use' to be shakin' hands an' ain't doin' it any more. You don't seem, Authority,' he says to me, searchin', 'real like you'd hed things all ciphered out for you. It's more like you was still browsin' around the back o' the book for the answer!'

"That was Barty all over. His words sounded some differ'nt, but I see he'd kep' his heart secure on the inside o' him, an' hadn't tied it 'round his neck on the outside to use for a wallet, same as some.

"'Pop,' says the kiddie to me pretty soon, soft an' in my collar, 'at man can kiss me at the back o' my neck, if you want me to.'

"'An' that just summed up Barty.

"In a little bit we got out o' the carriage in front of a buildin' noon-high an' hung full o' lit windows.

"'I'm late,' says Barty, 'they'll be begun, an' I don't care if they have. I want you,' says he, as we shot up in the elevator, 'to show your Christmas presents to some friends o' mine.'

"It was Barty's private office we went into—a big room, all little lights set like multiplier onions, an' the lights reflected in shiny wood. Around the long table in the middle o' the room, with a stenographer off one side puttin' down what they spoke, was about a dozen men, sittin' in session. An' the one nearest the door was sayin' just as we went in:

"'—— involve somethin' like three million dollars if we go into it. . . . '

"'Gentlemen,' says Barty, like he was interruptin' nothin' but some kind o' whittlin', 'I've got another deal I'd like to have you consider first, if you please.'

"Then he walks 'round the table without sayin' another thing, an' leaves me alone.

"They all looked some dazed an' a good deal struck dumb—though one of 'em did burst out a little, an' him Barty hushed up. I took the kiddie's tassel cap off kind o' mechanical, an' smoothed his hair once or twice, with the big, sick fear that after all Barty was makin' fun o' me. But the little chap, when I done that he looked up an' smiled—quick, like somebody lovin' him acrost his face an' then runnin'. An' 'way inside o' me somethin' sort o' braced up, an' I thought: 'These gentlemen has got their business, an' I've got mine. I guess we're all o' us just tryin' to provide An' now it looks like it's my turn to talk.' An' with that I set my valise up on the long table, next to the three million dollar speaker, an' I opened it up.

"I put out some o' my little whittled boxes, without lookin' 'round much. Then I come to old Kate's things—the wrist-cuffs, the braided watch-chains an' the pretty stone ink-wells, an' I looked up at their faces. An' it come over me how they all seemed so sort o'—completed. More like when you shove back from a meal than when you set down to it. An' like they didn't want anything else.

"'I know,' says I, hurried, 'these ain't the kind o' things you usually give away. But if they's anybody you've forgot till the last minute, an' specially anybody that lives back in the place where you come from, I bet,' says I, simple, 'they might like one o' most any o' these things. Just little remembrances, you know. To show 'em you ain't forgot.'

"When I spoke, I was just settin' down one o' the ink-wells, made o' river stones an' little shells stuck into putty. An' all of a sudden the three million dollar man I was next to, he grabs it up an' sort o' whoops out, soft an' genteel:

"'My word,' he says, 'I give one like that to my girl, forty years ago. I made it. An' I ain't seen another since!'

"An' one acrost the table, he bursts out enjoyable:

"'Wrist-cuffs for mine—blue woolen wrist-cuffs! I was brought up in 'em. They knit 'em for me every Christmas of my life.'

"An' the three million dollar man brings his hand down smack on the table, an' he says:

"'Gentlemen, for twenty years I've meant to send some little things back to some o' the folks in the town I come from. I meant to, but I just ain't done it,' he says—or like that. 'An' I'm goin' out now an' send some things back home, to everybody that use' to mean 'back home' to me. But it comes to me that what I'd like for myself would be one or two things out o' these here. What do you say?'

"Well, sir, they'd most all come from little towns, I guess, just like half the city folks do anyhow; an' none o' these seemed really to 'a' forgot. An' the minute some of 'em leaned over, handlin' things, Barty, he grabbed one o' the bootjacks an' waved it.

"'This is mine,' he says, 'this is mine: Bootjack with sentiment on: *Imperfect But Striving.* You blamed old fogies, you, I wanted to see how many of you'd forgot who you really are. I wanted to see how many of you remembered 'em, back home. You fellows that belong in town, you set over somewheres an' go on with the meeting. We're *busy!*'

"An' then the little kiddie, that had been hangin' back o' me, clean forgot himself, an' he sings out, clear an' shrill:

"'Pop—oh, Pop! We told 'em, di'n't we? We *told* 'em it's comin' Christ*mis!*'

"With that I heard a chair scrape back, an' I see a little dark streak comin' acrost the floor an' 'round the table, quick as a flash. It was her that had been sittin' off one side—the stenographer. An' she went down on her knees in front o' the little chap, an' grabbed him, an' hugged him, an' held him. An' the whole inside o' my heart opened out, wide as a room.

"'Fanny,' I says, 'Fanny—' An' it felt to me like my voice could reach acrost the world an' like there wasn't any boundary to me. 'Fanny! Look there at 'em. Look at all the Christmas presents. They was my idea. Don't you s'pose you could try me again an' *see* if I can't provide?'

"She stood up, slim an' straight an' pretty as a picture, liftin' that heavy little kid like he weighed a feather.

'You always did provide,' she says—an' didn't care a bit who heard her. 'You give me a world o' love, an' you done the best you could do, besides. An' that's all that's the due of any woman, an' nothin' else counts but that—an' her baby. But I didn't know—I didn't know,' she told me, 'not till I come away. An' then I was ashamed to go back, an' I was afraid you wouldn't want me back. Authority, do you—do you?' she says, like the world an' me was one an' the same.

"Barty, bein' he'd never known a thing about anything, was starin' at us kind o' wild over the backs o' the rest that was pretendin' not to notice.

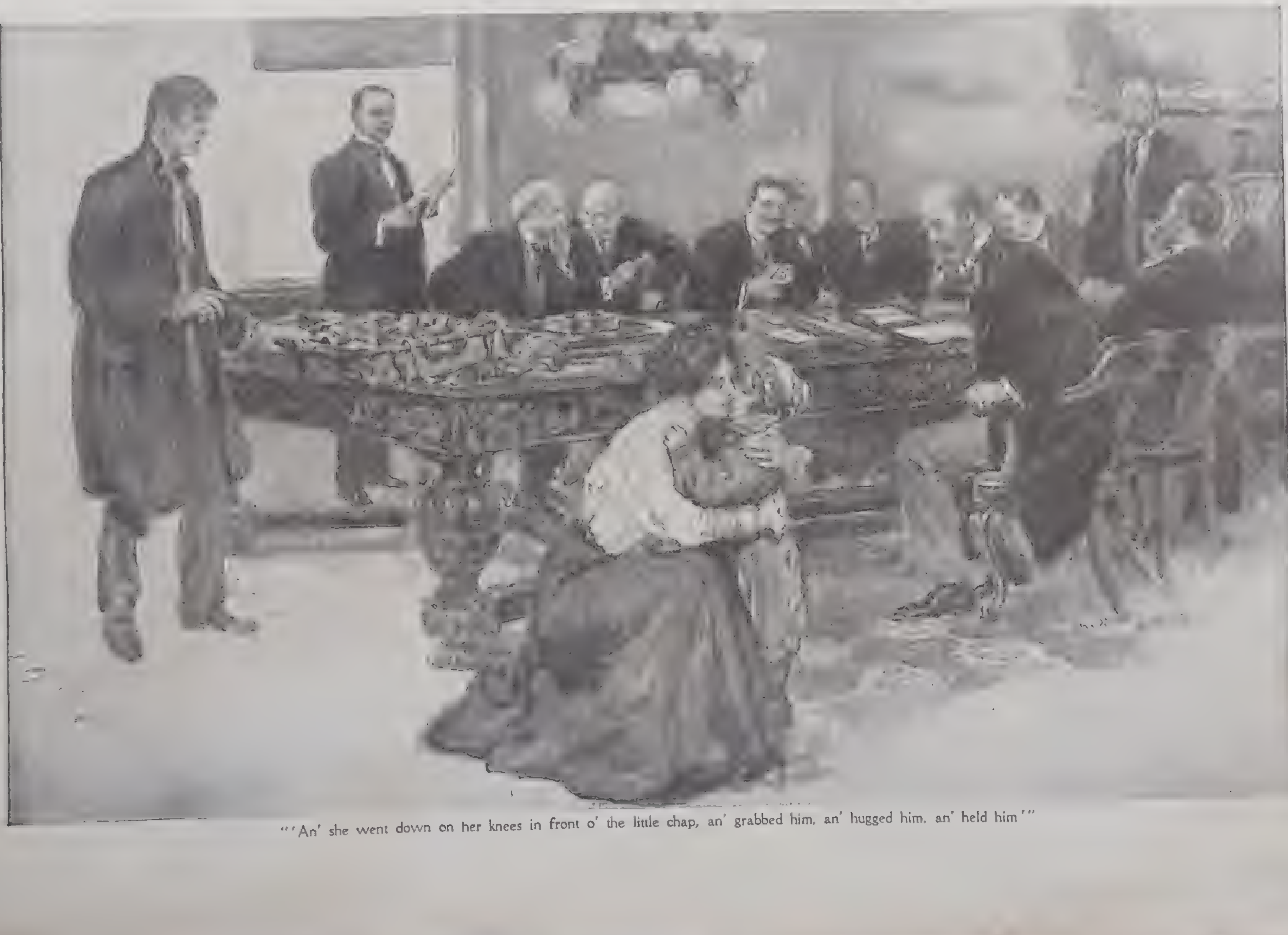
"'My dum!' he says, 'you ungrateful dog. There goes my stenographer.'

"'She ain't,' I told him, as steady as I could. 'She's mine!'

"An' I couldn't look at either of 'em, so I looked off out the window that was hangin' there an' showin' the city through all light an' smoke. I tell you, I wanted to shout like a trumpet as the kiddie had: 'It's comin' Christmas. Didn't you know it's comin' Christmas? Get *him*—or get *her*—or get your little kid, no matter what!'

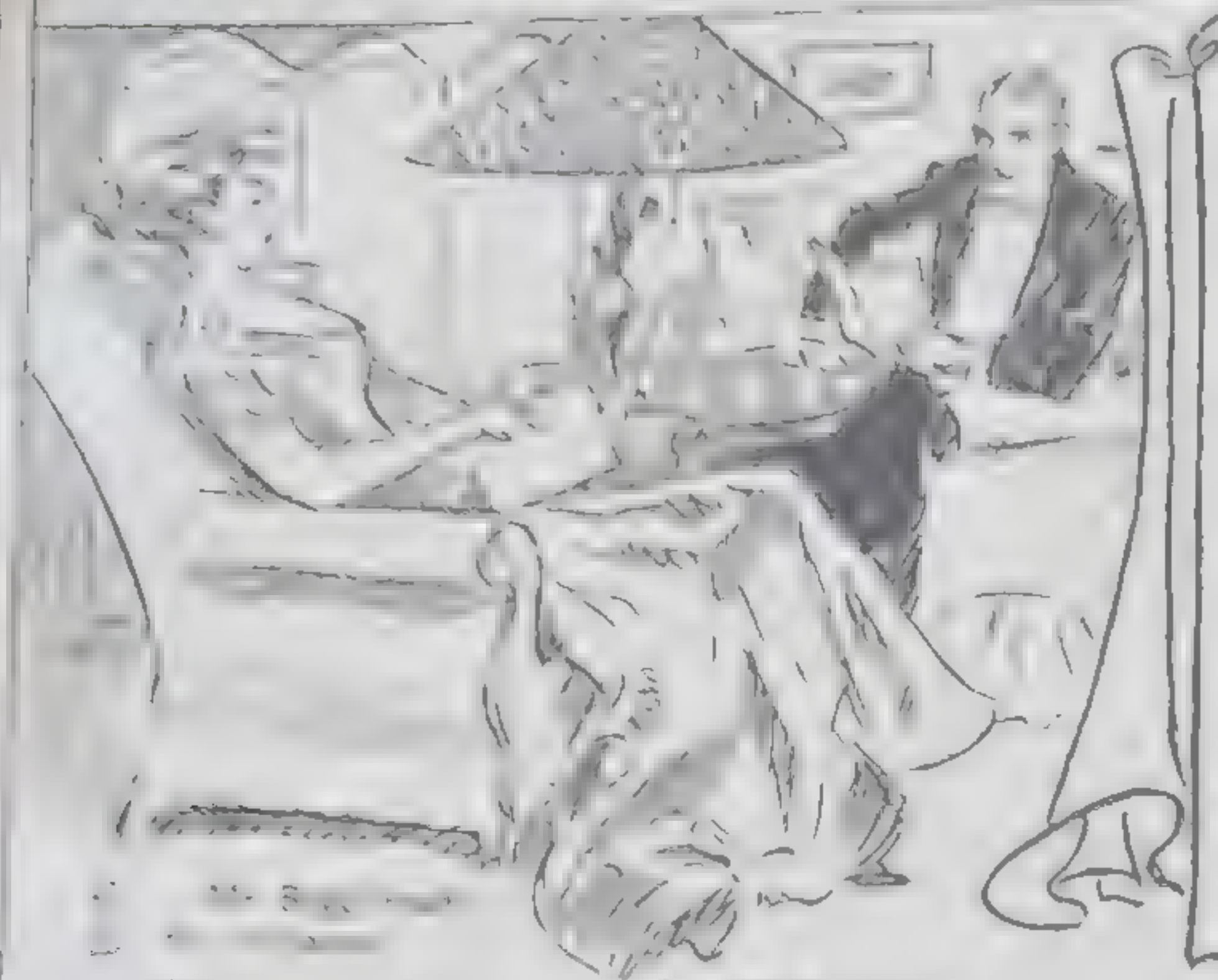
"An' them 'round my valise, I tell you they looked as if they understood about Christmas, too. But I wasn't botherin' with them just then. For when I got my eyesight back, I see Fanny had stood the little chap on a chair; an' if she didn't turn him 'round an' kiss the back of his neck, like it was somethin' she'd got to from miles away.

"I looked at her a minute, then, 'did you know about that, too?' I says to her, wonderin'."



"'An' she went down on her knees in front o' the little chap, an' grabbed him, an' hugged him, an' held him'"

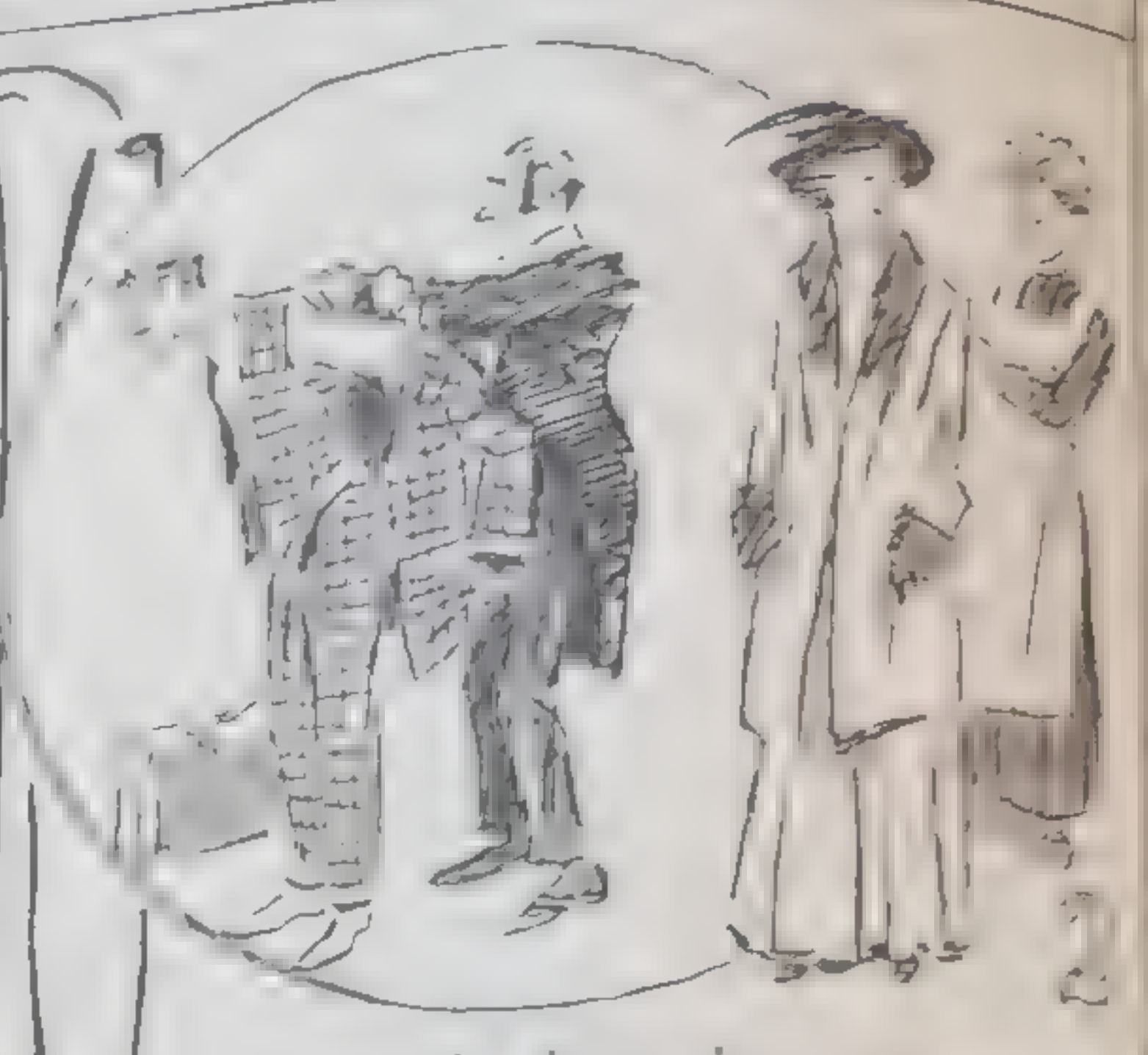
THEIR CHRISTMAS VISIT HOME



1

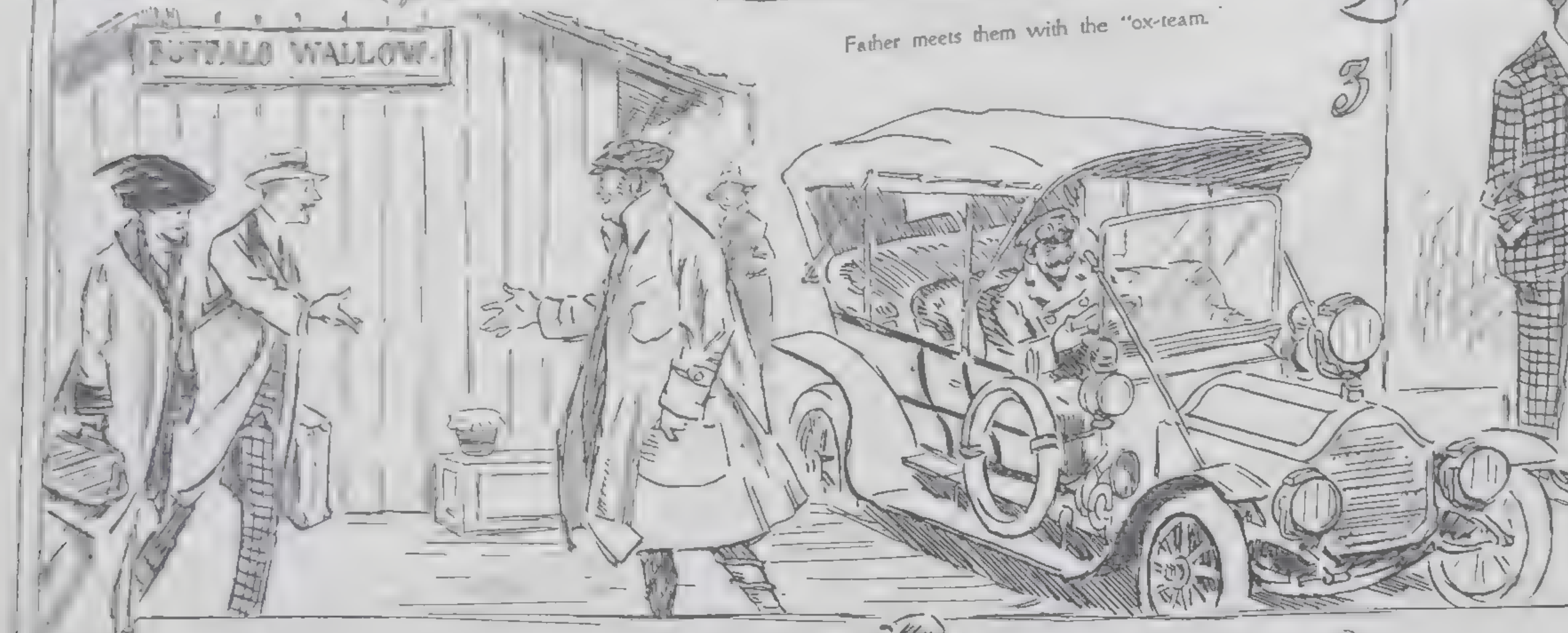
A LITTLE SERIES OF PICTURES WHICH SHOWS THAT PROSPERITY IN THE AGRICULTURAL REGIONS IS NOT ALTOGETHER A MYTH

M[illegible] formerly [illegible] George, they'll move out the ha[illegible] [illegible] genuine old-time barn dance. Let's go!



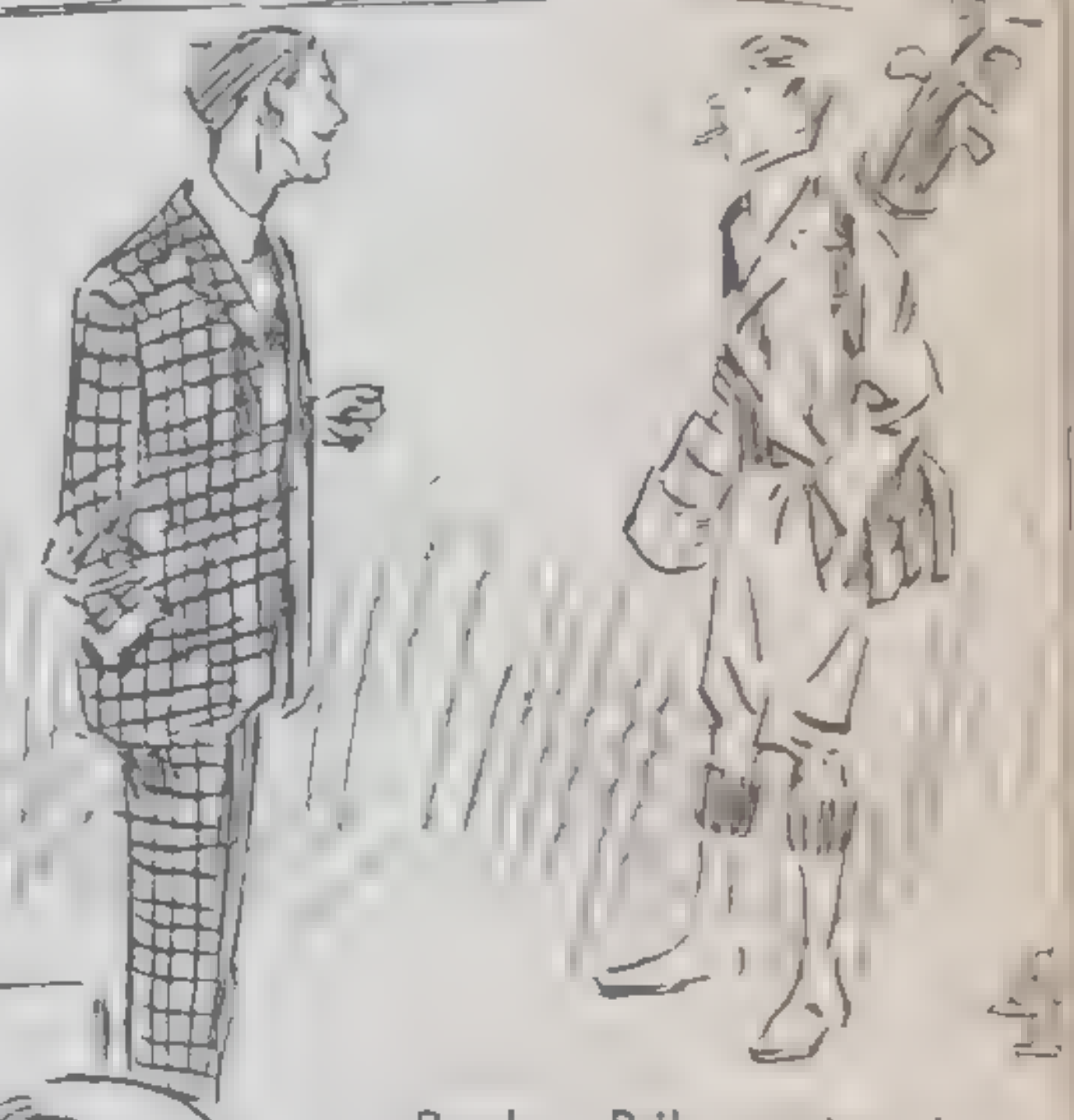
2

In order that the simple, rustic community may not think them "stuck-up" they borrow clothes from the butler and maid.


BUFFALO WALLOW.

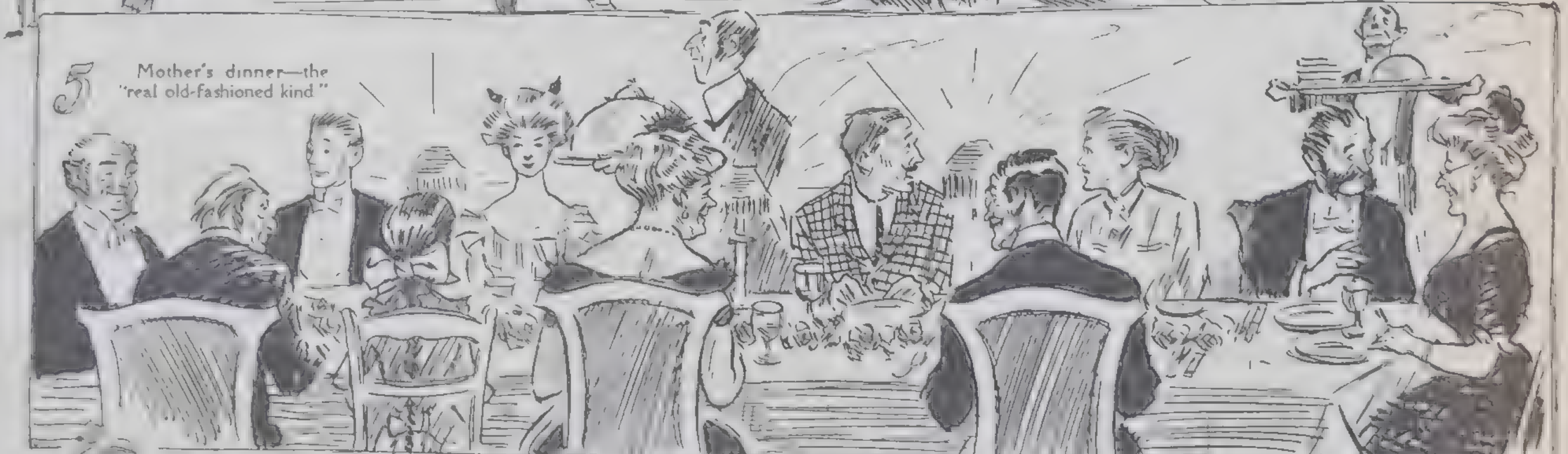
3

Father meets them with the "ox-team."



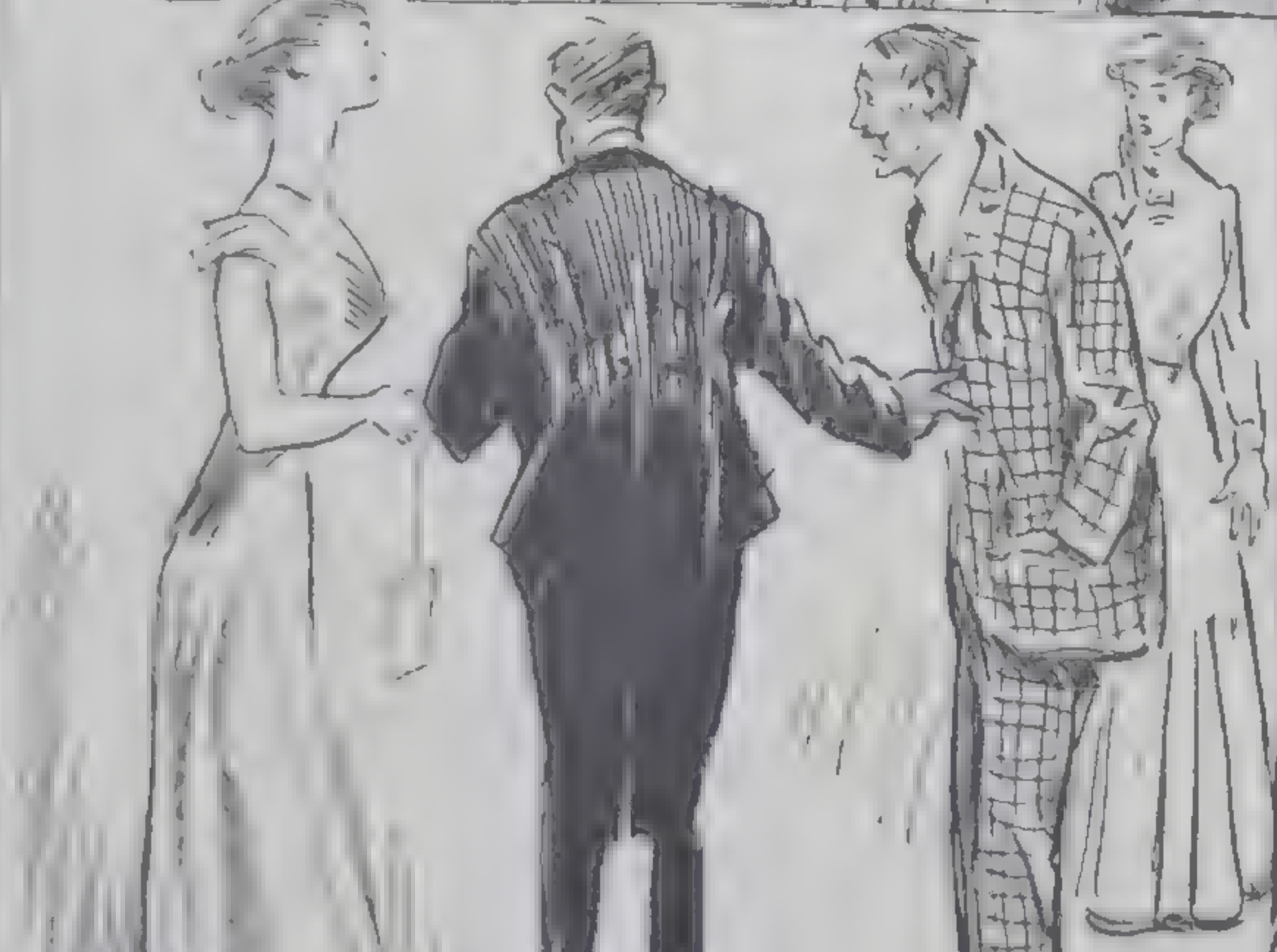
4

Brother Bill promises them some good golfing on the back eighty.



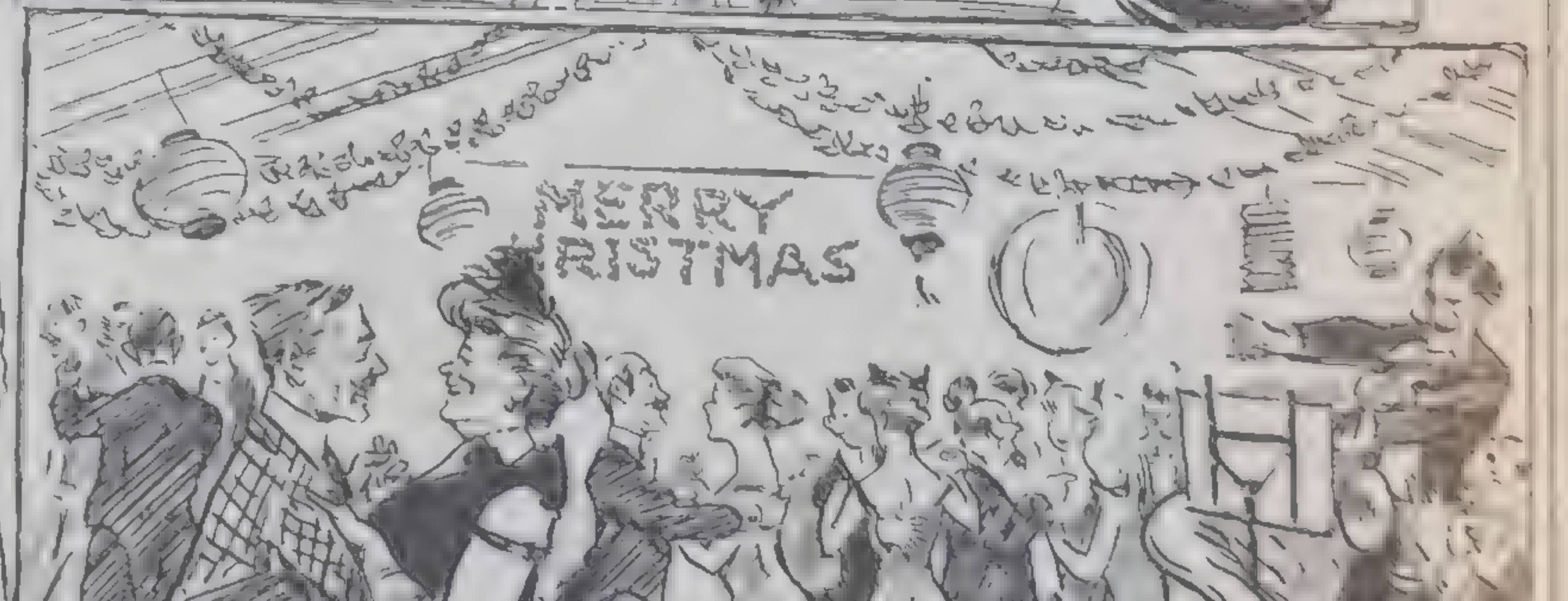
5

Mother's dinner—the "real old-fashioned kind."



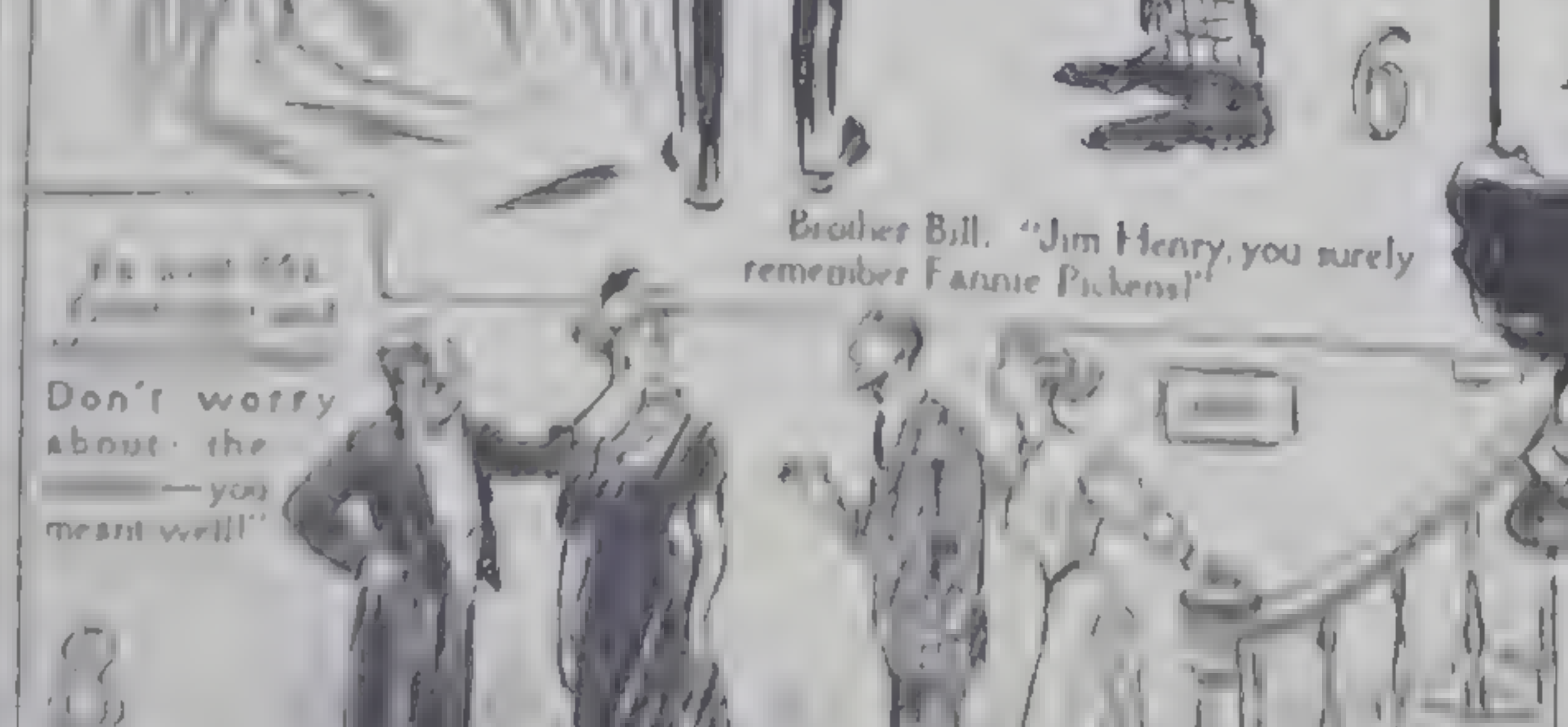
6

Brother Bill: "Jim Henry, you surely remember Fannie Pickens!"



7

They have the "genuine old time barn dance" that they expected—in the steam heated garage. It gives them another chance to observe the simple life of the rustic community.



8

[illegible] "Don't worry about the [illegible]—you meant well!"

MY REMINISCENCES

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

I BROKE off abruptly with my arrival at the stone building called University Hall, in the middle of what was then "the yard" of Harvard College. We did not call it the campus or by any grand name like that. And now, when I go to the University of Ohio or the University of Nebraska and find that each of them has an elegant park of forty acres in the middle of a large city, I am apt to remember with sorrow that the people who founded Harvard College were satisfied with a yard of about eight acres for their modest buildings. If the reader will remember my reminiscences of Boston Common, he will remember that these same ancestors of ours used their common not for a college, but for a pasture for cows and a training-field.

My schoolmates from the Latin School, as I say, had a special omnibus to take them out to Cambridge. But I presented myself alone, with some other straggling boys, most of whom had come in their fathers' chaises or some way which brought them a little late. How queer life is! To this separation from my old cronies I owe some of my intimate friendships of college life—not to say life ever since. Please to observe that I was thirteen years and four months old. I was the youngest scholar in my class, excepting Eliot, and it may be as well to say that Eliot was the most successful in college rank and delivered the principal oration when we left college.

The examination went into so much detail that it required a day and a half. We were then called one by one into the room where the faculty sat and I was well pleased to be told that I was admitted "without condition." This meant that I had no failures to make up after entrance. I do remember, and I will tell other boys as a little secret, what was the question before which every one of my section of the fourteen candidates failed. We were asked which is the most northerly, Amsterdam or London? and we all said London was.

I should not have been sent to college so young but that three of my uncles, who were all Harvard-College men, had been as young a generation before, and, in truth, Harvard College was then still a college which for a long time afterward was called a high school for Boston boys. Long since it has become a national university in which Harvard College is one of perhaps twenty different schools and Harvard College alone receives students from every continent, and from almost every state of our Union.

* * *

And in my case my brother had been through his freshman year already. It was known that he could take care of me, as, indeed, he did. So he and I and a Man Friday we had, called Fulham, went around to choose our furniture. And so after a vacation I found myself landed in 22 Stoughton, the back room at one flight up-stairs.

After one day of it I was terribly homesick. I remember sitting in the deep window-seat and looking out across the Cambridge common to Mount Auburn, the garden cemetery of Boston, and I said to myself, "This has been one day only and there will be three hundred and sixty-five like it, before a year has gone, and there will have to be four of such years." But this did not last.

No! I remember the joy of the open air asserted itself. I and this very brother were used to long tramps on every half-holiday, through the country towns around Boston. Now I was fairly in that country. I had a tin box for flowers. An early rebuff was that I brought back one morning a full handful of bouncing-bet. I thought it was a wild flower and was horribly abashed when my brother gave to it this name and I learned for the first time that it had "strayed from gardens." But there were woods that I could be happy in and before long I found that Longfellow and Watson and other boys were as happy in the woods as I was. We were not much older before we formed a natural-history society and had a cabinet in Massachusetts Hall and corresponded with botanists in the other parts of the world and were quite too busy to be homesick.

I am glad to see that it is proposed so to change the statutes of my own college that in the next generation boys may enter it as young as Eliot and I did, seventy years ago. It is proposed that freshmen shall have a precinct or college of their own with special friendly advice and care. This is quite possible and it would prove to be a very pleasant arrangement in a college which receives, perhaps, two thousand undergraduates in a year. In my day the difficulty of the position was met in part by an arrangement to which boys did not enter until the second year of the college course. We called them fresh-sophs.

DR. HALE'S LAST WRITING

"I wish all the people who read this article might know how much pleasure Doctor Hale had in writing it. He loved out of doors, and this was written mornings as we sat on what he called his quarter-deck, at the back of the house, overhanging the garden. So many times he would stop in the middle of a sentence and say, 'This *is* the kingdom of heaven,' or, 'Isn't this as nice as they make it?' or some such phrase which showed his joy in life. I always had to make him stop dictating. And he would so often beg, 'Just one sentence more and then I'll be as good as you wish.'

"It's so lovely to think of these things, I thought perhaps you would like to know them, too."—*Extract from a letter to the editor from Miss Clark, Doctor Hale's Secretary.*

* * *

I and my immediate friends had been taught our Latin and Greek thoroughly at school. I believe there is no vanity in saying that we knew Latin and Greek as well as the college tutor did whom we found in charge. That means, as I have said, that we could read Latin at sight and could write it with decent accuracy. Practically, I knew as much Latin as I know now. There will be two opinions as to whether this were an advantage or not. But in this place, where I am not discussing systems of education, but telling stories of my college life, I may say that I and the set of fellows around me were thus left free to browse in the college library or to take walks perhaps of ten or twelve miles, without much anxiety about our Latin recitations. I remember Hayward, one of my friends, said that we overran the game.

Looking back on it all, I remember with pleasure the habit I formed of loafing in the library. This is now one of the largest libraries in the world. It was then a well-selected collection of fifty thousand books, and into which any one of us boys could go any day and take down the book with his own hand and read or skim as he liked. According to me this is an excellent habit for a boy or girl to form in the years between ten and twenty, when their time is so apt to be fooled away. In later life I have had a good deal to do with the Pacific Coast and I have found that the things I read in the college library as early as 1836 have been of use to me. And I remember the joy with which I saw the first mayflower, or trailing arbutus, which I ever saw in my life which the librarian of the college had received from the Plymouth of Plymouth Rock. Twenty years after, I met Charles Sumner in the Astor Library in New York. He had just been assaulted by a man named Brooks and was left only half capable of duty. He said to me, "The doctor won't let me go into the senate. My colleague Wilson telegraphs for me if he wants my vote, and I take the fun of reading this Astor Library through." Observe there were two or three hundred thousand books in it. But Sumner liked to see the complexion of a book he had heard of, but had not read. He would take a book down and look at the index and see the fashion of the chapters and put it back in ten minutes, perhaps. "I have gone through five alcoves," he said, "and I have all that nice history side which I have not yet looked at!"

Doctor Wayland, of Brown University, who was a first-rate educator told me that he always let his undergraduates go into the alcoves, handle the books and do their sweet will with them. They had never lost anything but one miniature set of Shakespeare, and Mr. Emerson says, somewhere, that a good library is itself a university. There was talk at one time of asking him to take a new office at Harvard University which was to be called the Director of Reading. He was to be at the library every day and advise anybody who wanted advice as to the use he should make of it. In such matters they are admirably equipped at Cambridge to-day.

* * *

We studied what we were told to study, whether we liked it or not. Most of the great colleges of the country have now introduced what is called the "elective system," in which boy or man chooses for himself what he likes to study and does not study what he does not like. It is just as I go into a store at the Four Corners and buy tea if I want tea, or coffee if I want coffee.

I am only writing my reminiscences so I will not discuss the elective system. And it is supposed that I am writing for women and not for men. I remember this when I step outside the line of remembering what we did and what we did not do, and advise any sensible woman or man to keep a pretty strong hold on the "electives" of son or daughter. They are very apt to choose, with very shabby reasons for their choice. "Bill is going to study this or that and I like to be with Bill," or, "you get it out of the way early in the morning," or, "it is a soft thing. What's-his-name is good-natured and you get through easily with him." Every boy whom I have sent through Harvard College has been left by me very largely to his own choice of studies. And each of them has told me that when his own sons go to the same college they shall be bound by the strictest rules that their father can make for them.

To any boy or girl going to college, even if I gave them no other advice, I should say. "Do the thing with all your might." For instance, take the subject of chemistry. We had a very competent teacher. The world did not then know how important the study was and we superadded to the college course the work of the Davy Club in which we carried the subject much farther than the college required. The government of the college gave us rooms for a laboratory where we could work at our ease and to our advantage. It was just so with the studies in Natural History. It was just so with declamation, debate and the general studies which for want of a better name we called literature.

I have sometimes thought that the most of the teachers were discouraged and so were satisfied with an average sort of instruction without thinking much of education, which is, in fact, a business much larger than instruction.

* * *

Where there are hundreds of young men together, there will be athletic exercise; we had base-ball, foot-ball, cricket and swimming. But their was no hard-and-fast machinery of clubs. And boats in my day were prohibited at Cambridge under the by-law which forbade our owning dogs, cats, horses and other animals, under the plea that boats were to be classed with "other animals." We had guns and pistols, for there was some game left within a long tramp of Cambridge.

The dramatic societies and debating societies were in good working order, so that men had experience in what is very central in the business of life—the business of thinking on their feet. The Southern students of that day were great braggarts. They had been fitted for college by a private tutor or in small schools of which the consequence was that at a public exhibition such young men were afraid of their audiences. But boys who had been trained at public schools were not afraid of their audiences, as I said in the last number of these papers.

The charm of college life in practice is this—you are thrown in at the college with three or four hundred other young people, perhaps three or four thousand, among whom, if you are not a fool, you can choose your personal companions—yes, and your real friends. This is very different, it is world-wide different from your experience if you have to spend the same time with some musty-fusty old book, with no sympathy or bright suggestion from other friends, boys or girls, young men or maidens. Do not forget what Mr. Emerson said to his daughter Ellen, "It is not so much matter what you study as it is with whom you study." "Together" is always the watchword.

* * *

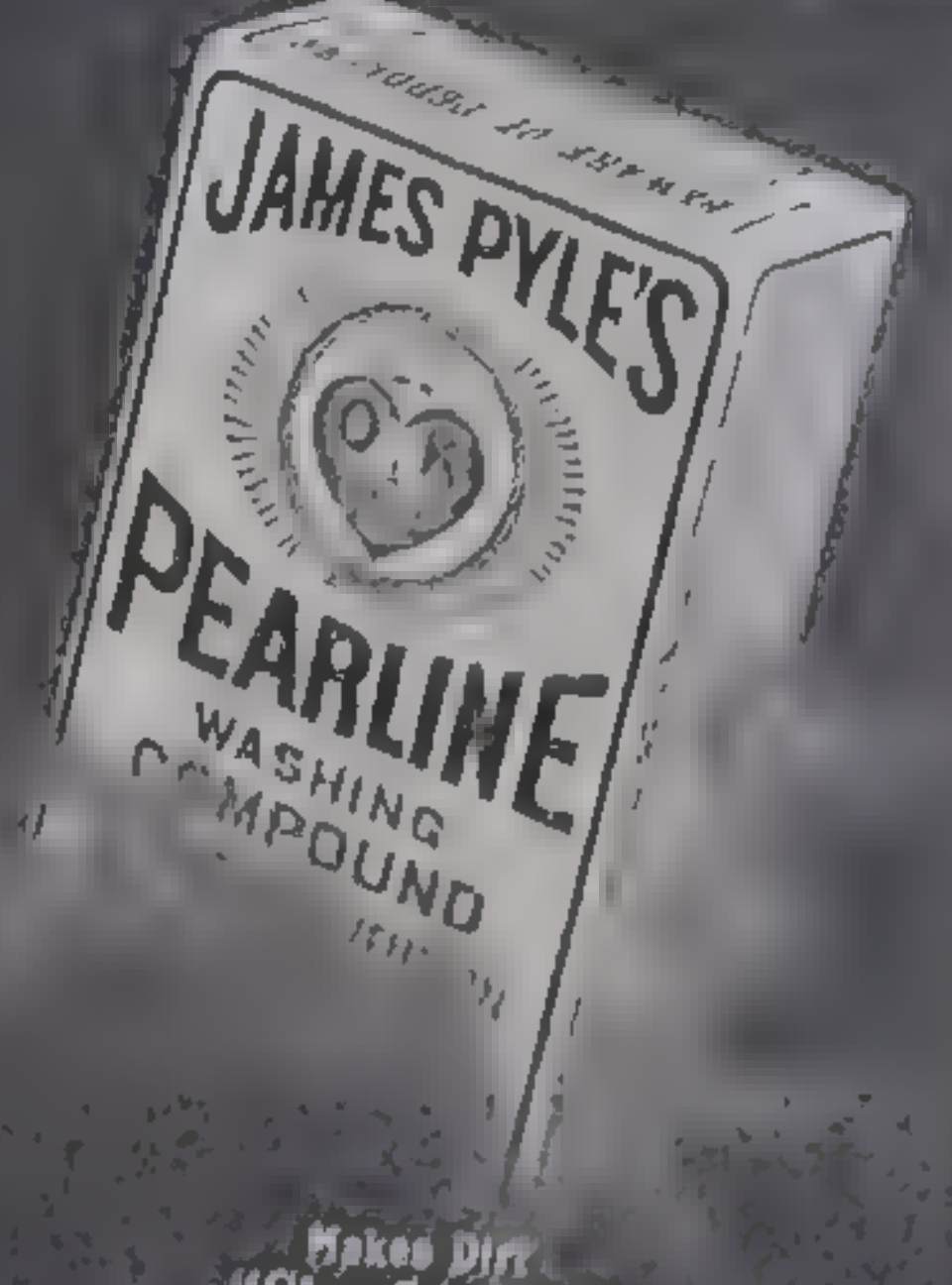
Now, the upshot or outcome of this is, that if you really have this mutual companionship, this common strength of a cluster of fellow-students—perhaps five, though that is a small number, perhaps a club of two hundred, though that is a large one, you are getting the good of a college. It is called a college because you read together. Con means together, and lego means I read. You have the comfort of the united strength of five or of two hundred. And comfort means common strength—*con* together, and fortis, strong. Here is where the frequent statement proves true, that at any decent college you take in some scores or some hundreds of bears or bulls and you turn out at the end of four years the same number of gentlemen. In fact, if you want to describe a man in conversation people know what you mean when you say he graduated at Bowdoin, at Harvard, at Cornell, at St. Louis or in any other of the three hundred colleges, more or less, through the country. And all this supposes that in such a college the student has been taking advantage of his position. He and a lot of others have been working and talking and walking and playing together. They have borne each others' burdens. They have lived a common life. It is as different from life where he is studying only with the aid of a cyclopedia or magazine or a weekly letter as the life of one stalk of Indian corn is different from the life of ten thousand such plants in the corn-field. Recollect this if you have a chance to enter a college.

BAR SOAP probably Kills as many Women as Bar-rooms do Men. Why isn't this Habit of Overwork at the Washtub—the most Unwomanly, Unnatural, Unhealthy kind of Labor—why isn't this Denounced like the Drink Habit?

¶ If you're opposed to needless Hard Work for Women, join PEARLINE'S crusade against it. First, use PEARLINE to help yourself. Then, having satisfied yourself as to the Ease, Quickness and Economy of PEARLINE'S Way, help others by getting them to use it.

¶ There's nothing so Harmful to Clothes as the Bar Soap Way of Rubbing Dirt out by main strength. It's the Rubbing and Wearing that Wears out clothes, and the Finer the Fabric the more Certain and Speedy the Damage.

¶ PEARLINE changes all this. By a method of its own it Loosens all Dirt Without Rubbing, and thus Lengthens the Life of your Fabrics. The Finest Goods need PEARLINE most.



—the Modern Soap

THE TOWER ROOM

GIFTS AND GIVING AT CHRISTMAS

BY ANNE BRYAN McCALL

I LIKE a long Christmas list. Mine grows steadily longer each year. The normal girl as she goes on receives and bestows more gifts—more blessings. This seems to me as it should be. The healthy, simple, normal life is the one which does not diminish—it is the one which grows and expands humanly.

"It is all well enough to talk about giving more gifts each year," you say, "but where are the gifts to come from?" One of you girls sent me this letter the other day:

> DEAR ANNE McCALL:—
>
> I inclose my Christmas list for you to see. I can afford to spend exactly five dollars and no more. Can you solve this for me, dear lady of the Tower Room, *but without cutting down the list?* There is not a person in it whom I can leave out.

Inclosed was a list of forty-two names, starting off with "father" and "mother" and on down past uncles and aunts and cousins and friends and children to "Norah, the cook."

One thing to do toward solving this problem of this list and others like it is to do less shopping and more thinking; less buying and more loving; less spending of money and a great deal more spending of oneself; less giving of material gifts and more giving of the unmaterial ones.

Some Simple Rules for Christmas Giving

I have a few simple rules for Christmas which I keep, and it is owing to them, largely, that my Christmas is always a beautiful day, no matter how poor or busy I may be. One of these rules is to give no duty presents; no gift which it is not an entire delight to give. We "owe" so many gifts, as if a *gift* could be owed! This may not be easy at first. The first time I put it into practice it took a good deal of courage, I confess. But only try it and see how it lightens and brightens the day, how it takes away insincerity and augments the dear, lovely dignity and delight of giving.

Another rule I make is that my Christmas shall be as free as I can make it of the mere exchanging of gifts. We give to those whom we know are going to give to us, and Christmas giving becomes a sort of festive exchange and no more.

Make it a rule to give where you know there will be, or can be, no return. It even adds to the day immensely, you would hardly guess how much, to give some gifts anonymously. I always make it a rule to do this. I once wished to give something to a queer and poor little French lady, but I was warned by some one against it. It would hurt her feelings to receive where she herself, being so poor, could give nothing! So I sent her a bottle of French cordial, a few little French cakes and some fruit done up prettily in a basket, and I sent them anonymously. On a card I printed in English script: "A Happy Christmas to you with the love of one you have helped."

What a success it was! She showed it to me with the greatest pride when I called to see her to wish her a Happy Christmas.

"Without a name, *ma chere!* Just this card, *ma petite!* Look! 'A Happy Christmas to you with the love of one you have helped!' Who? *Je ne sais, ma chere!* But the delicacy of it! The delicacy of it, *ma chere!* Not a name, not a sign to betray! The message is in English, you see, but I think that was done to make the better disguise. I feel sure it was one of my own compatriots. I feel sure! Forgive me, it is not that you dear Americans are less kind, but they—they have the sentiment! Ah, they have the heart," and her enthusiastic little hand went sprawling over her heart; "Ah, *que je suis toucheé!* France! France!" I learned then to a certainty the real delight of anonymous giving.

Each Gift Must Be a Symbol

One other rule I make is that each gift I give shall be a symbol—that it shall not pretend to great worth in itself, but that it shall stand for a priceless thing. As an instance, I have down on my Christmas list this year several simple little gifts of my own handiwork to be sent to those dearer than the rest as a symbol of service, a symbol of my simple, daily willingness to serve them in love's name, and I shall tell them this in a little note to go with the gift. I shall give away three little geranium-plants which I myself have raised from my own big geranium-plant, and have cared for; one to the little washwoman whose son died this year; one to the wealthy friend who has met so much sorrow; one to the girl in the room next to mine who is ill. They shall go as symbols of the bravery and cheery courage I would give these people if I could.

Five of my favorite books, which I have read and loved and marked, shall go as gifts, and all the more friendly, I think, for being a bit soiled and worn—and they shall go in every case to some one who is lonely or in need of such companionship as a book can give. They shall go as symbols—mere symbols—of all that loving comradeship and human sympathy and understanding which I send as the greater gift.

One other rule. I give no merely useful gifts. There is a popular idea that a useful gift is always appropriate. Well, I am sure I am as practical a girl as any of you, but I confess frankly I do not like merely so-called useful gifts. I remember when I was a child always being puzzled to know what to buy for my father. "Useful" gifts for him which grown-ups advised me to get, seemed such dreary things—cravats, socks and neckties! One Christmas when I was seven, I selected for him a rather gay tie, a striped red-and-blue one, in very bad taste perhaps. I unfolded it and looked at it many times, and it always seemed to me inadequate, it always seemed that something better than this was needed. Finally I got a piece of paper and on it in a very childish, scrawly hand I wrote, "Merry Christmas. Dear father, red and blue means I love you."

But that was not all of the gift! A week before I had been very cross and unlovely to a little cousin of mine. It was about a tippet, I remember, which I did not wish her to have. My father had exacted an apology for my rudeness and I had given it only rather sullenly. I do not know whether my conscience hurt, or whether mere Christmas sunshine got into my little bones, but it struck me that here was something else that I could give, so underneath the message I scrawled:

"Dear father, I am sorry about the tippet."

I remember still with what anxious delight I watched my father open the little package on Christmas morning and saw his great pleasure over so lovely a gift. It was just what he wanted! But especially, I noticed, he liked the paper with the little verse scrawled on it.

The necktie finally went the way of most purely useful things, but years after that, after my father's death, I found in his desk in a little drawer of treasures, the most lasting gift, the message of love which I had scrawled long ago—"*Red and blue means I love you.*" and "*I am sorry about the tippet.*"

Christmas Letters

As I look back over many gifts that I have given, that scrawled message and my little gift of penitence seem to me still among the nicest of all. I think my Christmas letters date from that long-ago time. I always write a great many of them to old and new and sometimes half-forgotten friends. I try to make them like a little gift. They cost nothing and if one writes them out of a full or understanding heart they may bring so much happiness, more perhaps, than some of the so-called useful gifts.

We have some very topsyturvey ideas in this old world, and we call "useful" many a thing that is useless indeed to meet the great, lasting, wonderful needs of life itself. What are these lasting human needs? Let us name them over quite simply and frankly. Are they not, without question, love, mercy, understanding, cheer, encouragement, pity, devotion, gladness, joy, self-sacrifice, honor, truth, justice, beauty? Any one of these given as a gift or expressed in a gift, would meet the needs of any one, because all the world has need of them. Here is a practical Christmas list, if ever I saw one. These are the practical and lasting gifts of daily and constant use, and it is for lack of them, and for lack of them only, that our Christmases sometimes grow dull or dreary or burdened.

Some of us pride ourselves on our generous giving at Christmas and at other times when, dear me, many of us do not even pay life's tithes. The old mosaic law required that a man bestow a certain portion of his possessions on the poor—a full tenth, I think it was. This was not accounted generosity, mind you. It was mere duty, or less, a thing required by law, a mere tax to be paid whether one felt like it or not—and true *giving* began quite the other side of that. To give is to bestow beyond what it is clearly one's duty to bestow; also, it is to give without the desire or expectation of reward; it is just to give, out and out, to rich or poor, to friend or stranger, for the sheer dear love of giving. This is the sort of giving that enriches and never impoverishes. The more one spends of oneself, the more there is to spend; the more one gives of the "useful" gifts we have named over, the more of them there is to give.

Because of these gifts to be had without price, there is a beautiful happy Christmas possible to every one of us. For those who are wealthy there is the *wise men's Christmas*, with its precious and symbolic gifts. The wise men came, bringing gold, frankincense and myrrh, costly gifts it is true which it must have been a great pleasure to them to give; yet these were the least of what they brought. They stood only as symbols of the more precious years they had spent to find Him, of the enduring humble worship of Him and the priceless abiding love of Him.

The Shepherd's Christmas

For those of us who are poor there is always the *Shepherd's Christmas*, which seems to me almost a lovelier thing. They were poor and giftless and learned only in the humble duties of keeping their flocks, on the friendly hills of Bethlehem. Yet it was not to the wise men, for they were led only of a star, but to these humble folk that the angel of the Lord appeared, "and the glory of the Lord shone round about them." I love to remember that. And I love to remember that they never thought themselves poor, nor hung back until they could bring material gifts—they only arose quickly and followed the angels, and, following, found the Babe lying in a manger, and bowed down and were glad.

It all seems so simple, so wonderfully simple! and I marvel so that any of us ever miss having a beautiful Christmas, whether it be a wise men's or a shepherd's Christmas.

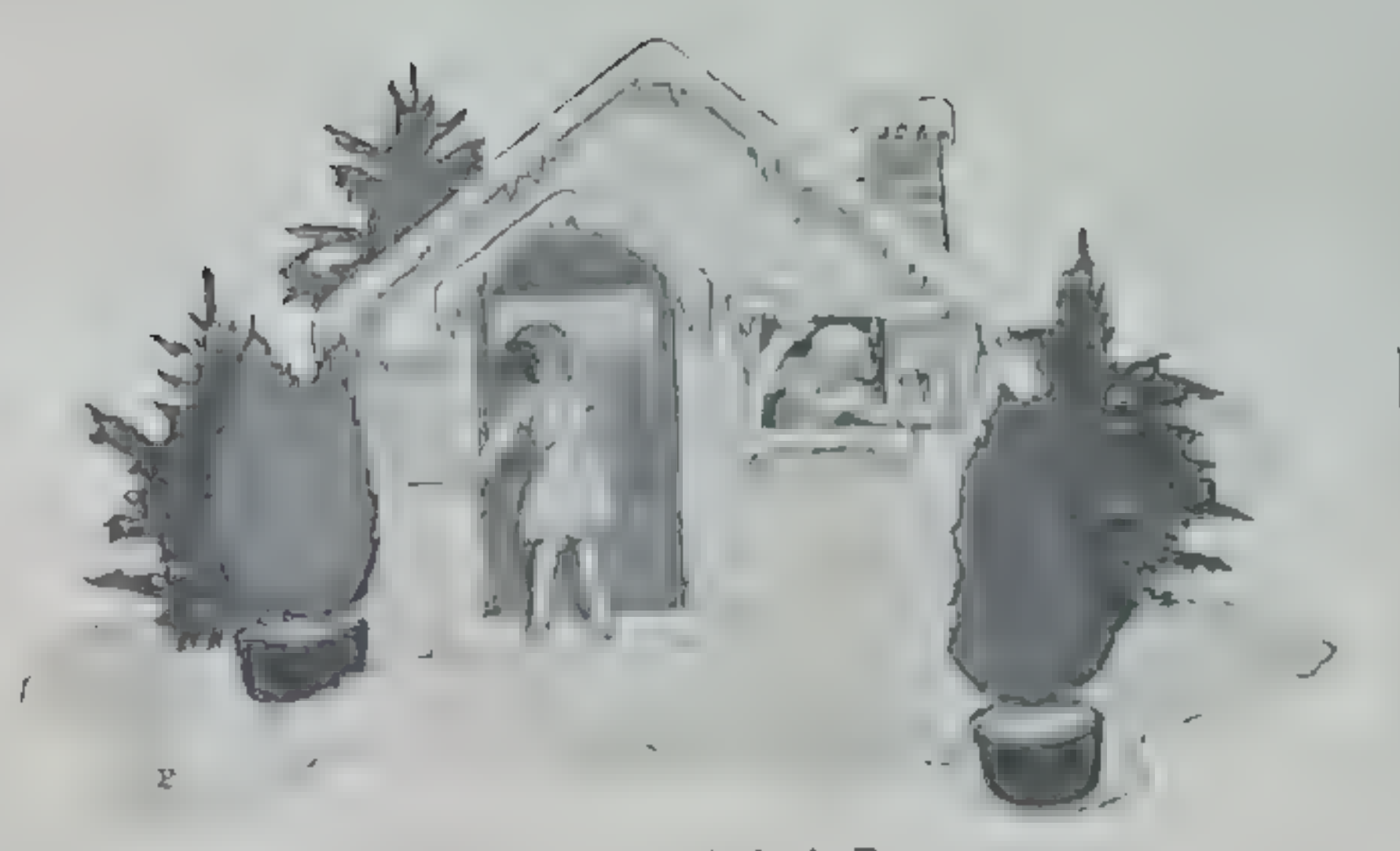
Christmas in the Tower Room

You girls have been good enough to say that you like to come to the Tower Room, and you have been good enough to say that it has been a help to you to talk things over with a girl who understands, and that I have brought some beauty or comfort or inspiration to your lives. I wish I could tell you how much you have brought and do bring to mine. As a mere symbol of my love and gratitude for all your lovely friendship, I want to give to each of you who comes to the Tower Room this Christmas season, or who will send, asking me for it, a little blue print of one of the most beautiful Christmas pictures in the world—the Raphael Madonna that I love best. It is only a little picture that will slip into a letter and I would like you to have one.

Now a very blessed Christmas to each of you, and remember that there is a Christmas fire burning on the Tower Room hearth for all of you who care to come to sit by it.

THE IDEA CLUB

PURPOSE: TO FURNISH IDEAS FOR CHURCH WORKERS, AND ESPECIALLY FOR ORGANIZING AND CARRYING ON SUCCESSFUL CHURCH AID SOCIETIES



The House of Jack Frost

CONDUCTED BY MARTHA LANDON

In December the Aid Society will of course have a Christmas meeting. The program may be made up of readings from delightful stories about the day, music, old carols or songs about Christmas; by sending to a music-store, a list of these latter may be secured. The room where the meeting is held should be decorated with greens, and if there is holly to be had, some one may prepare sprigs of this and give one to each member as she enters the room. The tea-table may stand ready at one side, set out with red-shaded candles, a Christmas fruit-cake and coffee-urn.

Program

Business: Reports of Secretary and Treasurer.
1. Song: "Noël," by Gounod.
2. Reading from Dickens' "Scrooge's Christmas."
3. Paper or talk on Curious Christmas Customs (in England, Germany, Sweden, etc.).
4. Song: "When From the East the Wise Men Came," by Bullard.
5. Reading from "Sonny," by Ruth McEnery Stuart.
6. Reading from Howells' "Christmas Every Day."
7. "The Virgin's Lullaby," by Dudley Buck.
8. Reading: "George Washington Jones, A Christmas Gift That Went a-Begging," by Ruth McEnery Stuart.
9. Song: "Over the Hills of Bethlehem," by Niedlinger.

Early in December should be the bazaar of the month, one especially intended to give every one the opportunity of buying presents to give away later on.

Have an all-day meeting of the society with an informal luncheon of sandwiches, cake and coffee, and let the time be spent in making up quantities of scarlet poinsettias. By cutting out a dozen leaves at a time from red crêpe paper a great number may be made in a few hours.

Have tables put up for booths as usual about the room, not too near together, and in the four corners have Christmas-trees, and pin poinsettias to these; put green cheese-cloth around the tables and fasten greens on this, or use wire netting and stick it full of sprigs; then put a great bowl or vase of poinsettias on each table. Tie cords across the ceiling, from corner to corner and across, and from these suspend the scarlet paper bells which can be bought cheap; put them on red ribbons or tapes of unequal length, and let some hang lower than others. Have some red-shaded lamps on the sides of the room. Get a quantity of paper napkins with holly stamped on the edges and tie up all the parcels sold in these, using red cord to fasten them. Have all the articles suitable for gifts.

On one table have silver for the bureau, brushes and combs, manicure-sets, perfume-bottles, pin-trays, hatpin-holders, slender silver vases and picture-frames.

On a second table have books, Christmas cards, pens, stationery, pencils, candles of brass and glass, leather goods of all kinds, ink-stands, pads with silver or brass corners, and calendars.

On a third table have linen; embroidered centerpieces and towels, lace-trimmed doilies, and sets of table-napkins and bureau-scarfs, prettily-worked neckwear and initialed handkerchiefs.

On a fourth table have Christmas wreaths, pots of holly, pepper-plants, little Yule-logs of birch wood, bells, and a number of glass globes of different size filled with growing green vines and red berries, each with a piece of glass to go over the top. Orders might be taken here for greens of any kind, to be delivered later.

On a fifth table have Christmas cakes decorated with a wreath or a sprig of green leaves cut from angelica and tiny red berries made of scarlet candies. Have also plum-puddings and mince-pies with holly sprigs stuck in them.

On the sixth table have Christmas candy. Sell ice-cream here, also. It will be found a good investment to serve hot tea or chocolate free of charge for this particular bazaar.

In the center of the room, or at the back if the room is not large, will stand the great attraction of the affair, the House of Jack Frost. Have a carpenter or some clever boy build an outline of a house of the conventional shape, putting up four corner-posts and fastening these together, and then putting on a roof. Do not have a real door, but in front, by the side of a simulated door, build a window that has a casement which opens outward. Cover the whole house with white pasteboard, box covers and the like, tacking it securely on sides and roof, and over all lay sheets of cotton batting with the smooth, shiny surface. Put a step in front of the door, and overhead put a piece of pasteboard bent to form an angle; cover this and the chimney with loose cotton to represent snow. Fasten some glass icicles to the eaves here and there and let some of the loose cotton lie on the floor around the house.

On the door put a sign, THE HOUSE OF JACK FROST, and have a scarlet cord hanging down attached to a bell within, make a slit near it, like one for letters, with a card clearly printed: Snowballs for Sale! Large Ones Ten Cents: Small Ones Five! Drop in the Money and Ring the Bell! Within is to be a boy dressed as Jack Frost, in white cotton-flannel blouse, white cap and white mittens. He is to have a great basket of snowballs inside, made in advance, to save trouble; each one is a five or ten cent gift wrapped up in cotton wound tightly with white thread, so as to keep it in shape. When any one rings his bell Jack Frost thrusts his head out of the window and cries, "Who is ringing my bell? Want a snowball?" The visitor drops the money into the slit in the door and Jack selects a snowball and carefully aims it at the one on the steps so as to hit him, instantly ducking down out of sight.

A really beautiful and artistic entertainment may be given during December in a large hall, an entrance fee of possibly fifty cents being charged. It would be called A CHRISTMAS PAGEANT. The end of the hall used must look as much as possible like the hall or main room of a medieval castle. There should be a raised dais with two tall chairs, either carved or covered with drapery; a deep red carpet on the floor, and if the roof is high enough to permit it, flags or banners fastened there in opposite lines. An illustrated History of England in the Middle Ages will suggest feasible ideas. A curtain will hide all this till the moment comes for beginning the pageant. On the dais sit the lord and lady of the manor, dressed in medieval costume, made of cheese-cloth. The lord might have something of the dress of the time of Henry the Eighth, and the lady a scarlet flowing dress, long sleeves, a ruff like that of Queen Elizabeth, and a tiara with a veil over her loose hair. At one side stands the Lord of Misrule, in a costume suggestive of Henry's Beef-Eaters, carrying a fool's bauble; he introduces the performers with a sweep of the bauble and the announcement in very loud tones and pompous manner, "Enter the Yule-log Bearers!" or whoever it may be.

Grouped around on the dais are twelve ladies of honor, dressed in cheese-cloth costumes of soft colors, greens, pinks and blues; these are very simply prepared much after the manner of the principal lady. There should be soft music playing at a distance, and sitting on the step of the dais may be boys dressed as pages, with zithers, strumming chords. There should be four trumpeters, boys in long stockings reaching nearly to the waist and low slippers, with tunics of pink and blue Canton flannel falling over them; these tunics are cut out like paper-doll dresses, or short plain aprons, reaching not quite to the knees, with short sleeves cut square at the elbow and rounded, collarless necks. They have long, slender tin trumpets, or cones of pasteboard covered with gilt paper, and before each set of performers enters they come in, stop in front of the dais facing at right angles, and blow on the trumpet. Have some one behind a screen with a cornet to give the actual flourish.

A group of Yule-log bearers enter first. They are dressed as yeomen, in brown smocks, or tunics of denim and brown pointed caps, the points pinned down in the middle. They bear an imitation log of pasteboard, covered with brown crêpe paper, decked with greens and red ribbons; there should be four or six of the bearers. As they pause in front of the dais, the Lord of Misrule advances and repeats the well-known words from Herrick's "Hesperides, Ceremonies for Christmas" beginning:

"Come bring with a noise, my merrie, merrie boys, etc."

The bearers advance and lay the log on a simulated hearth and then stand at one side.

The bearer of the Boar's Head comes next, dressed as a cook; he carries on a great metal tray a pasteboard boar's head, covered with brown paper and holly, and the Lord of Misrule recites the well-known carol written in 1522, beginning:

"The boar's head in hand brynge I," etc.

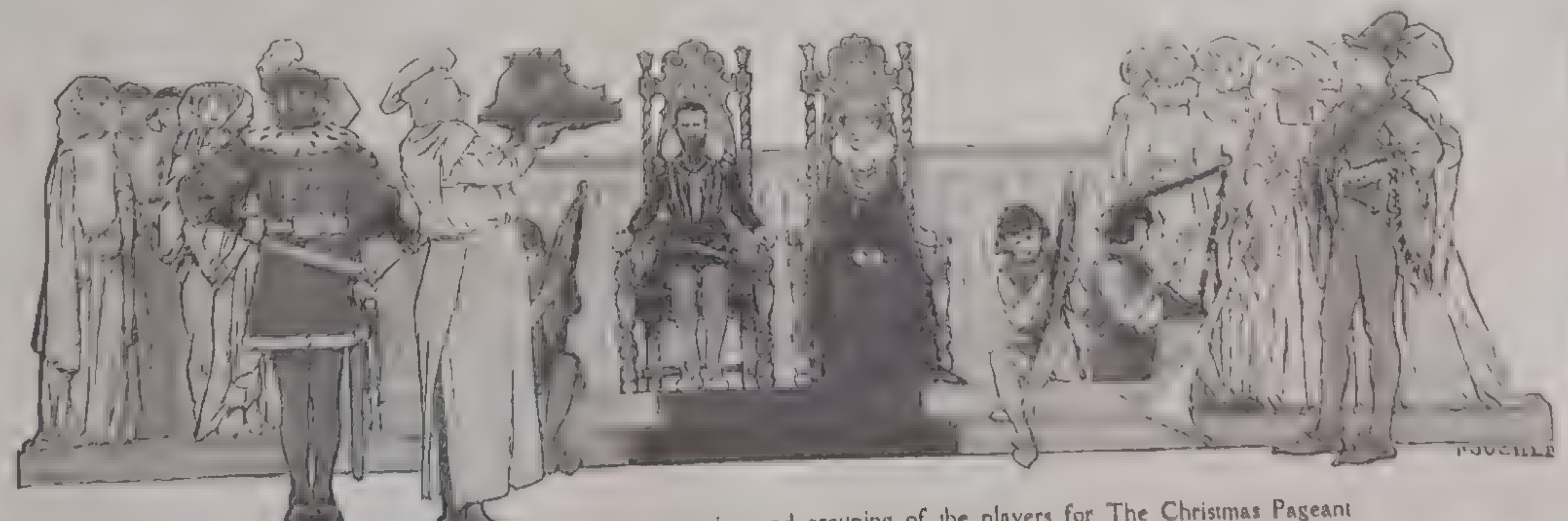
The bearer of the wassail bowl comes in next, dressed as a sort of steward of the household, in denim, brown and green, bearing a great bowl decked with holly wreaths. He chants:

"Wassail, wassail, all over the town;
Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown;
Our bowl is made of a maplin tree,
We be good fellows—I drink to thee!"

Beside these characters one may enter bearing branches of holly and reciting "Oh, the holly tree!"

But the crowning feature of the evening will be a real little medieval play, though a brief one, given by mummers. This will be found in Chambers' Book of Days, Chapter II. Father Christmas, St. George, a Turkish Knight, a Doctor and Oliver Cromwell will take part.

To conclude the entertainments there may be a pause, and outside the hall of the lord of the castle may be heard the voices of Christmas Waifs, softly singing old ballads, such as "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen, Let Nothing You Dismay," and others as quaint.



The scene-setting and grouping of the players for The Christmas Pageant

TIFFANY & Co.

Holiday Announcement

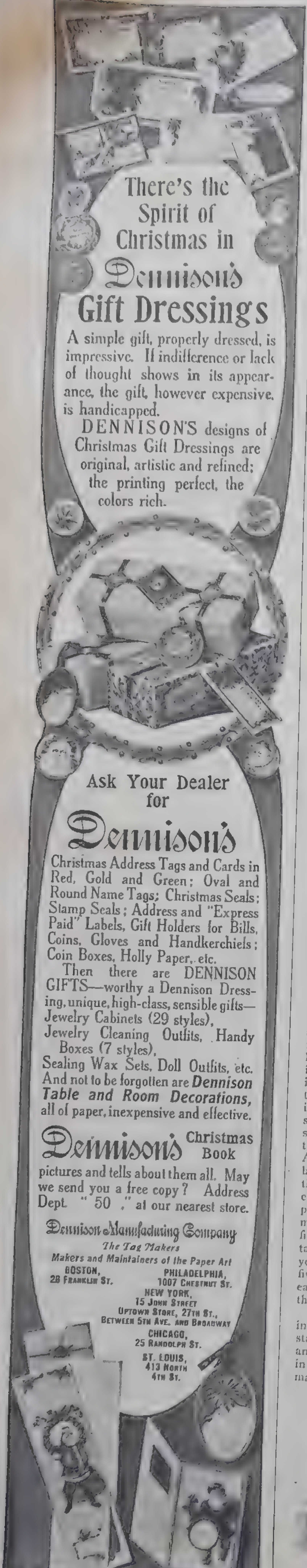
Many Christmas selections, already made and being held for future delivery, prompt Tiffany & Co. to remind intending purchasers that they will greatly further their own interests and convenience by placing their orders as early as possible. Every department is now complete with a new stock of this season's latest manufactures and importations, including many choice and attractive articles which will not be duplicated

Tiffany & Co.'s out-of-town service is an important branch of their business, intended to serve purchasers in all parts of the world. Through the facilities of an efficient Correspondence Department, the entire holiday stock is as accessible to Christmas buyers living at a distance as to those able to make their selections in person. Goods will be sent on approval to persons known to the house or to those who will make themselves known by satisfactory references

The 1910 Tiffany Blue Book is a compact catalogue, without illustrations, containing over 760 pages of concise descriptions, with prices, of the stock of jewelry, silverware, watches, clocks, bronzes, etc. This book is a helpful guide to purchasers and will be found to suggest many appropriate gifts of moderate price as well as more expensive pieces. The Blue Book will be mailed upon request

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices

Fifth Ave. & 37th St. New York



There's the Spirit of Christmas in Dennison's Gift Dressings

A simple gift, properly dressed, is impressive. If indifference or lack of thought shows in its appearance, the gift, however expensive, is handicapped.

DENNISON'S designs of Christmas Gift Dressings are original, artistic and refined; the printing perfect, the colors rich.

Ask Your Dealer for Dennison's

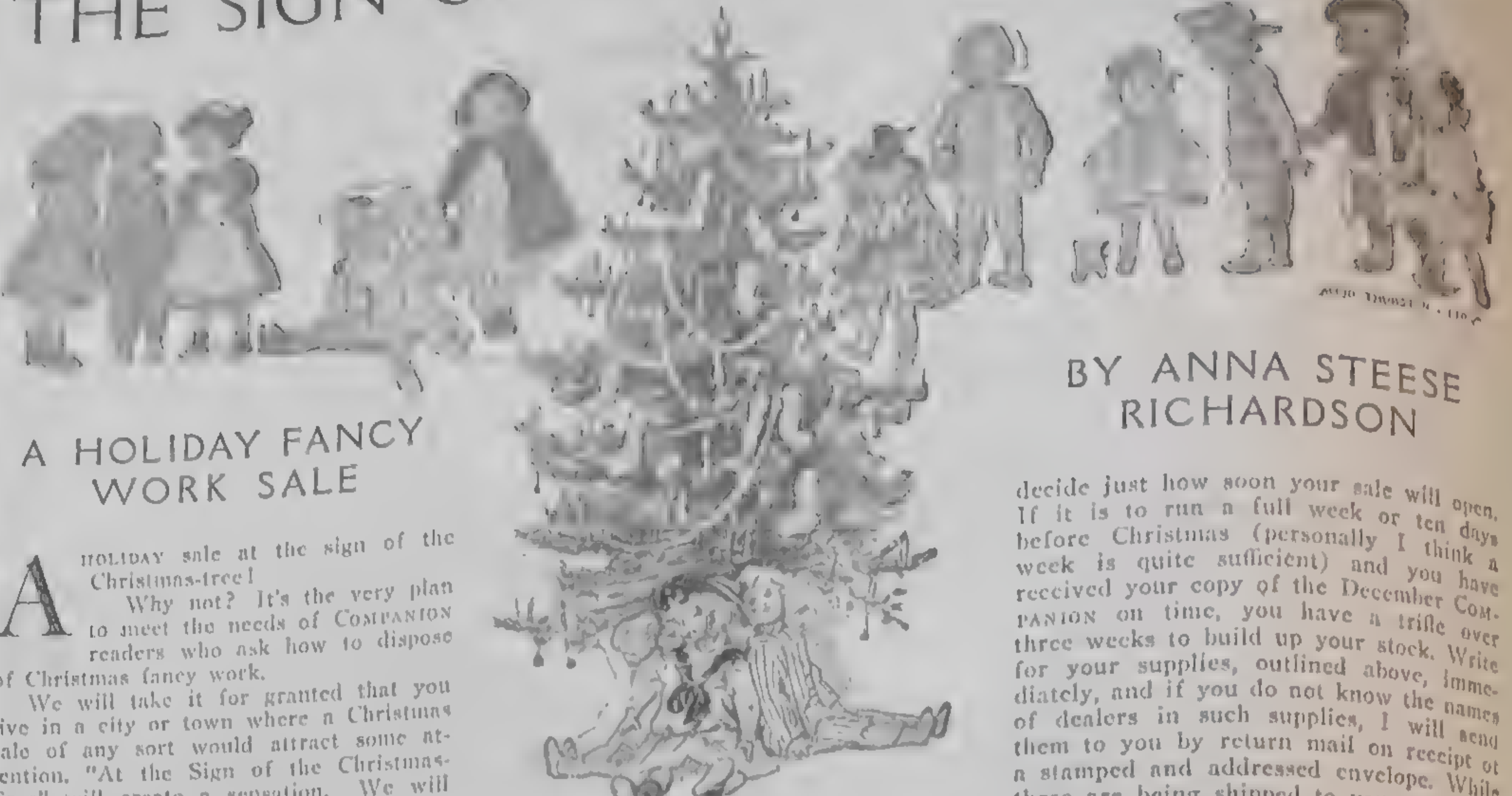
Christmas Address Tags and Cards in Red, Gold and Green; Oval and Round Name Tags; Christmas Seals; Stamp Seals; Address and "Express Paid" Labels, Gift Holders for Bills, Coins, Gloves and Handkerchiefs; Coin Boxes, Holly Paper, etc.

Then there are DENNISON GIFTS—worthy a Dennison Dressing, unique, high-class, sensible gifts—Jewelry Cabinets (29 styles), Jewelry Cleaning Outfits, Handy Boxes (7 styles), Sealing Wax Sets, Doll Outfits, etc. And not to be forgotten are ***Dennison Table and Room Decorations,*** all of paper, inexpensive and effective.

Dennison's Christmas Book pictures and tells about them all. May we send you a free copy? Address Dept. "50," at our nearest store.

Dennison Manufacturing Company
The Tag Makers
Makers and Maintainers of the Paper Art
BOSTON, 26 Franklin St.
PHILADELPHIA, 1007 Chestnut St.
NEW YORK, 15 John Street
Uptown Store, 27th St., Between 5th Ave. and Broadway
CHICAGO, 25 Randolph St.
ST. LOUIS, 413 North 4th St.

THE SIGN OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE



BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

A HOLIDAY FANCY WORK SALE

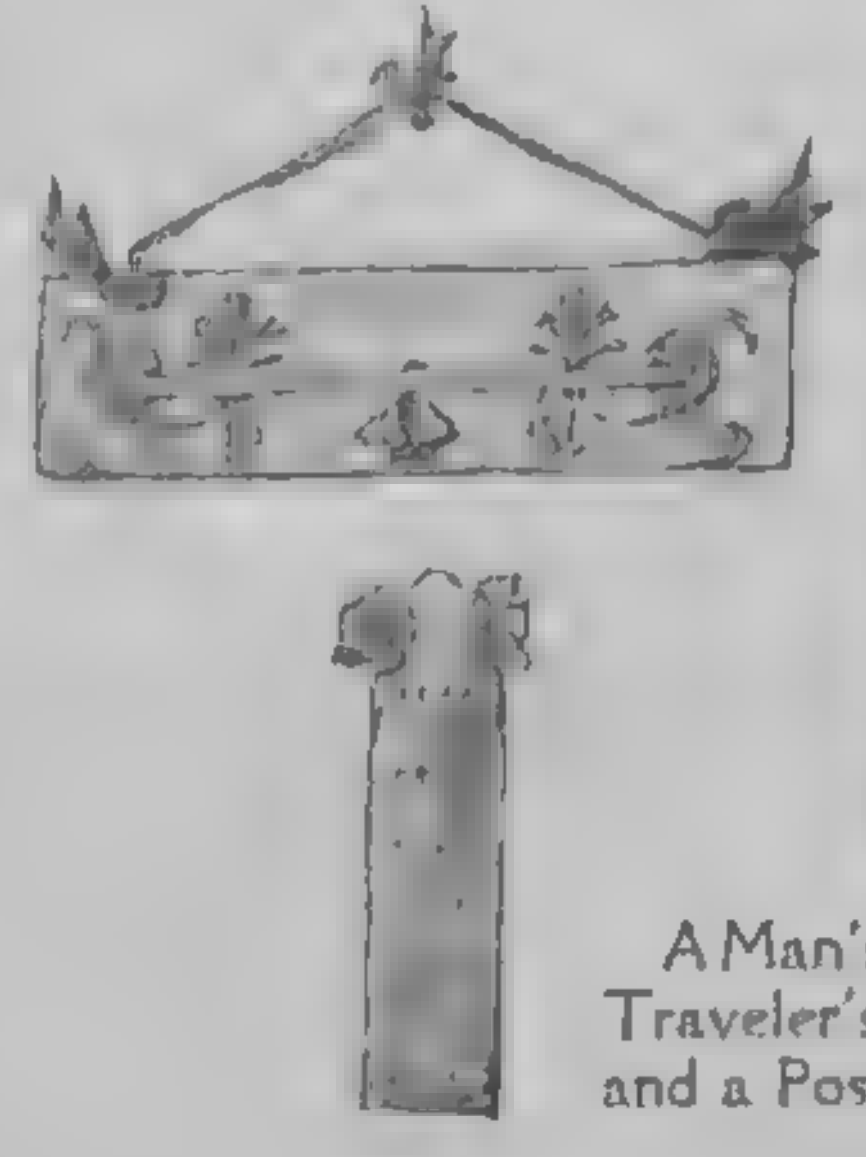
A HOLIDAY sale at the sign of the Christmas-tree!

Why not? It's the very plan to meet the needs of COMPANION readers who ask how to dispose of Christmas fancy work.

We will take it for granted that you live in a city or town where a Christmas sale of any sort would attract some attention. "At the Sign of the Christmas-Tree" will create a sensation. We will also suppose that you are quick with your needle, for from this moment on you will have a needle in your hand most of the time, and embroidery stitches will be dropped for work that will give quicker results. No one thing made for this Christmas sale must occupy more than an hour of your precious time, for no article will sell for more than a dollar.

You will need a little capital and much ingenuity. The capital will be required to buy supplies at wholesale prices, and the ingenuity you will use to learn just what sort of novelties sell best and quickest to your townspeople.

First you will need two Christmas-trees. One of these must be small enough to fit in a stand or tub and be carried in and out of your house or the store where your sale will be held. This is your "sign." It should be trimmed with strings of popcorn and cranberries, not merely draped but fastened on tightly with fine wire or strings, so the wind will not tear them off. To this you may add tufts of cotton batting powdered with diamond-dust.

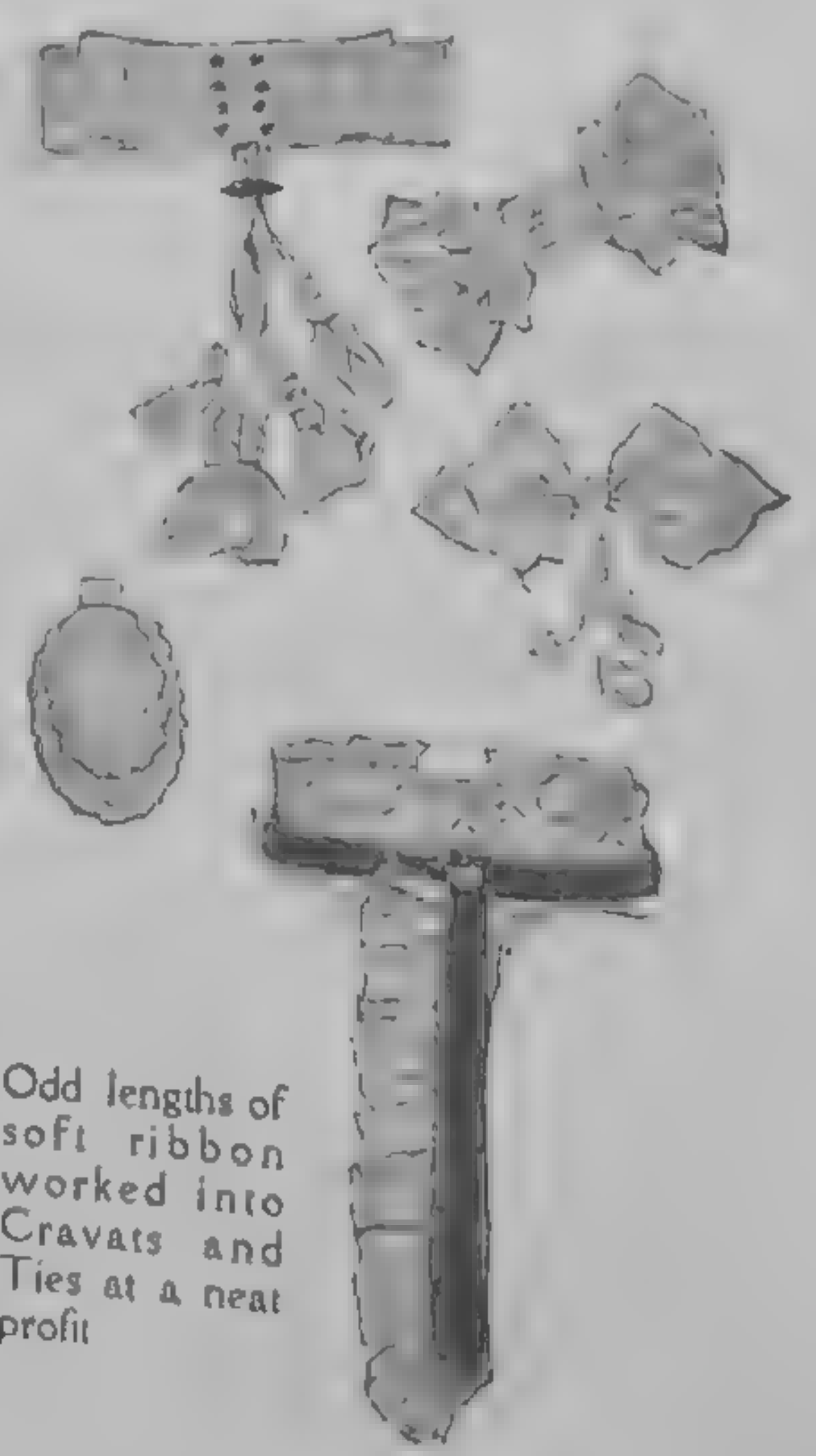


A Man's Tie-Holder, a Traveler's Pincushion and a Post-Card Holder

The second tree you will use indoors in place of the regulation sales-table or counter, and its size will be determined by the amount of stock you propose to handle. Everything on the tree and everything you use to decorate the room will be for sale. If you are a good business woman, you can induce a local florist to supply you with evergreen ropes, holly in sprays and in wreathes and poinsettia plants. He will allow you a commission on all you sell, so that you will make a small profit without any cash investment.

For decorating the room, you should use the green and red paper garlands and paper bells which can be bought in any large city at wholesale. It is well to shade your chandeliers and large candles in scones or candelabra with crimson crêpe paper.

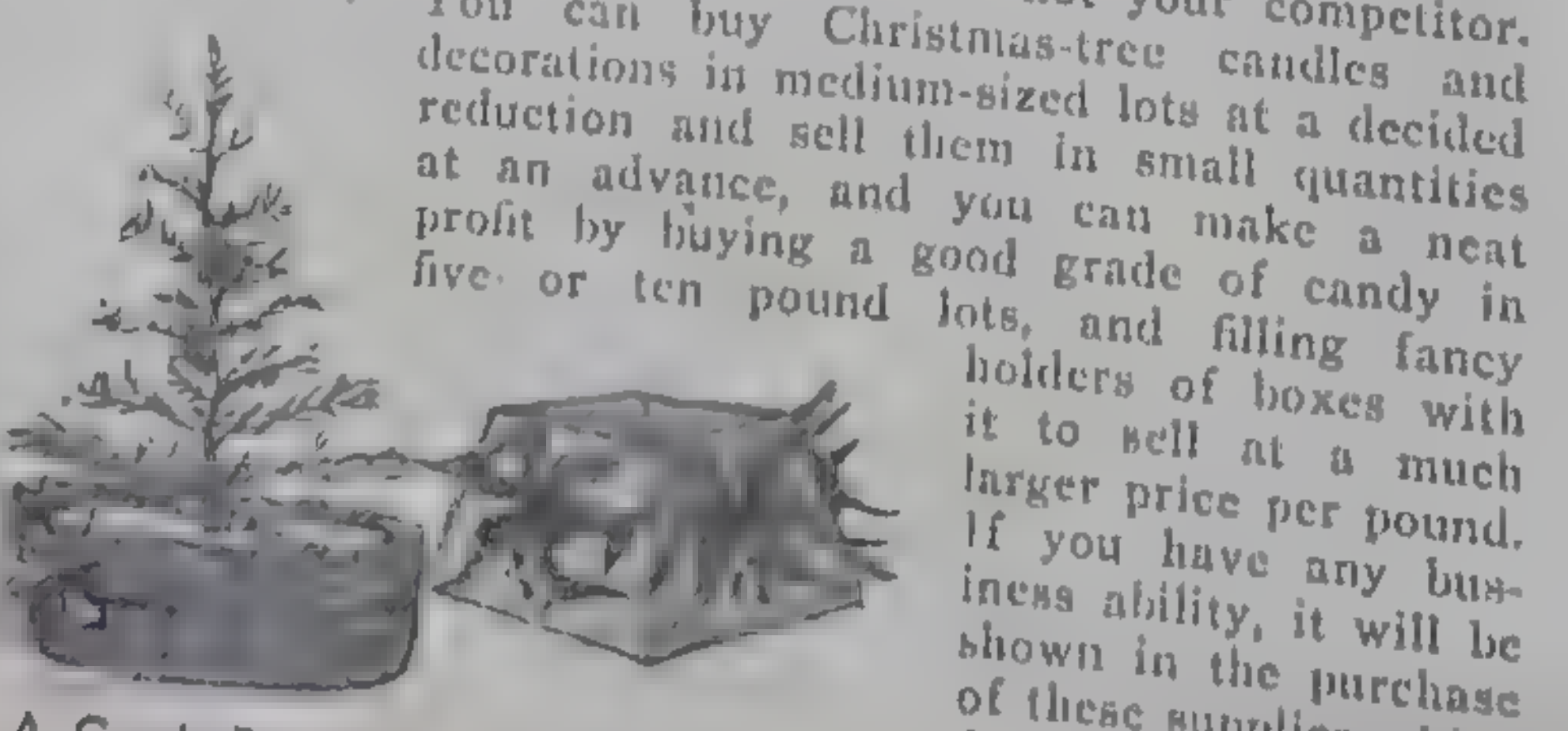
Have a side-table especially for all sorts of supplies for shipping and wrapping Christmas gifts, such as cards, tags, gummed labels and seals, coin and bill-holders, tinsel or frosted cord, red and green baby ribbon, boxes for candy, handkerchiefs, gloves, scarf-pins, hatpins, etc., covered with holly or poinsettia designs, fancy wrapping-paper and post-cards.



Odd lengths of soft ribbon worked into Cravats and Ties at a neat profit

All of these pay a neat profit when bought at wholesale and sold at retail. For instance, for the gummed seals you pay about two dollars and twenty-five cents for a carton holding thirty-six hundred seals. These you divide into lots of twenty each—from some firms they come already packed in wee boxes holding twenty each—and sell at five cents the small box or lot, making nine dollars as the selling price of a carton of seals which cost two dollars and twenty-five cents and postage. Again, round holly tags strung with red ribbon cost you two cents each, and you sell them for four, a profit of one hundred per cent. Tinsel cord that costs you ten cents per spool you sell for twenty-five cents; mica-snow or diamond-dust which costs you fifteen cents per packet at wholesale you retail for twenty-five cents, and post-cards which you buy at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per gross or less than one cent each, you can very easily sell at the rate of three for five cents or even two cents each.

In addition to these supplies, if you have a little more cash to invest, you can lay in a supply of paper napkins and luncheon-sets, stamped with poinsettia or holly, embossed menus, place-cards and score-cards in Christmas designs. All of these novelties are in demand at a Christmas sale, though your local stationer may not have known this and therefore is not your competitor.



A Candy-Box Christmas-Tree and a Poinsettia Candle-Shade

You can buy Christmas-tree candles and decorations in medium-sized lots at a decided reduction and sell them in small quantities at an advance, and you can make a neat profit by buying a good grade of candy in five- or ten pound lots, and filling fancy holders of boxes with it to sell at a much larger price per pound. If you have any business ability, it will be shown in the purchase of these supplies which form no small part of your stock.

Next, you must decide just how soon your sale will open. If it is to run a full week or ten days before Christmas (personally I think a week is quite sufficient) and you have received your copy of the December COMPANION on time, you have a trifle over three weeks to build up your stock. Write for your supplies, outlined above, immediately, and if you do not know the names of dealers in such supplies, I will send them to you by return mail on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope. While these are being shipped to you, spend the precious eighteen week-days making up eleventh-hour fancy work. Do not embroider intricate or elaborate articles. Do not attempt hand-painting or any very fine work that will try your eyes and nerves. Depend upon fabrics to give decorative results. Ransack the stores for remnants of chintz and cretonne in small patterns—and you'll be amazed at what a variety of articles you can evolve from a couple of yards of bright colored chintz. Remnants of cotton and silk gimp in soft coloring, crash and dull colored linens and heavy silk, like moire, are also invaluable. Odd lengths of soft ribbons work into cravats and ties at a neat profit, and remnants of maline, bobinet or wide ruching are not to be despised, while a bolt of French or German Valenciennes, added to such remnants as you count in your sewing-room, will be needed. Very useful will be some odd, absolutely clean handkerchiefs, embroidered and especially scalloped in white or colors. A couple of dozen jet nail-heads in small sizes, a few strings of jeweled beads, odd lengths of black or colored velvet ribbon and tiny buckles will help to work out saleable neckwear. And bargain with a local dealer in toys for a dozen bisque dolls of small size which you can afford to dress and sell at a dollar.

Remember that your investment in cash must not represent more than fifty per cent of the selling price and less if possible. You must clear fifty per cent or more for your time and work, if the sale is to be profitable.

One woman from Ohio invested twenty-five dollars last year in supplies, and her sales amounted to a trifle less than one hundred dollars; but she had been planning for months working out her idea where you have weeks. Next some practical suggestions for advertising your sale well in advance. Have your local printer strike off some plain white cards that will fit a square or oblong envelope, bearing this legend:

> Wait for the sale
> "At the Sign of the Christmas-Tree"
> which opens on
> Saturday, December 18th at
> 242 Seventh Avenue
> You'll find everything for your tree
> and more, on our tree
> Come and pick what you like
> Nothing over a dollar

In the upper left-hand corner of this card, stick a seal showing a tiny Christmas-tree. Place a similar seal on the outside of your envelope, upper left-hand corner. In mailing do not seal the envelope, but use a one-cent stamp. Your telephone-book will give you a list of possible patrons.

Just before the sale opens have some cheap dodgers printed, if possible in red ink on green paper, green on red paper, or red and green ink on white paper announcing

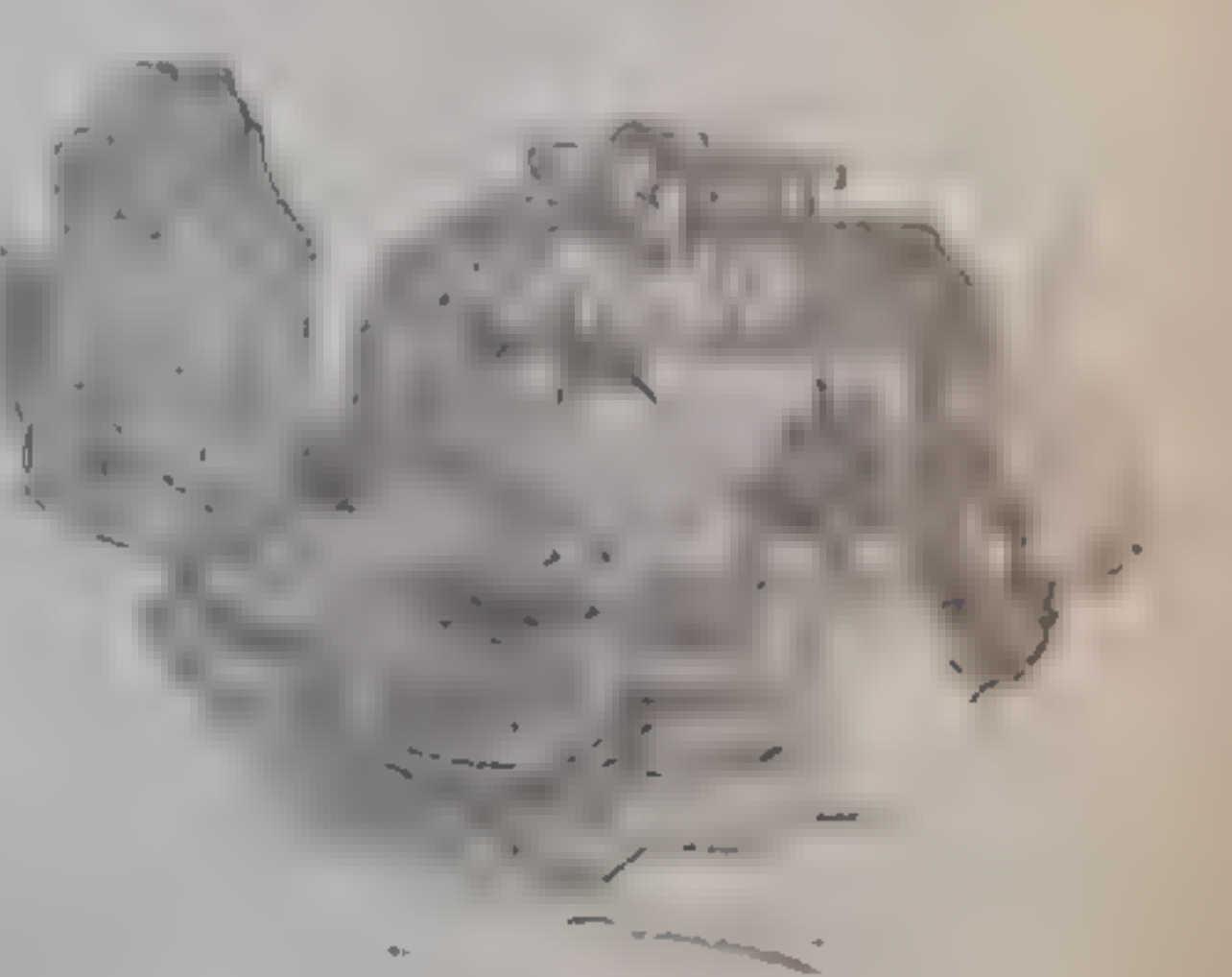
> "At the Sign of the Christmas-Tree"
> December 18th-24th
> 242 Seventh Avenue
> Merry Christmas

This will serve to pique public curiosity and attract many shoppers who cannot be reached through the mail.

Make your rooms attractive. Get a pretty girl or two to help you during the sale, and do all of you dress your prettiest. If possible induce a neighbor who knows how to make delicious cakes, plum-pudding or mince pies to have a table in your parlor and cater to hurried housewives who want eleventh-hour goodies. She should be willing to pay you a little something for the privilege. Certainly she will draw trade and increase the number of your patrons.

Finally some facts about articles that sell from twenty-five

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 71]

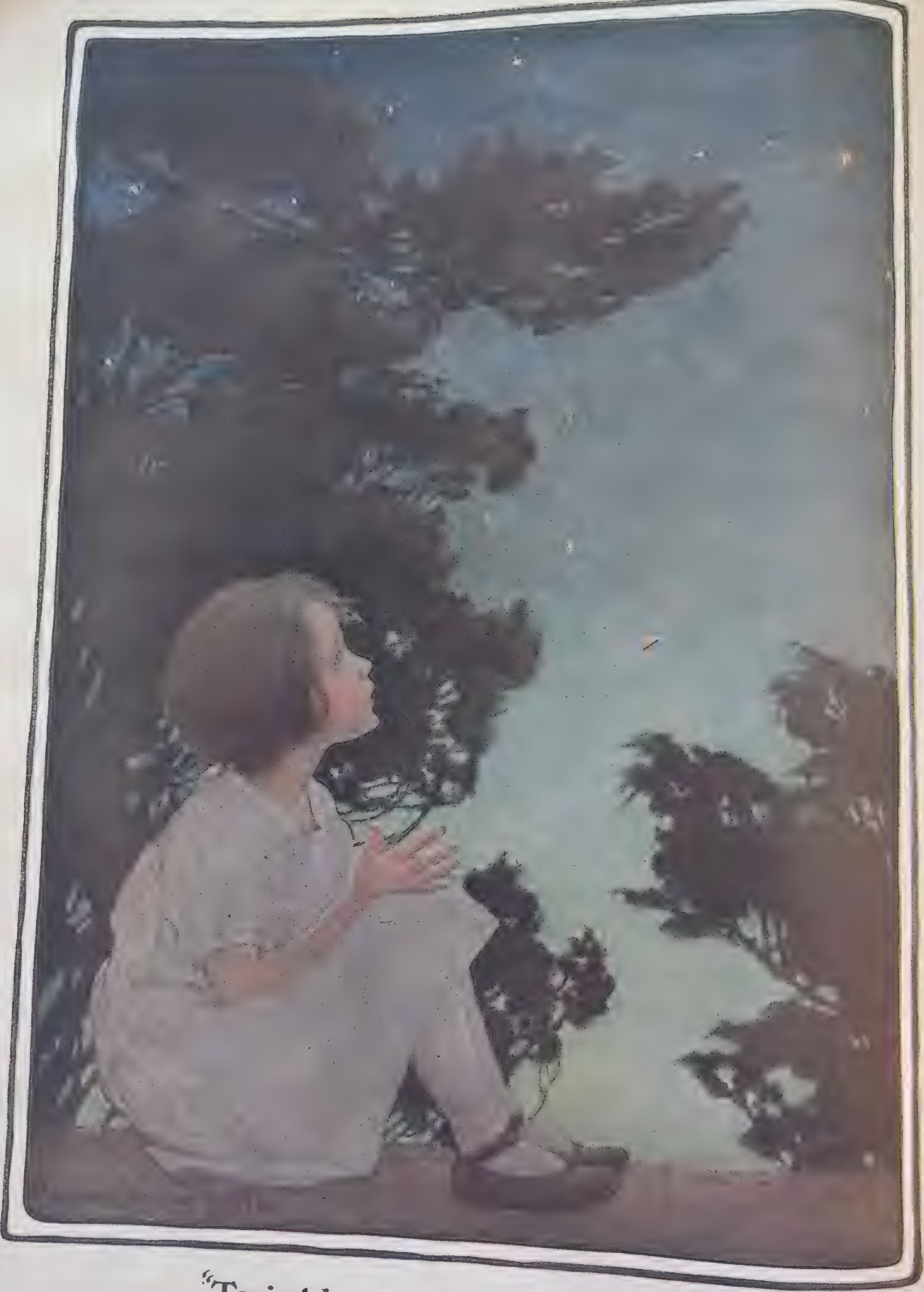


Pincushions, Collar-Boxes and Lingerie-Ribbon Holders sell rapidly

Familiar Verses of Childhood:

A
Series of Paintings by
Jessie Willcox Smith

Twinkle, twinkle,
...... little *Star*,
How I wonder
...what *You* are,
Up above the *World* so
.... high,
Like a *Diamond* in...
the *Sky*.”



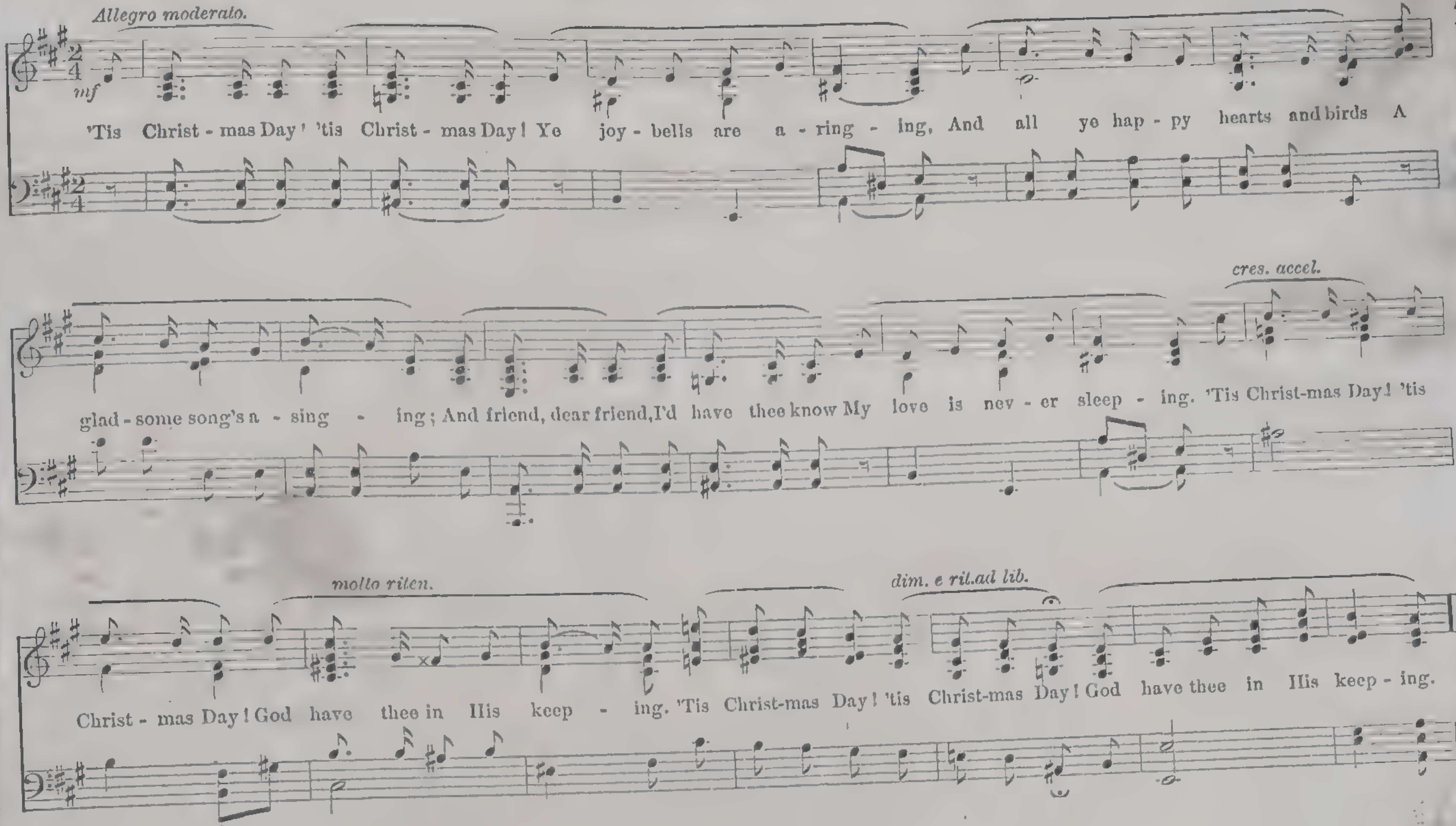
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star"

SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

A CAROL

"Ye Christmas flow'r its petals doth unfold
And lo! We see a fragrant heart of gold."

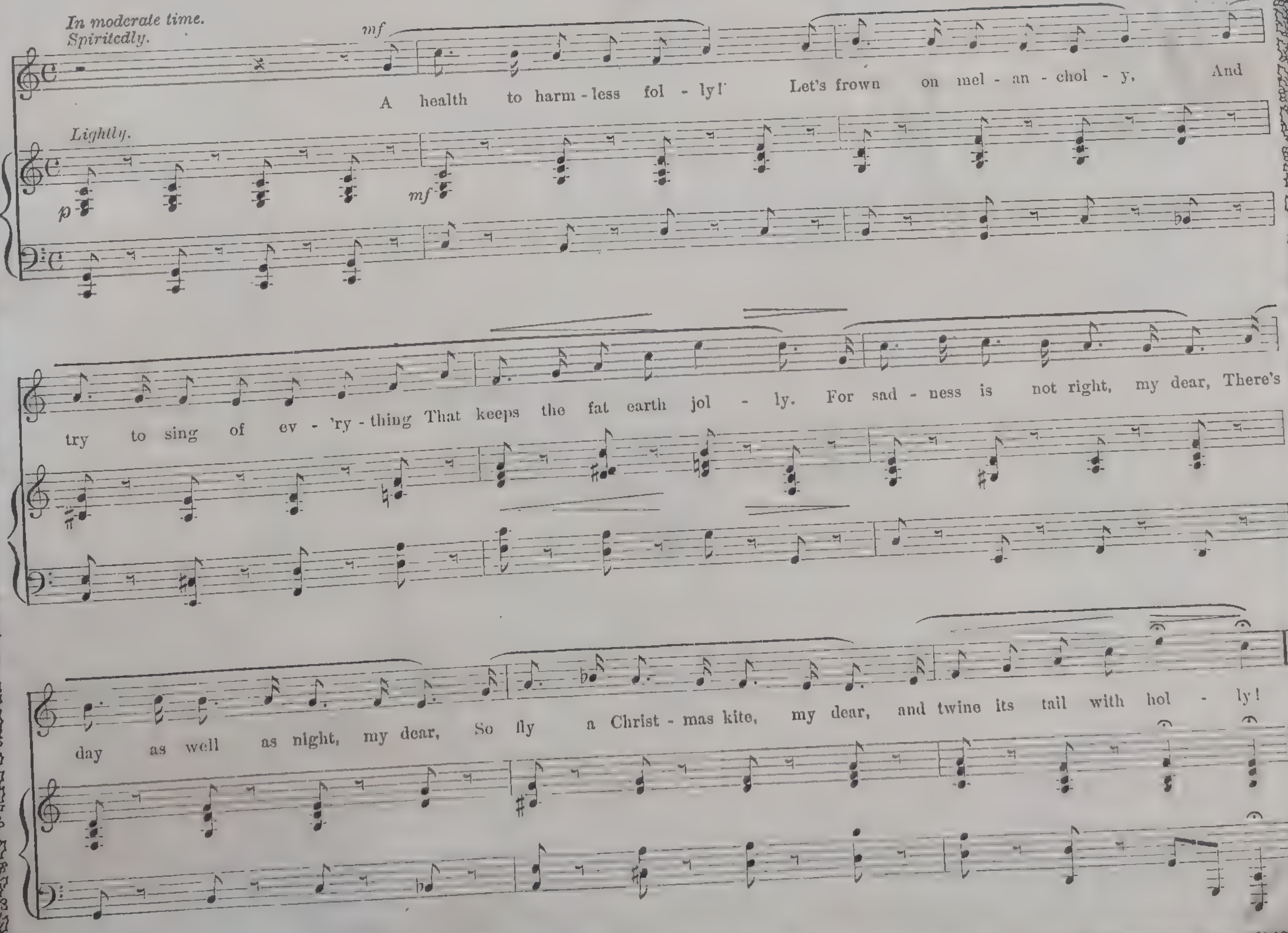
Words and Music by
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT


Allegro moderato.
mf
'Tis Christ-mas Day! 'tis Christ-mas Day! Ye joy-bells are a-ring-ing, And all ye hap-py hearts and birds A
cres. accel.
glad-some song's a-sing-ing; And friend, dear friend, I'd have thee know My love is nev-er sleep-ing. 'Tis Christ-mas Day! 'tis
molto riten.
dim. e rit. ad lib.
Christ-mas Day! God have thee in His keep-ing. 'Tis Christ-mas Day! 'tis Christ-mas Day! God have thee in His keep-ing.

JOLLITY

"At Christmas play and make good cheer
For Christmas comes but once a year."

Words and Music by
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT


In moderate time.
Spiritedly.
mf
A health to harm-less fol-ly! Let's frown on mel-an-chol-y, And
Lightly.
p
mf
try to sing of ev-'ry-thing That keeps the fat earth jol-ly. For sad-ness is not right, my dear, There's
day as well as night, my dear, So fly a Christ-mas kite, my dear, and twine its tail with hol-ly!

N[illegible]

[illegible]

Campbell's

SOUPS

You never tasted a more tempting soup than Campbell's Tomato. New Jersey tomatoes are famous for their fine quality. And we have the choice of the whole crop — large red-ripe juicy tomatoes grown from our own selected seed. They are picked with the dew on them; brought in cool and fresh; washed five times in running water, and made into soup before noon.

We use only the rich juice and pure fruity pulp. Every particle of skin and seeds and indigestible core-fibre is strained out by our improved strainer with a screen as fine as the point of a needle — the only kind of apparatus that thoroughly does this important work. Unless you have eaten Campbell's Tomato Soup you cannot imagine its creamy smoothness and delicious tart aromatic flavor.

You cannot judge Campbell's Soups by the price. You must try them. *If not completely satisfied the grocer returns your money.* Why not learn how good they are — *today?*

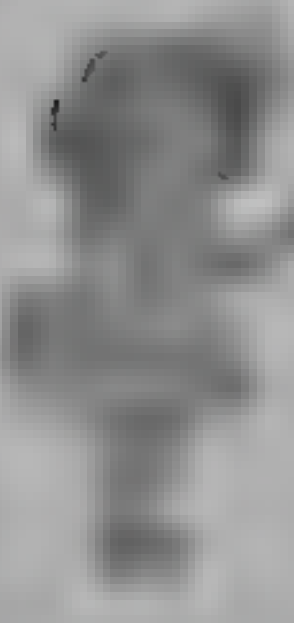
21 kinds 10c a can

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

[illegible]

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Look for the red-and-white label



[illegible]

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

GOOD TIMES FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

[illegible]

A [illegible]

[illegible]

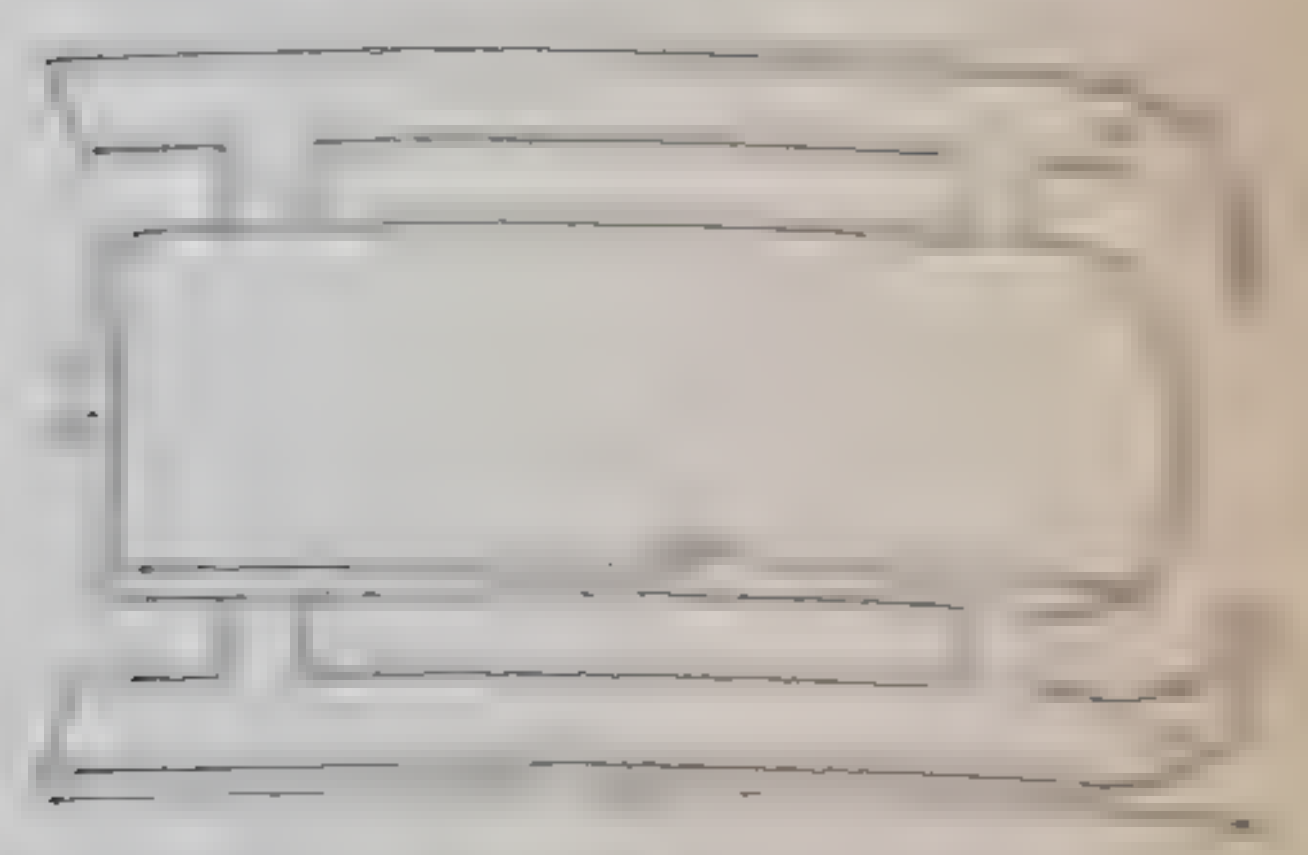
A [illegible]MAS PLANTATION PARTY

[illegible]

A [illegible] Blank requests the [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible]

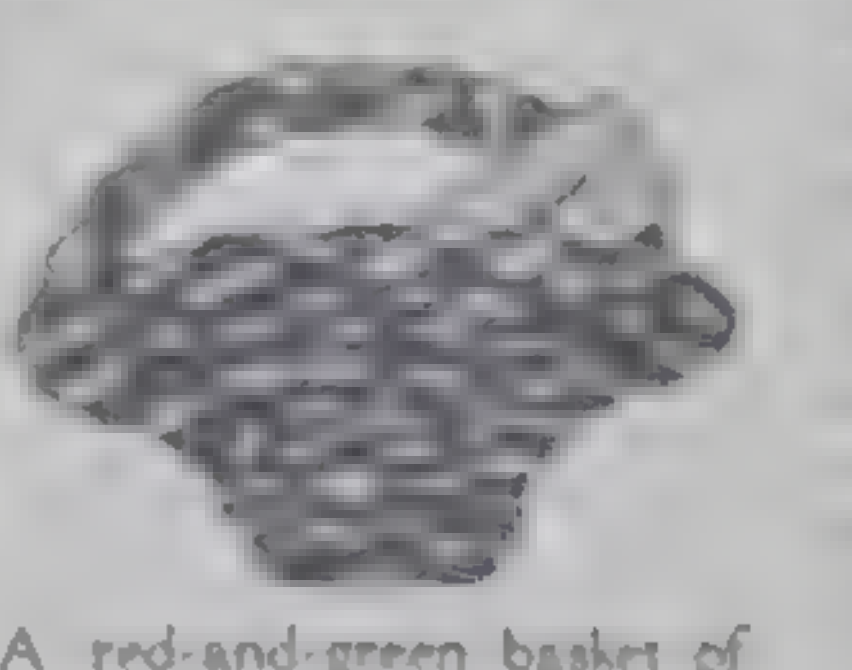


They paired [illegible] of the cards—first [illegible] all Southern [illegible]

A CHRISTMAS STAR PARTY

By Alice Cook Fuller

The invitat[illegible] were written on cards [illegible] in each place where the word [illegible] appeared a [illegible] star was pasted in place of the word. They read: Miss [illegible] Blank requests the [illegible] at a "tling [illegible] ember twenty-fourth, the [illegible] at eight o'clock. Please come dressed to represent some [illegible]



A red-and-green basket of paper holds a Place-Card

One guest came representing a theatrical star, one a fixed star, one a shooting star (carrying a gun), one a pole star (with a pasteboard star attached to the end of a slender pole), etc., and the fun began.

Each guest was given a numbered star to wear, and the name of the particular star which each guest represented was written on the reverse side. Cards, numbered to correspond with the number of the guests, were distributed with pencils attached. A half hour was the time-limit set, and to the one guessing the largest number of "stars" represented there was given a prize consisting of a tiny [illegible] of Venus; the consolation prize being a tin detective [illegible] for the man and for the woman, a star-shaped pincushion.

A set of four star shaped Christmas cards, each cut into fifteen irregular pieces, and all put in together, was placed at each table. Each person at the table took a piece of a star and built the whole up around that piece. The two at each table who first finished a complete star, progressed to the next, all [illegible] waiting [illegible] Cards were punched for each game won, and the lady having the largest number of punches received a star-shaped box of bonbons, and for the man a [illegible] one of the really great theatrical stars. The [illegible] prizes were a [illegible] gingerbread star.

[illegible]

A GENEALOGICAL PARTY

By Clara B. Baker

Each guest was first given two sheets of stiff paper cut in the form of an irregular tree-trunk and tied toget[illegible] ribbon. The first page bore the title "Some people [illegible] to find on my family tree." On the inside of this [illegible] list of twenty famous names arranged at random. On [illegible] site page, the aspirants for family honors were asked to [illegible] the names in chronological order. The list given was as follows:

1, Moses; 2, Longfellow; 3, Napoleon; 4, Gladstone [illegible] Socrates; 6, Solomon; 7, Abraham; 8, Columbus; 9, [illegible] 10, Dante; 11, Shakespeare; 12, Joan of Arc; 13, [illegible] 14, Martin Luther; 15, Washington; 16, St. Peter [illegible] Elizabeth; 18, Lincoln; 19, Milton, and 20, Charlemagne.

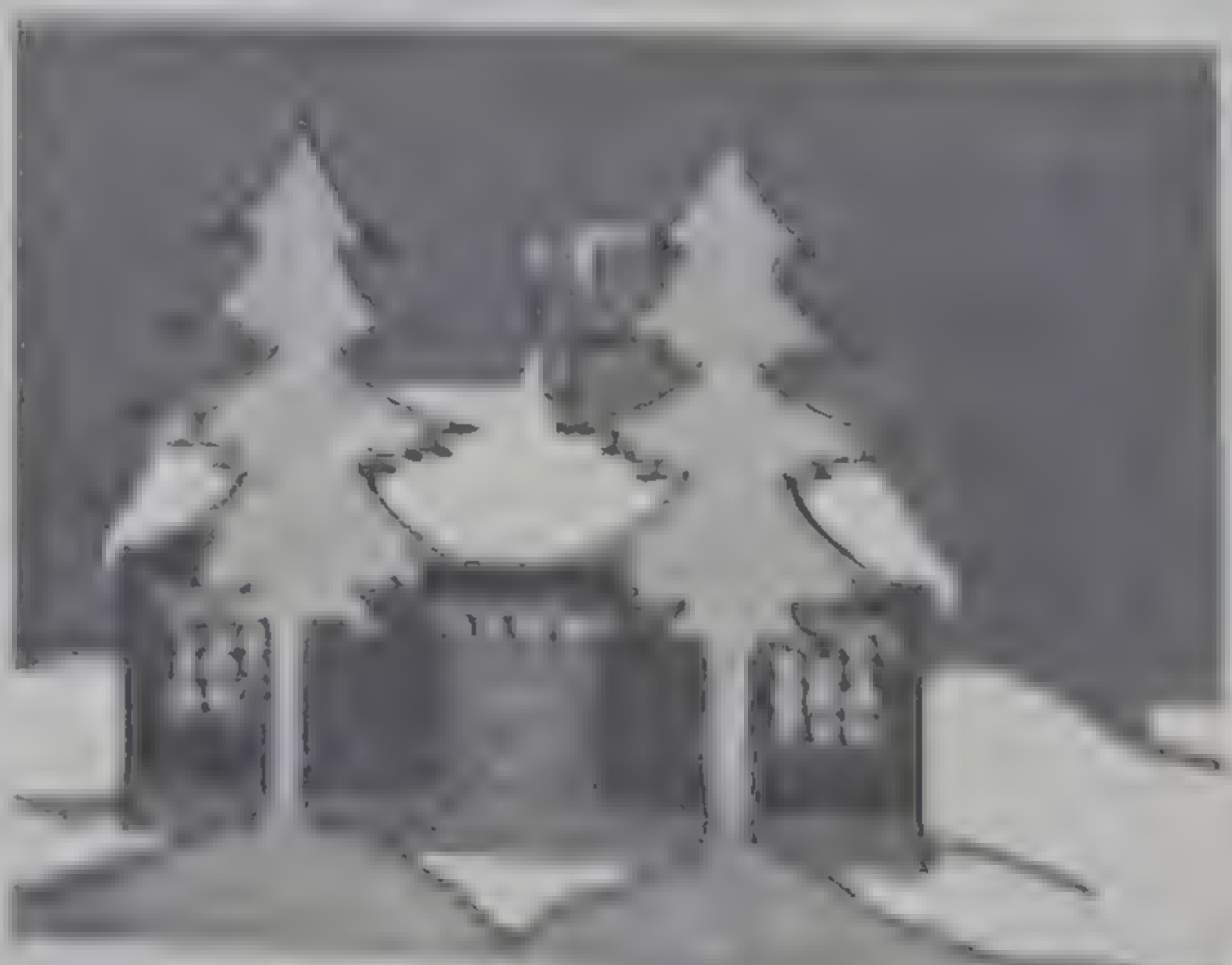
The person whose list was most nearly correct was awarded a home-made booklet, humorously labeled "Our Family [illegible]graphs" and containing small pictures of famous people.

The guests were then told to ascertain by mental arithmetic how many direct ancestors each could claim in the ten generations immediately preceding her own. It will be doubted whether the person who first announced the correct answer, [illegible] greatly in need of the figuring pad and pencil awarded her.

Cards were now passed bearing the words "What [illegible] are they to you?" The hostess read aloud a series of complex relationships like those given below, allowing the guests a few moments each time to write the simple form.

1. Your father's uncle's brother's sister? Great aunt.
2. Your aunt's mother's father's wife? Great [illegible]
3. Your mother's nephew's daughter's son? [illegible]
4. Your brother's son's sister's mother? Sister-in-la[illegible]
5. Your sister-in-law's father-in-law's grandson? Nep[illegible]
6. Your sister's father's stepson's mother? Step[illegible]
7. Your uncle's [illegible] only granddaughter? [illegible]
8. Your brother-in-[illegible] wife's grandmother's husband? Grand[illegible]
9. Your father's [illegible] daughter's daughter? [illegible] cousin.
10. The grand[illegible] the only son of your [illegible] mother-in-law [illegible]

It was [illegible] that each guest [illegible] a family tree [illegible] that the leaves [illegible] be found [illegible] rooms. The [illegible] shaped [illegible] names were [illegible] from every [illegible] place. A [illegible] which the participants [illegible] tried to secure [illegible] twelve leaves [illegible] leaf bore one of the [illegible] names: Thompson, Jones [illegible] Brown, [illegible] Jones, Davidson, Phillips, Peterson [illegible] Matthews. The guests were told that the winner of the [illegible] was to be not the person holding the most cards, but the one [illegible] the most complete family tree, and that they [illegible] ten minutes in which to exchange leaves if they [illegible] The leaves must be traded one at a time, and nobody must [illegible] until the leaf became his own. Of course, it [illegible] the object of everybody to secure as many [illegible] bearing the particular name and to rid [illegible] of all other names. When time was called, it was [illegible] that the person holding the name "Adam" was the winner [illegible] card had been labeled "Adam," and in the effort to [illegible] old names, they had all been trying to get rid of it.



A Christmas Transparency Place Card

A CHRISTMAS COBWEB

[illegible]

[illegible]

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS

A PAGE OF OLD ENGLISH GAMES

T[illegible]

[illegible]

Trades

Trades is a combination of pantomime and forfeits, in w[illegible] the company selects for himself a trade which [illegible] pantomime, with the exception of the [illegible] [illegible]nates the king. Thus the blacksmith hammers [illegible] anvil, the cook kneads dough, the spinner turns a [illegible] carpenter planes or hammers the house, the painter [illegible] [illegible]ush, etc.

The king, the leader of the game, should selec[illegible] which no one else has chosen and begin to panto[illegible] rest do. He is, however, privileged to discontinue [illegible] suddenly and to take up the trade belonging to some other player. When he does this the player whose trade he has chosen mus[illegible] immediately stop his own work and begin to pantomime that o[illegible] the king, while all the others remain inactive, until the king returns to his own occupation. When he does, this is a signal for all to return to their own trades. The king must be very sudden in his whims, adopting first one and then another kind of work, until it becomes difficult to follow him. Each mistake in changing one's own trade or reverting to it again, calls for a funny forfeit to be paid by the person failing.

Fisherman

If there is a large table at hand all sit around it to play the game of Fisherman. One of the players is armed with a short stick to which a piece of twine is attached, the twine being tied in a loop at one end. The fisherman drops his line in such a way that the loop lies on the table about in the center. When he says "Whose Fish?" all the players [illegible] the tips of their [illegible] [illegible] the right hand [illegible] the table inside the circle formed by the [illegible]. When "My [illegible]" is called, it is a signal for all to withdraw their fingers before the fisherman pulls in his [illegible]. This, however, has to be done very [illegible] [illegible]

Fisherman

[illegible]

The Westerners

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Sea is Troubled

[illegible] the sea, as pearl fish, sponge, starfish [illegible] crab, whale [illegible]us. The sea then walks around those seated and [illegible] to each player by his or her chosen name. Each boy or girl receiving a summons, rises and follows the Sea. When all are on their feet the Sea suddenly begins to run around the chairs crying out, "The Sea is troubled, the Sea is troubled!" The rest must keep pace with this player in the order in which they were called. As soon as the Sea drops into a chair every one else must follow her example. One person, however, is necessarily crowded out and this person becomes the Sea.

The Sea is Troubled

Ribbon's End

For it the players are ranged as to size, the largest first. Each stands with his or her hands on the shoulders of the person ahead, the smallest player becoming the end of the ribbon. The largest player attempts to catch the smallest one. This the others endeavor to prevent by twisting and turning in such a way as to keep [illegible] farthest from the pursuers, which causes great excitement [illegible]

This is said to have been originally a Japanese game called "The Snake's Tail," the Japanese children explaining the frolic as [illegible] of the snake, who by doubling and coiling endeavors to [illegible]

The Wild Huntsman

When a thoroughly good romping game is in order try the good old favorite called the Wild Huntsman, or Bang. This can be played by any number of players exceeding six, but there should be at least half a dozen. Each boy or girl should be named after some part of the Huntsman's equipment, as his gun, his dog, hat, jacket, knapsack, etc. As many chairs as there are players, less one, are arranged in two rows, back to back, and the players with the exception of the Huntsman, sit down. [illegible] around the chairs and calls out the [illegible] some player; for instance, "Gun." That person [illegible] and take hold of the Huntsman's hand. [illegible] calling out the other names [illegible] join hands forming a line [illegible] the Huntsman [illegible] at full speed, the others [illegible] as best they can. When he has circled [illegible] three times at full tilt, he suddenly [illegible] the sound of a gun and drops into one of [illegible] scramble for the remaining seats [illegible] will leave one player chairless. [illegible] the different rounds played [illegible] and all sorts of [illegible] may be required.

North Pole

A large [illegible] is marked out on the bare floor. This is called the North Pole. [illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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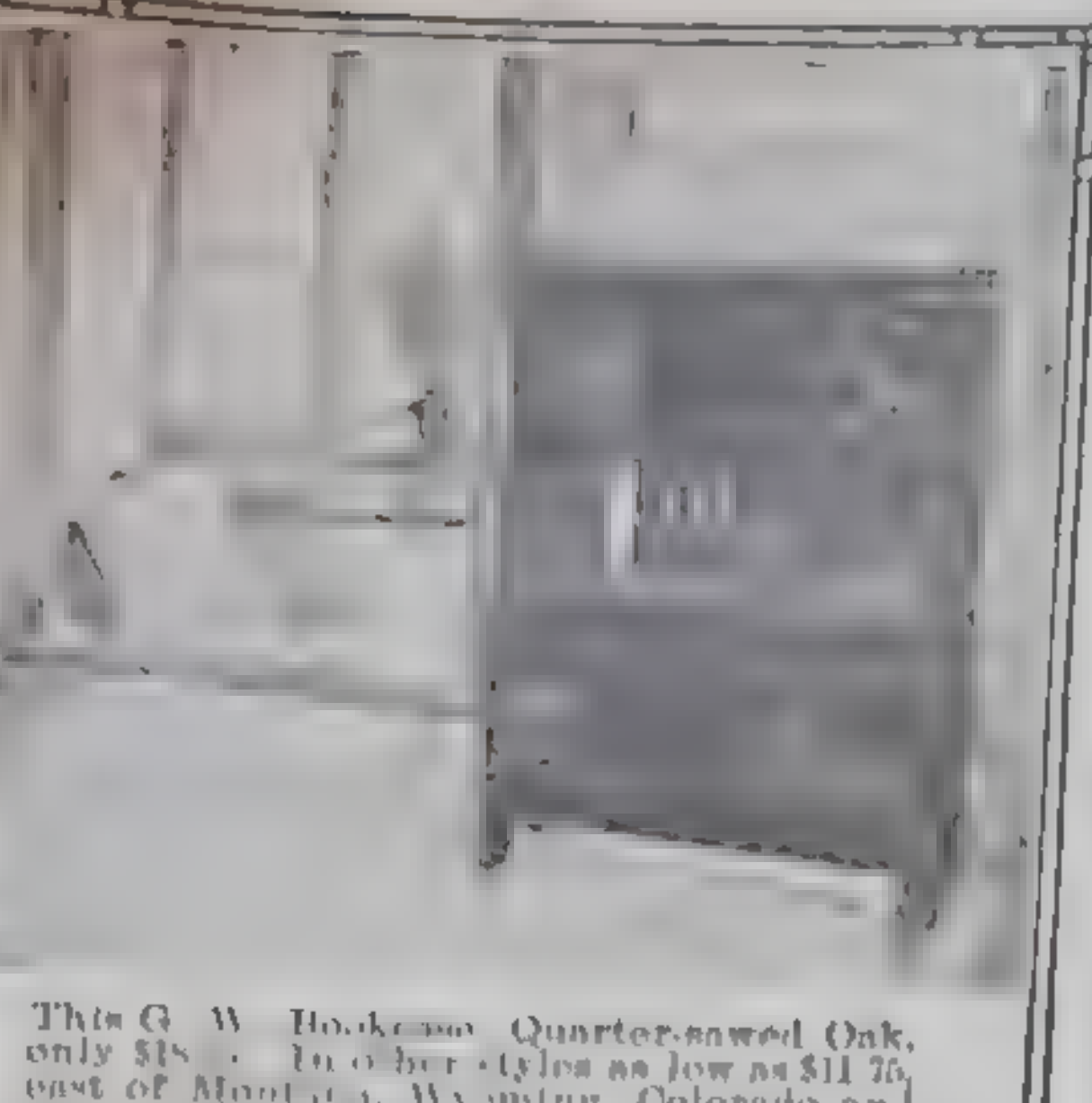
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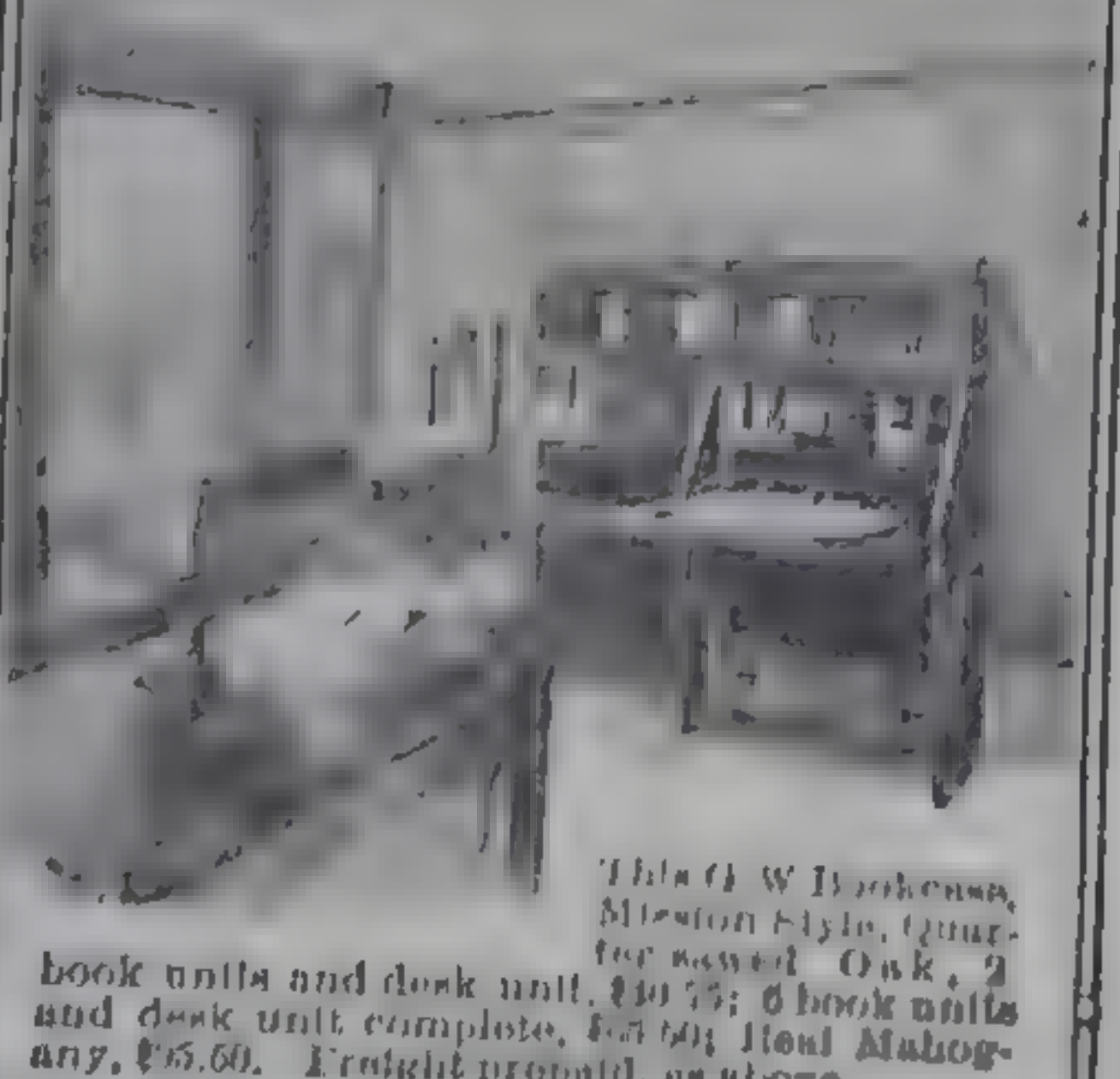
This G-W Bookcase, Mission Style, Quarter-sawed Oak, 2 book units and desk unit, $40.75; 6 book units and desk unit complete, $[illegible]; Real Mahogany, $65.60. Freight prepaid, as above.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

To the average Christmas giver, books constitute a port in the storm of shopping, a boon in the way of settling all disturbing questions as to what one shall give, and in hastening to avail ourselves of the relief offered by the quiet volumes in the book-stores, we are apt to forget that the gift of a book is one of the most beautiful expressions of regard—if the book is chosen rightly, and alas, a mere perfunctory souvenir if there has been no thought shown in its selection. Books have always meant a great deal to the right kind of men and women in all circumstances. They have meant much to the man who owns a handsome library or he would not have acquired the library, and certainly they mean much to the man who has few of them, and can therefore prize them. So let us add books to our friends' collections, carefully and lovingly, and in sympathy with their taste, and let us give the best we can. In the lists below we have endeavored to cover the ground of the average present-day reader who reads for rest and entertainment. Scientific, technical, heavy historical or poetic works have been eliminated, though this year's output of authors saw many worthy books along all such paths. We have the details of such works here in the office. We have done the same with books on art and music, and those treating of domestic matters. This leaves us with books of a more holiday flavor and they have been grouped to facilitate the selection of Christmas presents from among them.

We will be glad, on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope, to answer any question concerning the volumes mentioned on this page or to assist the readers of the Woman's Home Companion to a knowledge of other and different books along special lines. The prices quoted are the publishers' net prices and do not include cost of postage.

Address all inquiries "Book-Review Editor," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

SOME OF THE BEST NEW FICTION FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

Forty Minutes Late, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated. The Century Company. $1.50.

Susanna and Sue, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.50.

The Silver Horde, by Rex Beach. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Katrine, by Elinor Macartney Lane. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Pa Flickinger's Folks, by Bessie R. Hoover. Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

Cardillac, by Robert Barr. A romance of old France, full of love and adventure. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

The Florentine Frame, by Elizabeth Robins. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.

Jonathan and David, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Just For Two, by Mary Stewart Cutting. Very entertaining little love stories of married life. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

Stradella, by F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan. $1.50.

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The Mother and The Father, by William Dean Howells, is the chronicle of the three momentous hours in the life of a woman. Harper & Brothers. $1.20.

The Music Lover, by Henry Van Dyck, is a popular essay in dainty form. Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents.

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Four Plays for Children. Beautiful little plays written in blank verse and easily actable. Contents: The Lost Prince, King Ithuriel, The Hermits, Christmas in Leipsic. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.00.

Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Edited by F. T. Palgrave. Two volumes in one. Macmillan. $1.50.

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The Helter Skelters. The adventures of some real children, by George Daulton. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.25.

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Young Americans in the British Isles, by Everett T. Tomlinson. The story of travel adventures. Houghton, Mifflin Co. $1.50.

CHRISTMAS SEES THESE OLD FRIENDS WITH US AGAIN

Two Lovers, by George Eliot, beautifully illustrated, by Howard Chandler Christy. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.

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The Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. New holiday edition. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

Christmas at Bracebridge Hall, by Washington Irving, and Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austin, have both been illustrated anew by C. E. Brock in the most charming manner and bound in attractive Christmas covers. They belong to the same series as The Vicar of Wakefield, mentioned above, and several others, and are published by Dutton & Co. at $2.00 each.

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Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson, with many illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

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Little Sister Snow, by Frances Little, author of "The Lady of the Decoration." The Century Company. $1.50.

Old Rose and Silver, by Myrtle Reed. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, $1.50; lavender silk, boxed, $3.50.

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The Open House, by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins Pottle. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

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Felicita, by Christopher Hare. An exquisite love story of old Siena, with illustrations. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

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A Garden in Venice. F. Eden. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

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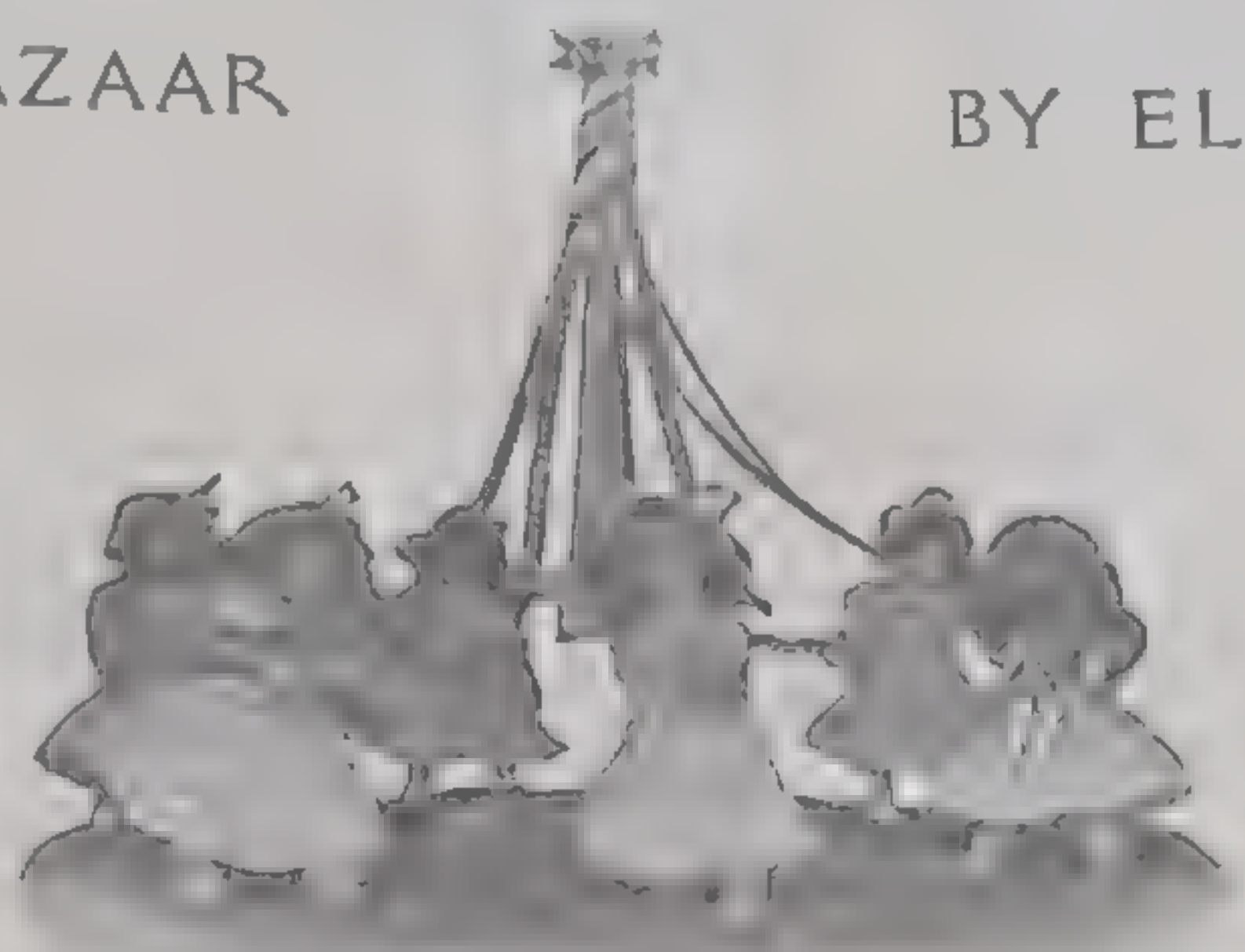
The Book of Christmas. Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie and drawings by George Wharton Edwards. Macmillian. $1.25.

THE DOLLS' CHRISTMAS SHOP

A NOVEL HOLIDAY BAZAAR

BY ELIZABETH G. BISSELL



The May-Pole Dance

IT WAS in November and our treasury was almost empty. The startling discovery sent our wits at the problem of finding the wherewithal to fill it. Our charity had to be supported somehow. Some one hit upon the idea of a Dolls' Christmas Shop.

Three busy weeks followed. A visit to the neighboring great city, upon which our small one depended for its more serious shopping, resulted in the immigration of a colony of dolls clad simply in chilly chemises. There accompanied them a small number of foreigners, dressed in their national costumes, and a few rag dolls, purchased for a decorative purpose rather than for any profit that would be derived from their sale.

This was the secret of the success of our idea. The old doll, with its stiffly hanging arms and legs ending in shapeless feet and hands, was incapable of any expression but that of stupid resignation to the two positions, reclining and sitting, of its sawdust existence. Our dolls should run, dance, kneel, clasp hands. They should be put into scenes and depended upon to look realistic. And the arrangement of the dolls in scenes was to be the conspicuous feature of the shop.

From the Sea-Shore Scene

Our colony was small. There were less than a hundred dolls, about twenty-five of which were small celluloids and bisques, and prices were not to be exorbitant. The suggestion, therefore, to add to our profits by charging ten cents admission met with decided approval.

The next step was when the committee formed groups of patronesses to take charge of the different scenes and to dress their dolls in appropriate costumes for them. Stage property was borrowed from attics, nurseries, and a local wholesale toy establishment on the condition that everything could be returned that was not sold. The use of a vacant store situated on the principal business street was donated by its generous owner, and in a very few days we were under way.

Two days before the shop opened, preparations to make the store as festive as possible were begun. The room was long and dark, the ceilings high, the wall-paper ugly. But several rolls of green paper tacked over the glaring red and yellow paper, a frieze of Dutch children, hoops suspended at different heights from the ceiling—large and small ones, twisted with green cambric, drooping strands of light and dark green cambric, and encircling a fiery or tinseled Christmas ball—lights and vines of artificial flowers united to make a desirable background for the shop.

Tables were arranged along the walls for the scenes, the spaces from table to wall concealed by green paper tacked across the front. Japanese screens partitioned off a room where light refreshments were served.

Carmela

The shop opened on a Wednesday afternoon, the second week in December. The children darted here and there, exclaiming, pointing, making excited demands for the doll of their choice. The grown-ups followed, laughing good-naturedly, confessing to a revival of long-forgotten sensations as they passed from scene to scene.

There was the winter scene made upon one of the tables with the aid of boxes, cotton, diamond-dust, Christmas-trees and miniature sleds. Mountains were sketched in chalk on the green-paper background, winter bushes with red berries stuck up out of the snow, rabbits played in the woods, a little girl, with her dog, had just mailed a letter at the box on the corner and a small colored newsboy watched wistfully the half a dozen boy and girl dolls coasting down the hill.

A bathing beach excited much amusement. Sand, heaped in realistic mounds and hollows, with boulders and dwarf bushes massed here and there, sloped down to a lake made of a pan. The actors were celluloid and bisque dolls. Tiny ones played in the sand, dug holes and buried themselves; a couple flirted behind a rock; a young celluloid fellow dived off a spring-board; others waded into the water, swam and floated.

In a garden, surrounded by a gray stone wall made of card-board blocked with chalk, dolls strolled and played. Formal sand flower-beds filled with artificial forget-me-nots and tiny yellow primroses edged the paths and decorated the green paper grass-plots. A little girl in white frock, with pink sash and pink bow on her curls, ran down a path with a paper windmill in her hand, older girls in guimpe dresses and hats told secrets, and a boy and girl with cropped hair, dressed in white piqué plaited suits, patent-leather belts and black shoes and stockings plotted mischief together.

On the other side of the room a series of domestic scenes was exhibited in collapsible doll houses. Three or four large squares of heavy cardboard were fastened together with wire, papers of small designs with tiny borders were pasted on the inside, windows were cut and curtains were hung. In the bedroom there were nurses with sick children. One small bisque doll done up in bandages and splints excited sympathy. In the dining-room a dinner was going on, and in the drawing-room a young lady sang at the piano, while another played her accompaniment, and other guests assumed attitudes of enjoyment. In the kitchen, a colored cook reigned supreme.

A street scene was constructed out of a few branches of firs, two residences from the wholesale toy establishment, cement walks chalked on paper, a sand street and horses and wagons. Small bisque dolls lent human interest. A group lunched on the grass, others sat on the verandas; a perambulator, containing an infant an inch long, was being pushed by a young lady.

A May-pole dance was held on a circular table with six little dolls tripping over green grass around the pole, from which flew gay ribbons and garlands.

There was a circus ring, too, with a clown and teddy-bear holding paper hoops, and a bare-back rider, in green tarlatan skirts, poised with one foot on her steed's back, the other on his head. And there was a quaint old-fashioned theater with small marionettes that acted the play of Cinderella.

With the exception of the celluloid and bisque dolls, all those exhibited in scenes were of one size, about thirteen inches in length. The "real little kids" in Buster Brown suits, with ruthlessly cropped hair were the most popular, but all of them went off like hot cakes, justifying the supposition that many more could have been sold.

Although these dolls could stand alone, they could not be expected to resist the disturbance occasioned by the jostlings of a crowd. This difficulty was overcome by pinning short pieces of tape to their petticoats near the waistline. The other ends were fastened to the foundation upon which they stood at an equal distance in front and behind the doll, which was thus able to maintain its equilibrium without jarring the realistic effect of the scene.

All of the dolls were named. A small card introduced a Gwendolyn, Muriel, Gaylord or Prince Rudolph to the spectator, and proved to be practical as well as entertaining.

A dozen dolls of the same variety, bisque heads and papier-mâché bodies, about eighteen inches in length, were exhibited on a table by themselves. These dolls, one in lovely rose mull, another in white batiste and lace, another in white serge suit with kilted skirt, hat and kid gloves, were charming creatures, especially to the little girl who wants "one more doll" before she grows up.

The foreigners occupied a table by themselves. The most popular was a Sicilian peasant girl with her sack of grasses slung over her shoulder. She wore clumsy fur boots on her feet, and her petticoat was of coarse hand-woven linen and lace made by la signora, the wife of an Italian fruit-dealer, who presented Carmela to the shop.

In the center of the room, on a small table, stood, alone, the Princess Sonia, a doll the size of a small child. She was dressed in an elaborate French frock with a big blue sash, and her chestnut curls fell from beneath a lovely lingerie hat.

The cordial response of modistes and a popular tailor of the city to the plea of the committee had resulted in an impressive wedding procession. The bride, a fascinating blonde with brown eyes, wore white satin, a long veil and orange-blossoms; the groom, a frock coat, gray trousers and lavender tie. The bridesmaid was a wonderful creature in pink; and there was a little ribbon boy in white linen and blue leather belt, and a little girl in batiste and white satin sash and bow on her cropped brown hair. There was also a stunning creation in a pink broadcloth suit donated by another modiste. It was found necessary to raffle off these larger dolls.

And we come at last to the Furnishing Goods Department. Here an opportunity was offered to purchase all sorts of useful articles. There were sweaters, afghans, overalls and flannellet nightgowns, donated by a real factory, handkerchiefs, towels, mittens, caps, tam-o'-shanters, coats, daintily-flowered kimonos, tiny bed-socks knitted by a grandmother of over eighty years, and muffs and tippets. There was also a splendid Millinery Department which some of the milliners of the city had generously helped to equip. These departments sold out immediately, and the profit was clear, so that there were many regrets that re-stocking was impossible.

"The Romping Boys"

The shop was kept open three and one half days, morning afternoon and evening. The dolls were sold on the condition that they be left on exhibition until the closing of the shop.

That the affair would be a success was known, happily, before the shop had been open more than a few hours. Everything was sold, and, at that, without any persuasion on the part of the clerks. Nearly four hundred and fifty dollars were taken in, and expenses were a little over one hundred dollars. Admissions reached almost one hundred dollars.

Considering the short amount of time spent in preparation, the comparatively small number of dolls and the moderate prices, results were more satisfactory than our anticipations had foreseen.

A Row of Fascinating Red Riding Hoods

Remember that cotton is not an Ostermoor—any more than flour is bread.

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So it isn't half so much *what* the

Ostermoor $15.

Mattress is made of as it is *how it is made* that accounts for Ostermoor fifty-year comfort and durability. The Ostermoor Mattress is proof against dampness, dust, vermin and germs; is firmly elastic and evenly soft in every spot, and remains so indefinitely.

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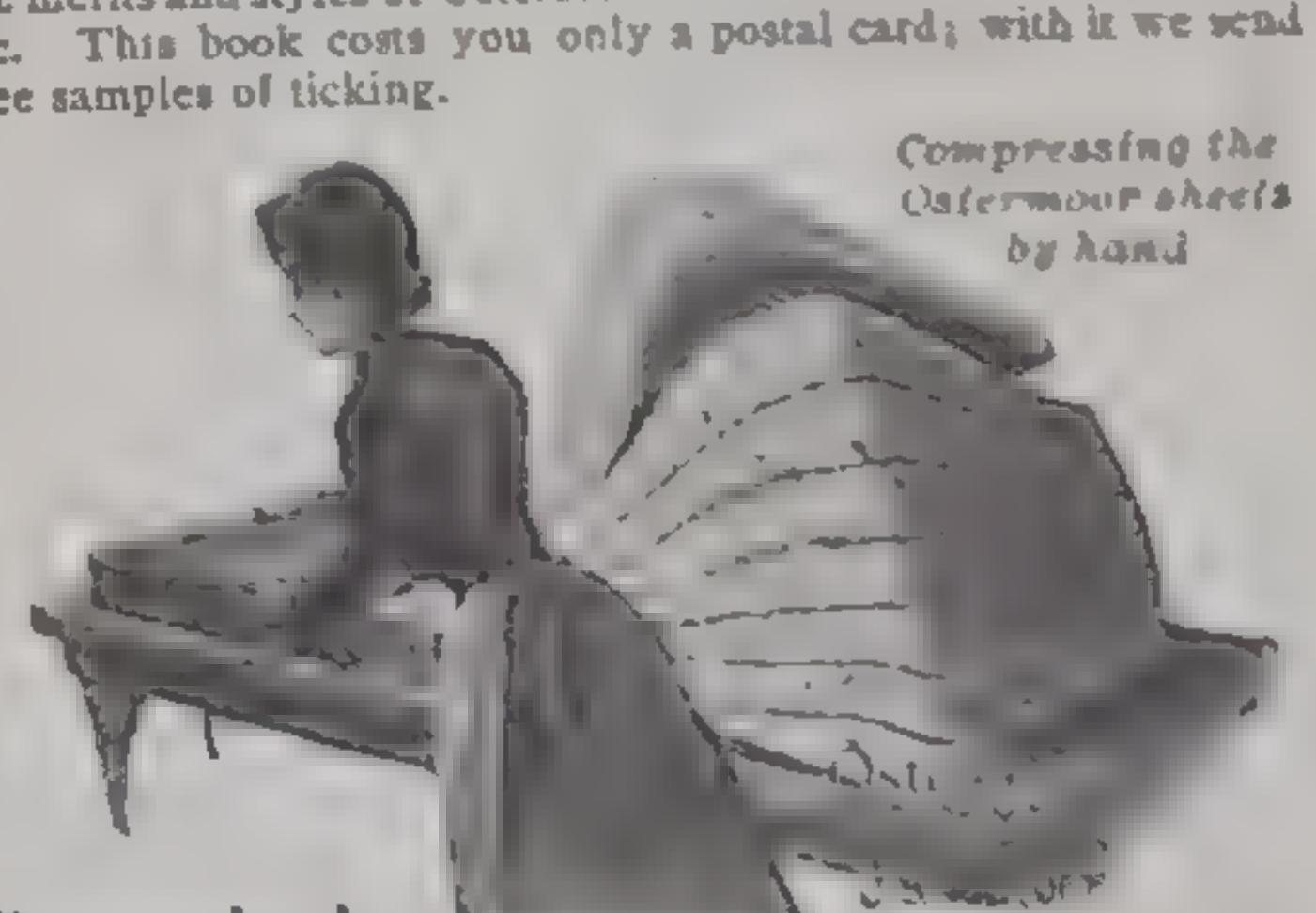

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Remember!

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We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, same day your check is received by us when we have no dealer or he has none in stock. Sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress for a month—then, if for any reason you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money.

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MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid

4 ft. 6 in.,	45 lbs.	$15.00
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3 ft.	30 lbs.	10.00
2 ft. 6 in.,	25 lbs.	8.35

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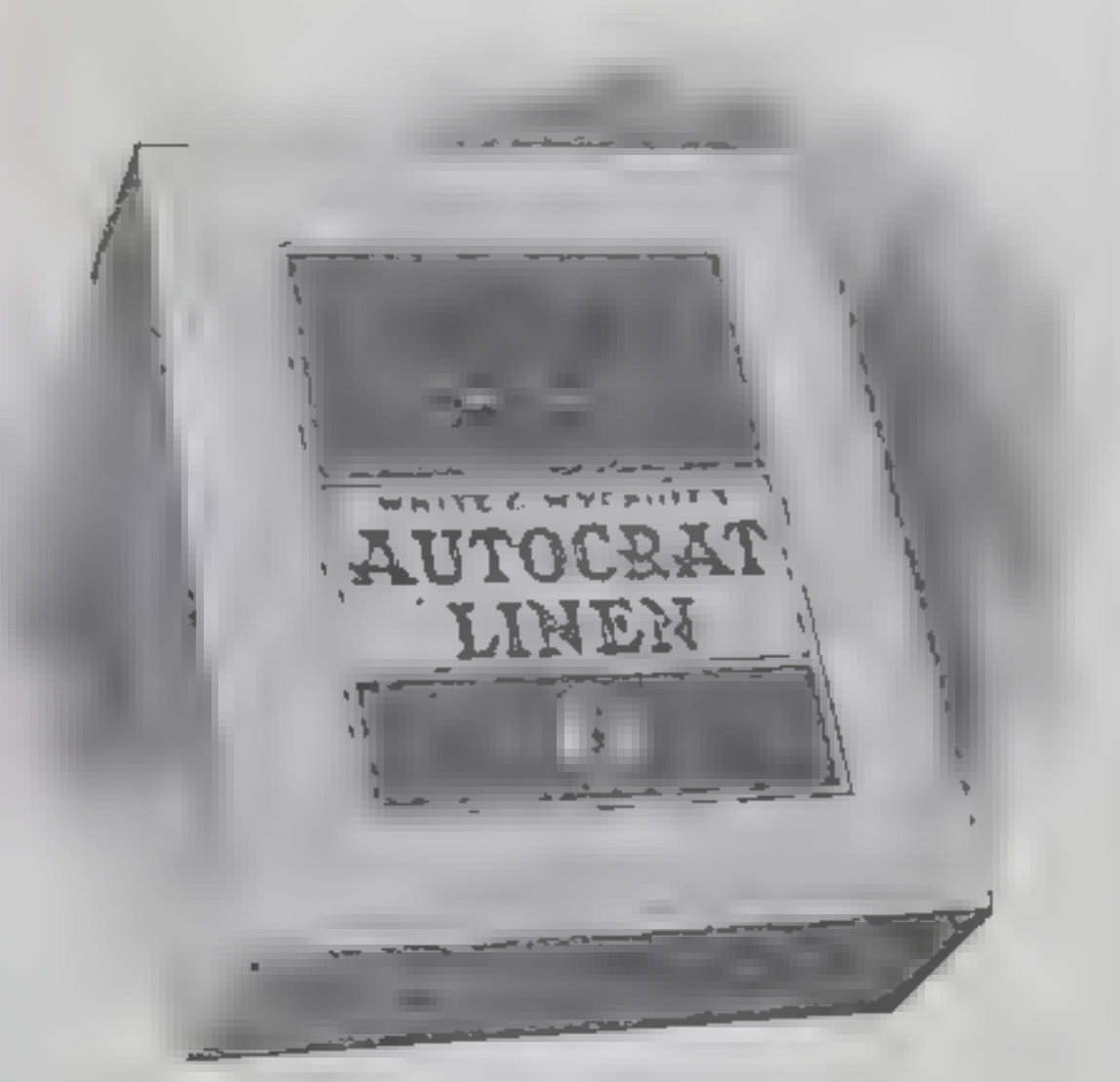

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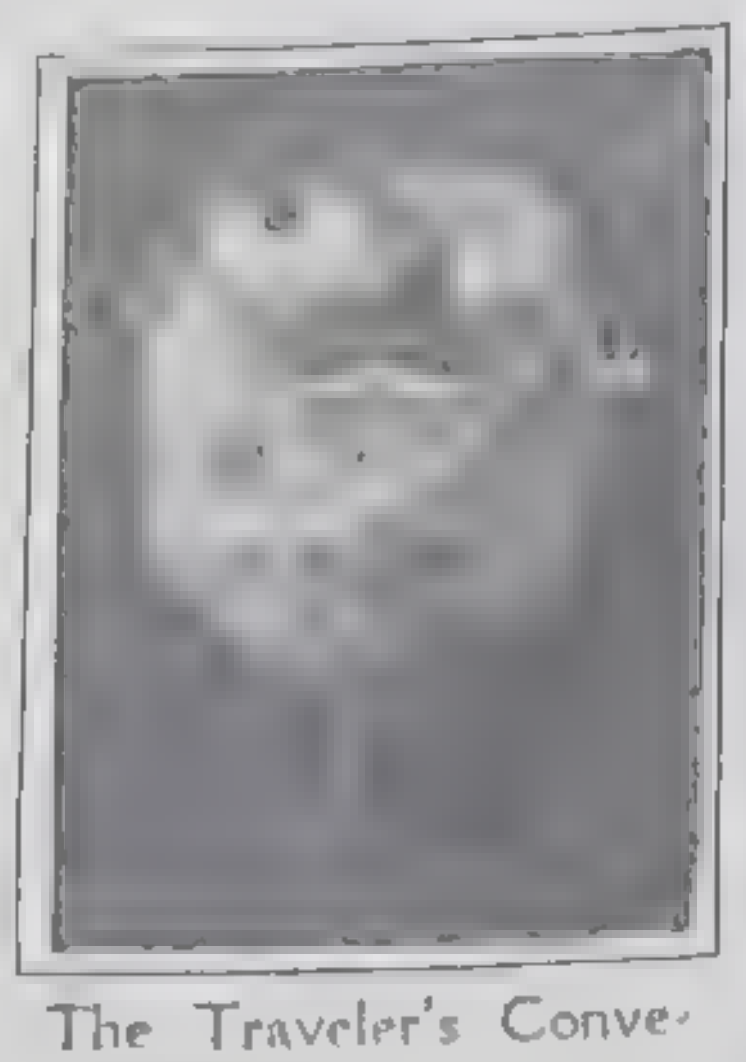
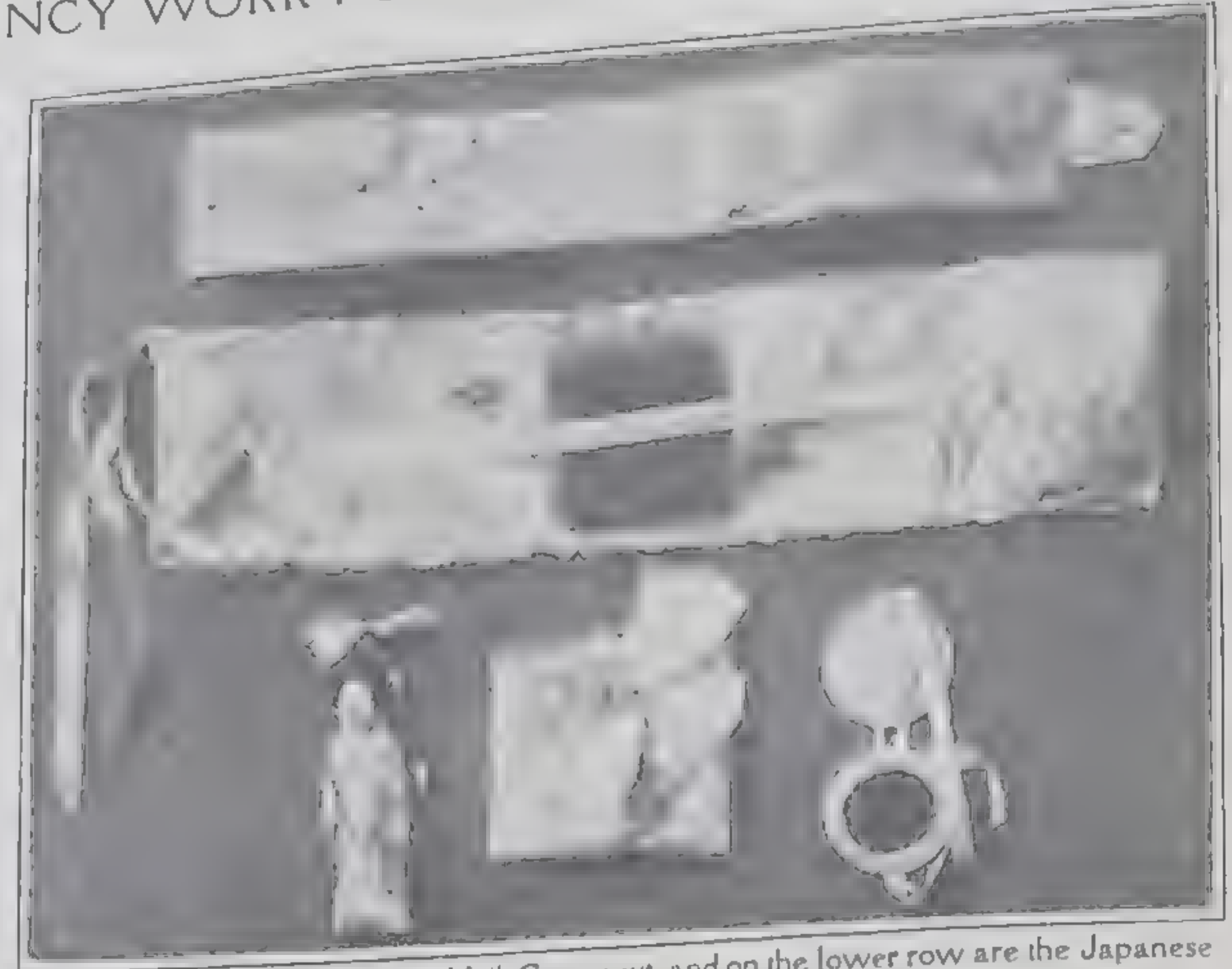
GIFTS MADE OF RIBBONS

DESIGNED BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

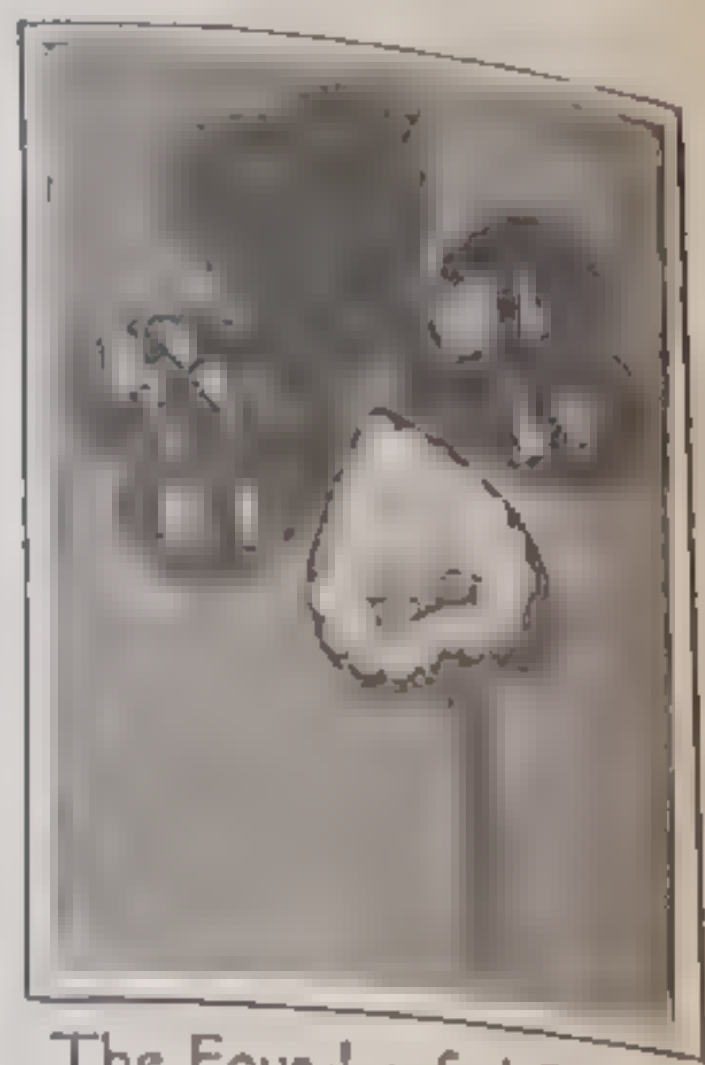
CHRISTMAS FANCY WORK FOR THE WOMAN WHO CANNOT EMBROIDER



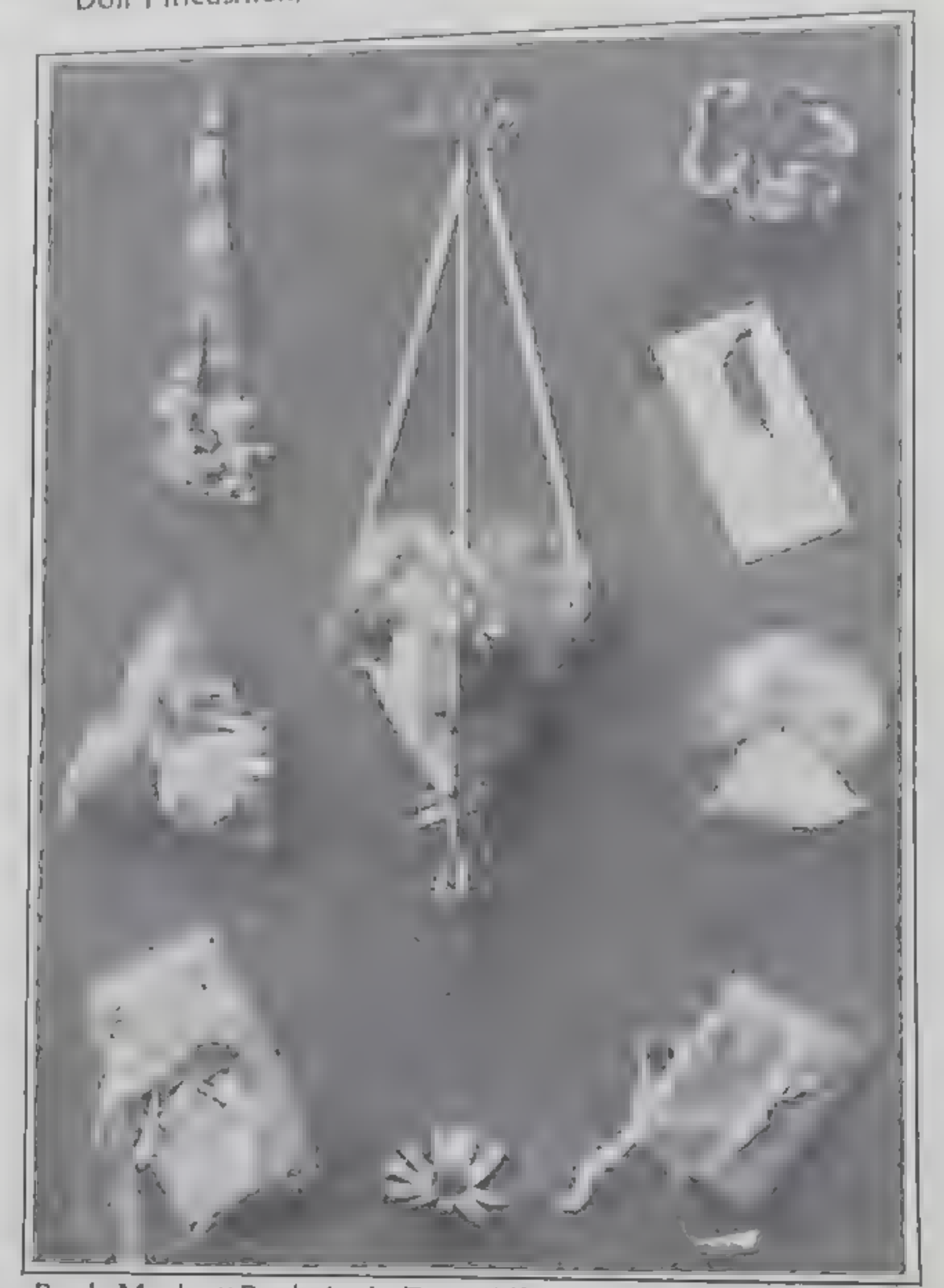
The Traveler's Convenience holds tags and string



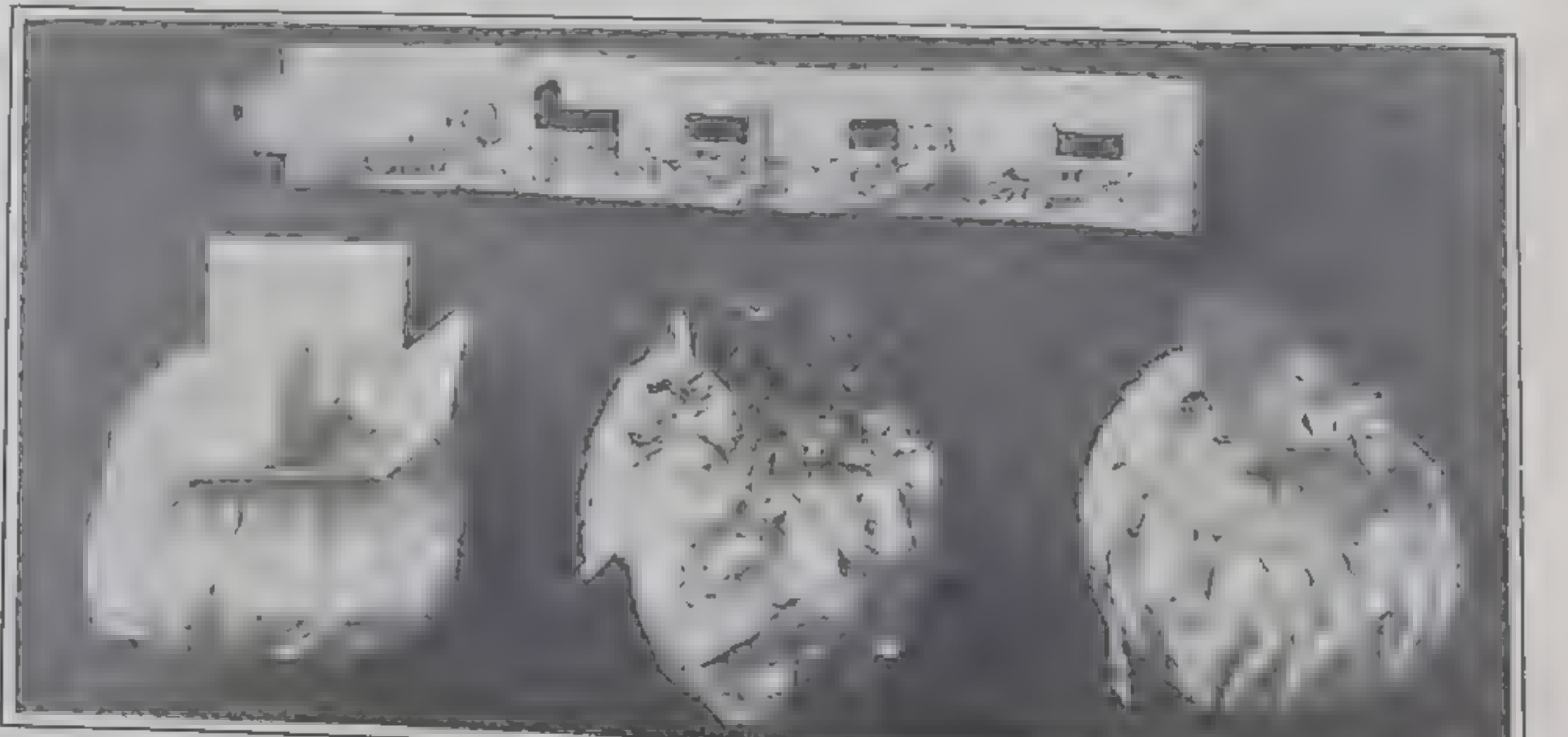
A Mending-Case at the top, a Veil-Case next, and on the lower row are the Japanese Doll Pincushion, Handkerchief-Case and Vanity-Case



The Four-Leafed Clover Needlebook folds into small space



Book-Mark, "Bachelor's Friend," Place-Card with rose sachet, Three-Heart Pincushion, Pansy Sachet, Suit-Case Sewing-Set, Daisy Sachet, *Papier Poudre* Book



At the top is the reverse side of the Mending-Case seen in the picture at top of page, below are Stock and Ruching Case, Traveler's Sewing-Case and Collar-Bag

THE woman who can neither embroider nor paint is sometimes at a loss to know how to go about making her Christmas gifts. For her, therefore, this page of gifts made of ribbon, and the opposite page of gifts made of handkerchiefs have been prepared. They require nothing more than the ability to sew neatly and to follow the directions.

The Traveler's Convenience, made of seven eighths of a yard of Dresden ribbon, five and a half inches wide and twenty-two and a half inches of four-inch satin ribbon.

With Dresden ribbon cover both sides of a round piece of cardboard four and a half inches in diameter, turning in and overhanding the edges. Cut the Dresden ribbon the exact length of the satin and join the ends of each with a French seam. Lay the ring of Dresden over the satin with the wrong sides and the seams together, the satin forming the lining. Have the edges meet at one side, at the other side the Dresden extending one and a half inches beyond the satin. Beginning at the even edge, feather-stitch over the seams to the other edge of the satin ribbon, thus joining them. Use white sewing-silk and work on the Dresden surface.

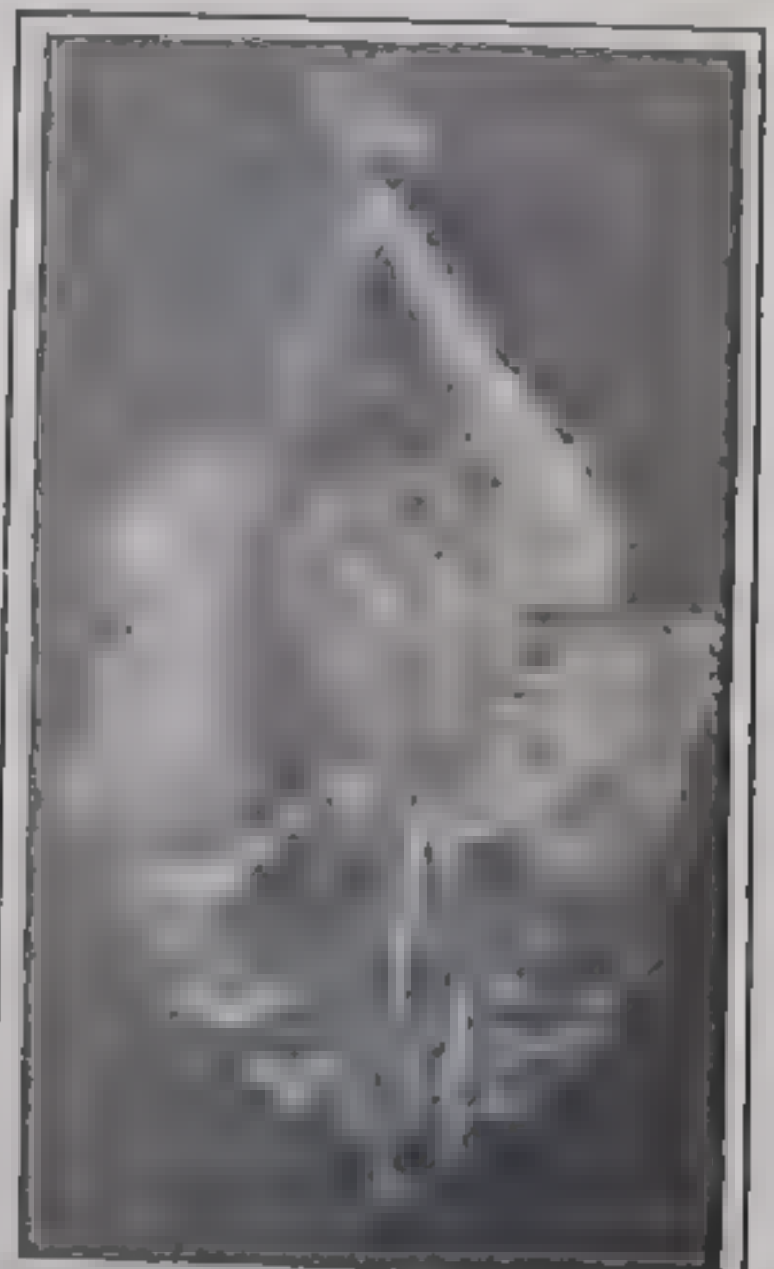
Half-way around the circle make another row of feather-stitching, and at each side, half-way between the first two rows, make another, or four rows in all, thus forming four pockets of satin ribbon. Gather and neatly overhand the even edges of both ribbons to the cardboard base.

For the drawing-strings of the bag make two cords, twisted of two strands of white twisted embroidery-silk, each strand containing eight threads. Each cord is twenty-three inches long. Knot the ends of each together and lay the cords around the top of the bag three fourths of an inch down. Have the ends of one cord at the seam, the other on the opposite side of the bag. Keep the cords in place with a herring-bone stitch of the same silk worked over them all around. Tie a small pair of scissors at the end of one card, fill the pockets with tags and place a ball of twine in the center opening.

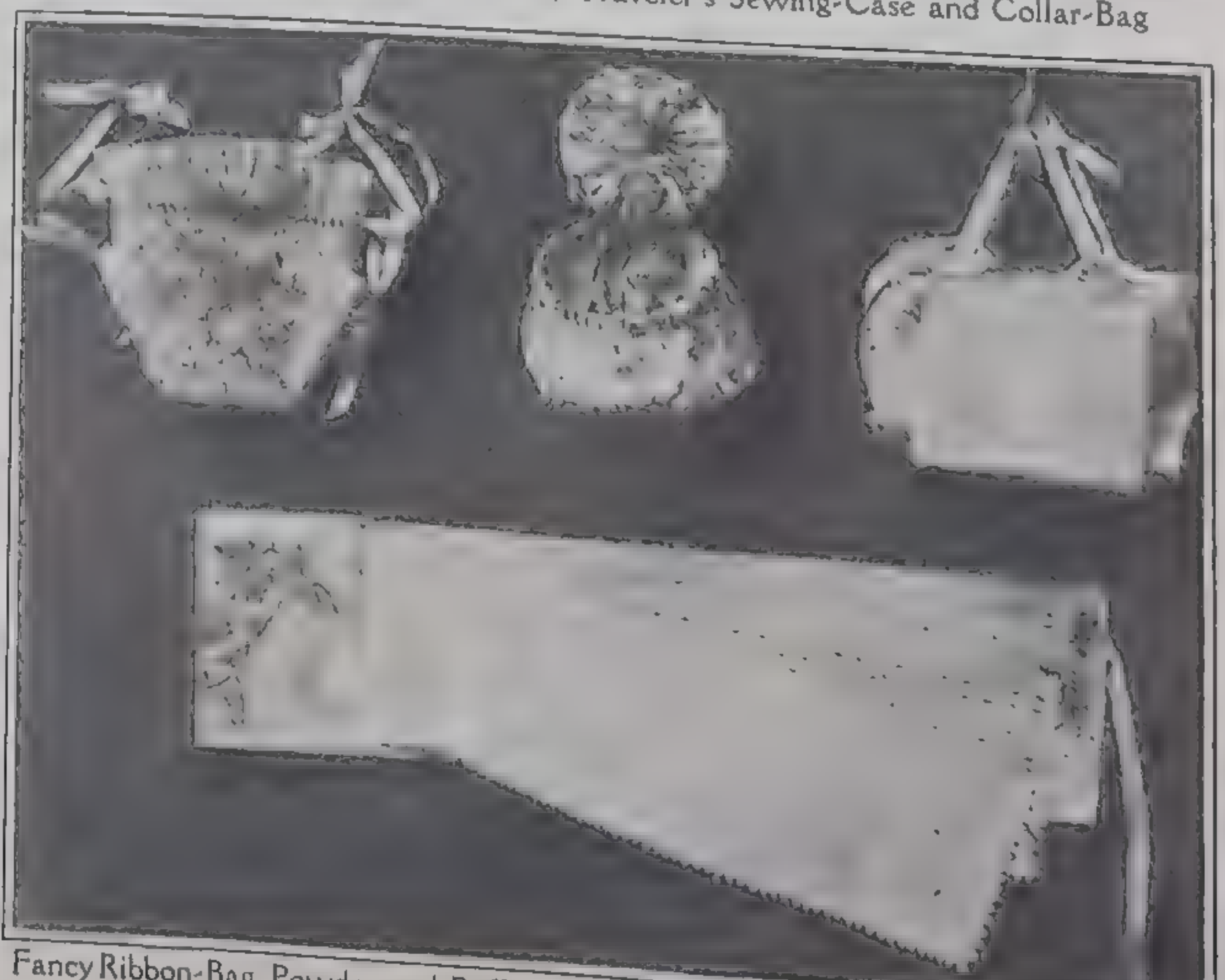
Mending-Case especially for the traveler, made of five eighths of a yard of Dresden ribbon one and a half inches wide, fifteen inches of Dresden ribbon four inches wide and three fourths of a yard of taffeta ribbon of the same width. Lay the narrow Dresden ribbon over a twenty-two-inch length of taffeta and stitch them together down one side, with the taffeta extending one fourth of an inch. Stitch across the Dresden ribbon at irregular intervals to form pockets of varying widths. Take four pieces of thin cardboard, all three and a half inches wide, two five and a half inches long and the other two four and a half inches long. Place them on the other side of the taffeta strip, the two longer cardboards at the ends, the shorter pieces in the center, placed evenly apart. Paste the sides and also the ends of the taffeta over the cardboard. Take eiderdown flannel, four by twelve inches in size, and hem down the sides to the present width of the taffeta. Paste over the center of the other side of the strip, covering the two center cardboards. Take two other pieces of cardboard the same size as the end pieces. Cover one side of them with wide Dresden ribbon. At the ends of one, place tabs two inches long, with fasteners, and on the Dresden side of the other, place the other half of the fasteners, to match. Make the tabs of a double thickness of Dresden and taffeta with interlining, and bind them with narrow taffeta ribbon. Paste the wrong side of these cardboards against the uncovered cardboards on the taffeta strip. Catch the ends of the flannel beneath them.

Veil-Case, made of one yard of Dresden ribbon five and a half inches wide and four and one fourth yards of No. 2 satin ribbon. Practical and easily made. Fold one end of the Dresden ribbon double on the width and seam the two sides together. Fold in a point and feather-stitch down. Catch beneath the center one end of a twenty-five-inch length of the narrow ribbon. Trace this ribbon down the center of the length of the Dresden ribbon, feather-stitching down after every four and a half inches. Fold over four and a half inches of the other end of the Dresden ribbon, place inside the fold some sacheted cotton and overhand down, catching the second end of the narrow ribbon. Put a frill of narrow ribbon along the sides and around the point. Sew a yard length of narrow ribbon to the

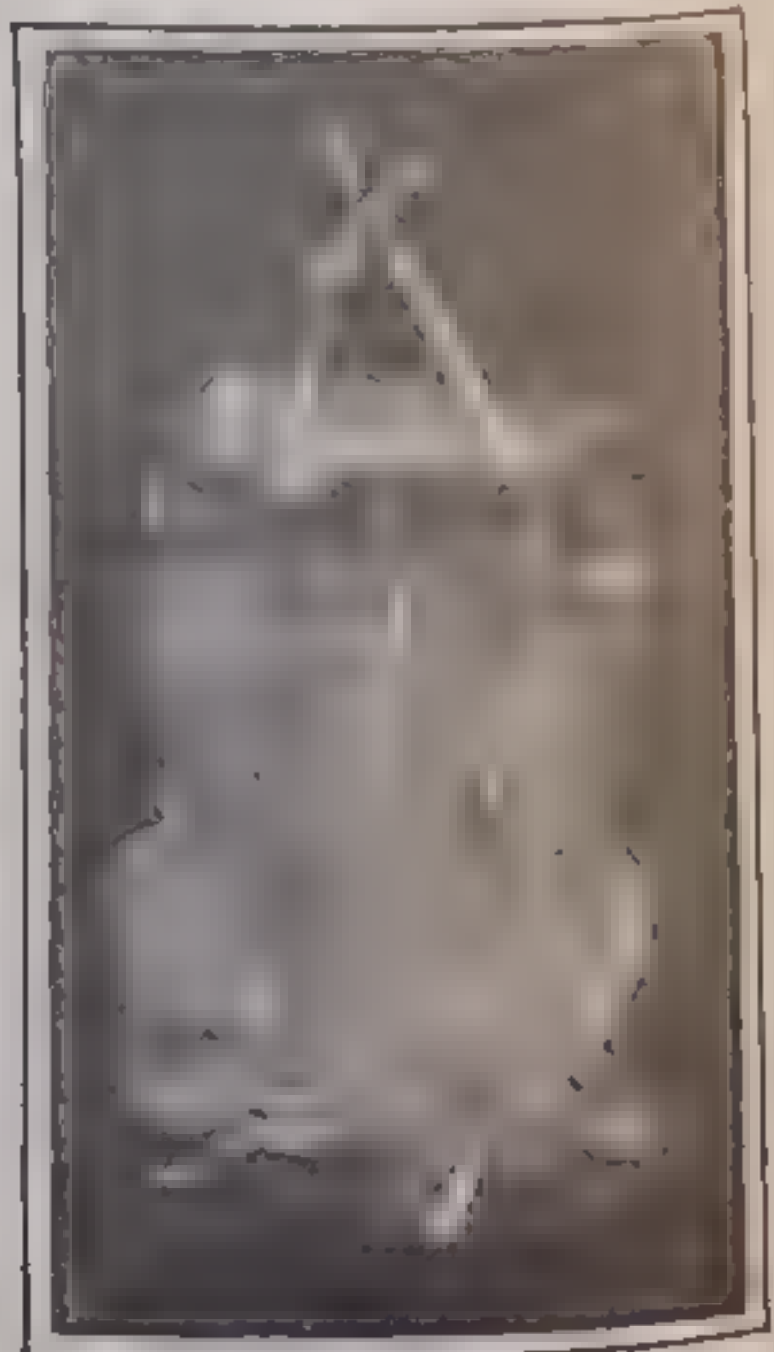
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 65]



Girl's Fancy Work-Bag



Fancy Ribbon-Bag, Powder-and-Puff Bag, Sewing-Box, Grandmother's Traveling-Case

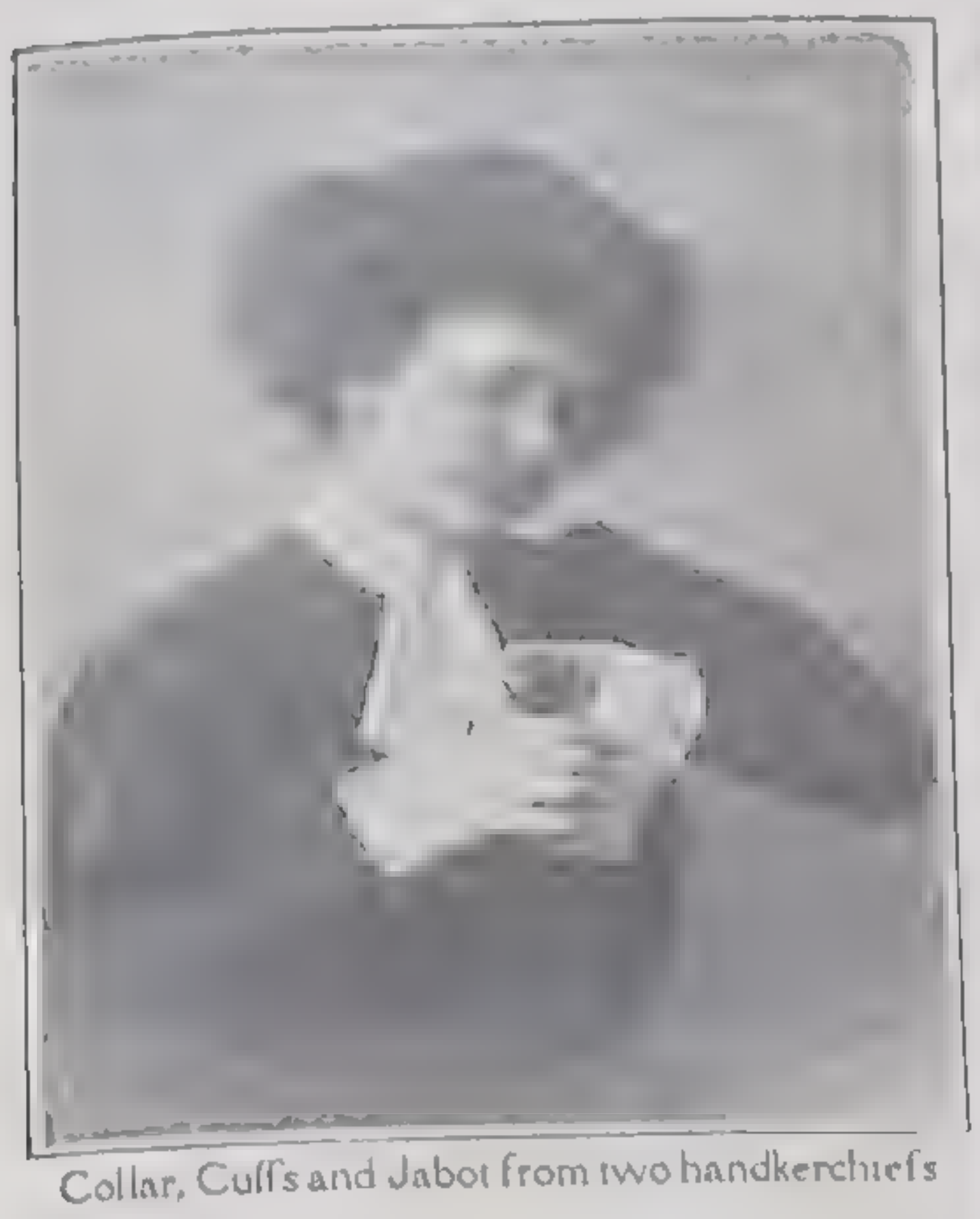


The Sewing-Box open

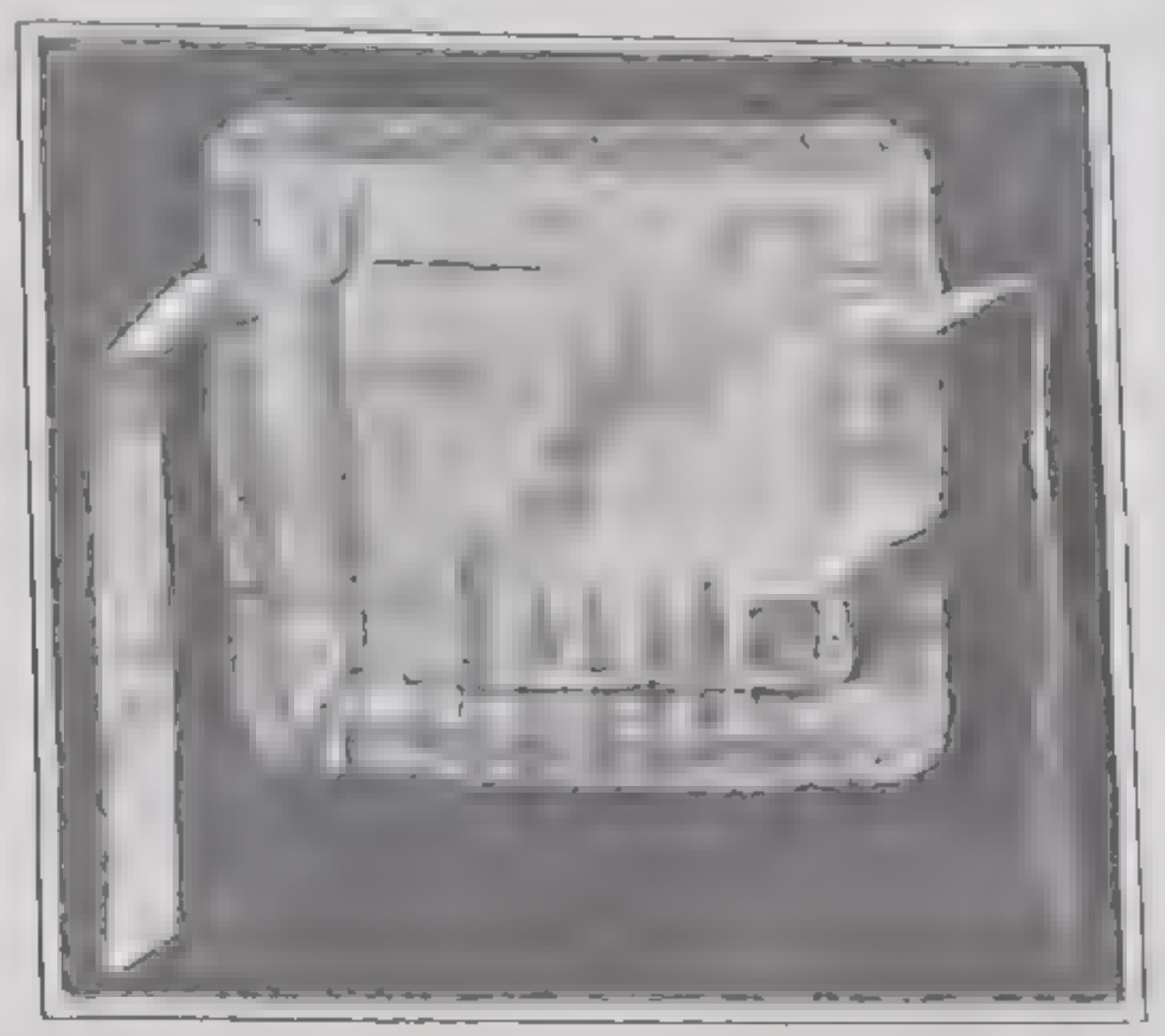
GIFTS MADE OF HANDKERCHIEFS

DESIGNED BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

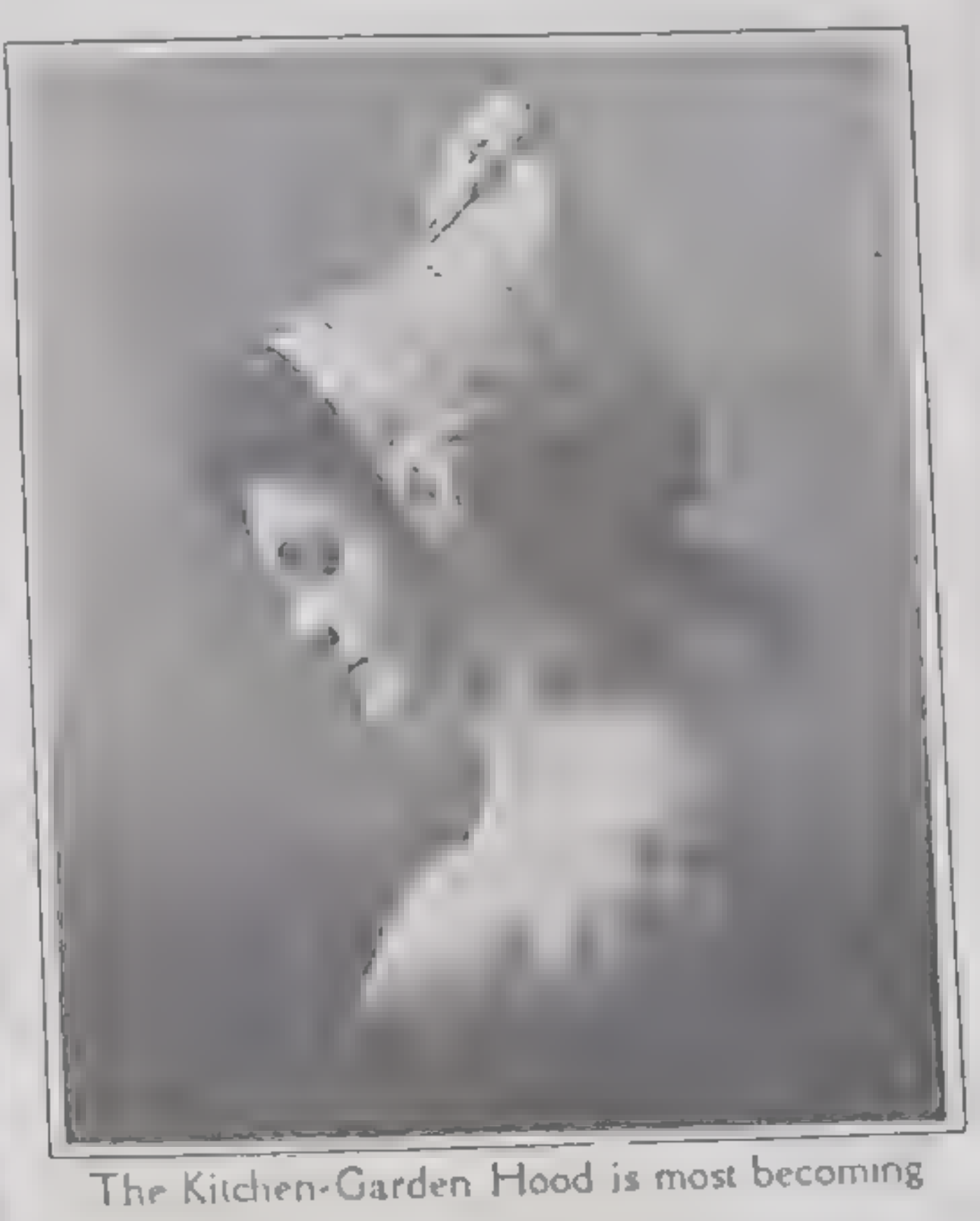
CHRISTMAS FANCY WORK FOR THE WOMAN WHO CANNOT EMBROIDER



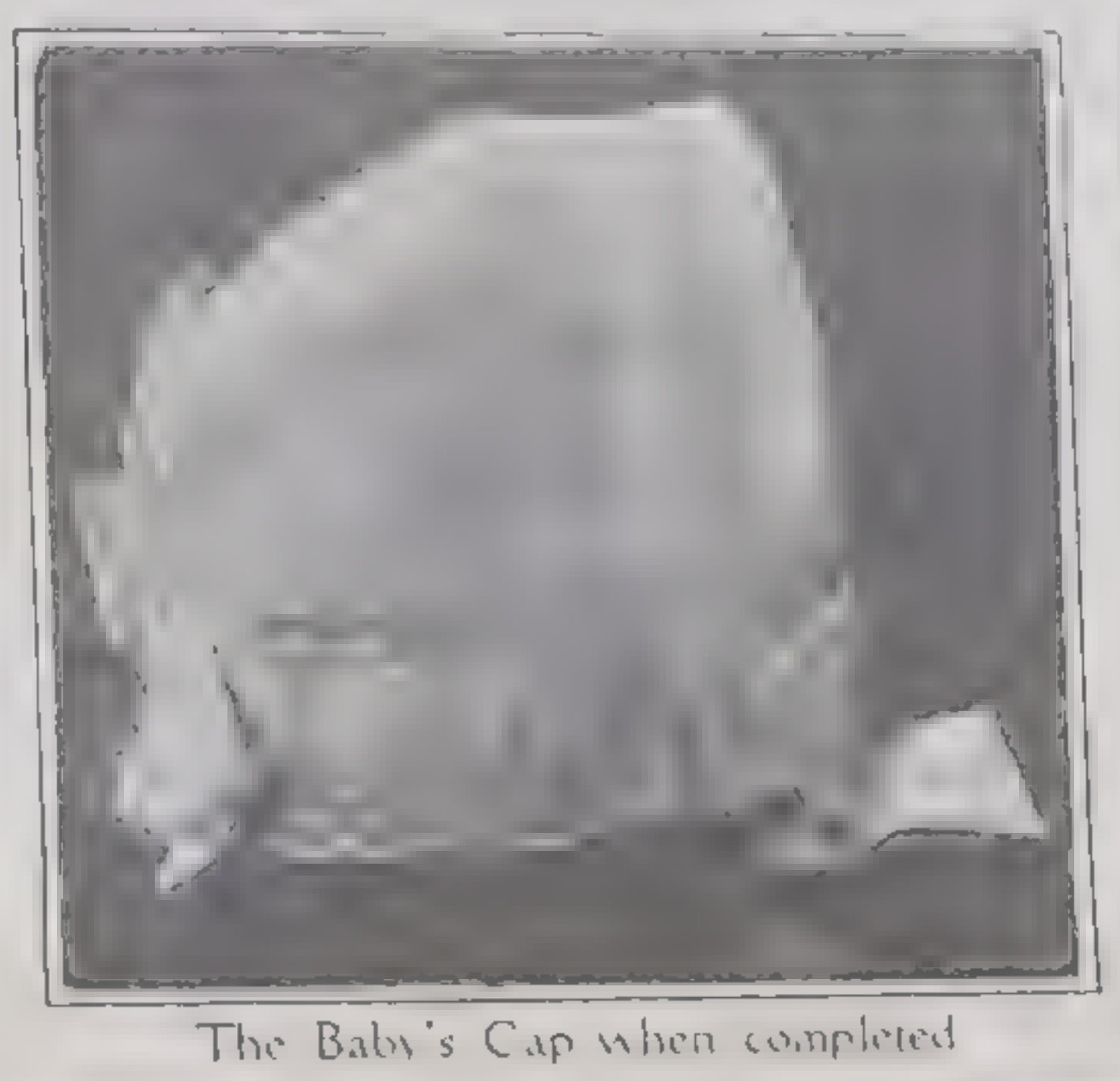
Collar, Cuffs and Jabot from two handkerchiefs



This shows the construction of the Baby's Cap



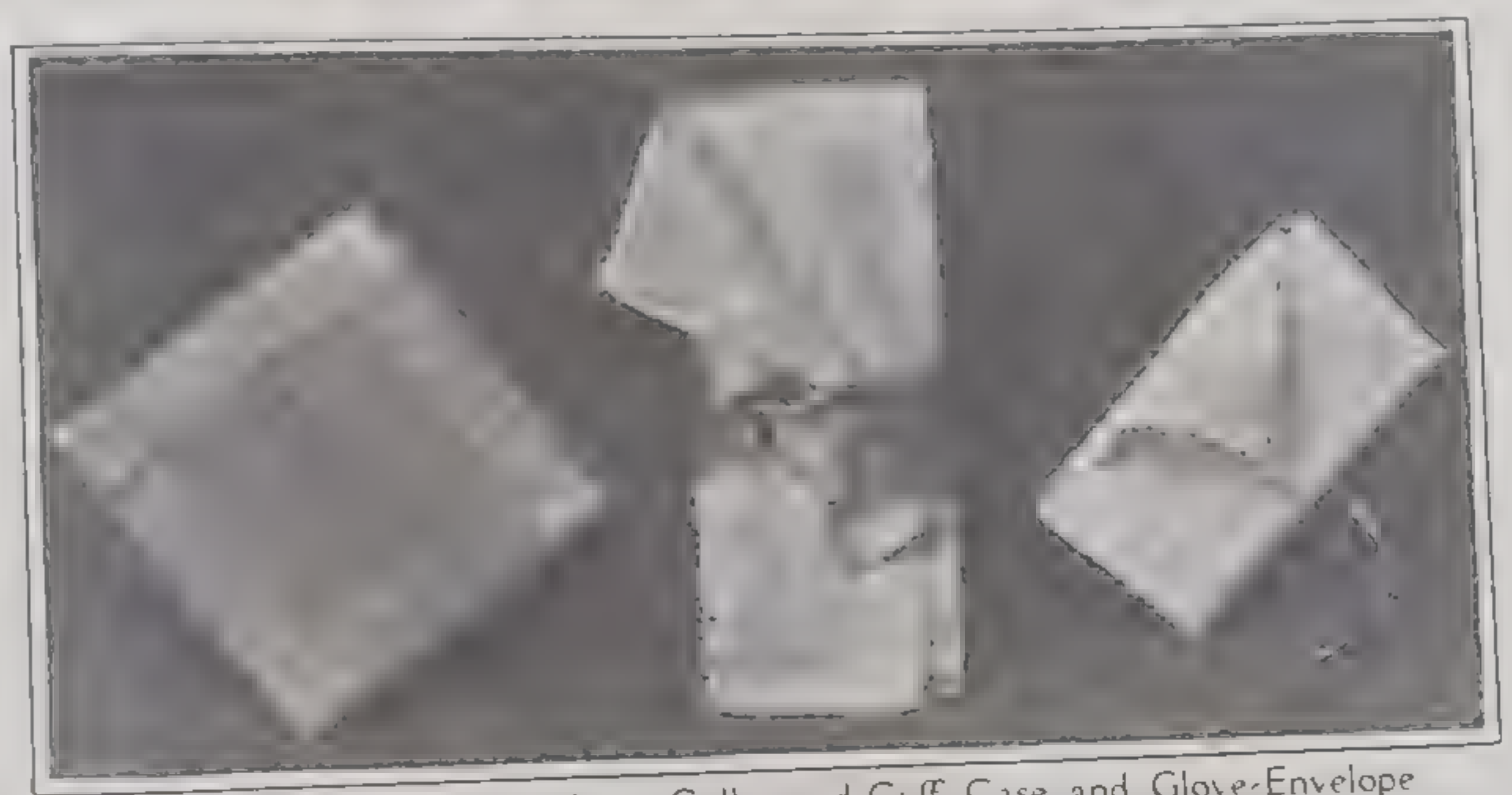
The Kitchen-Garden Hood is most becoming



The Baby's Cap when completed

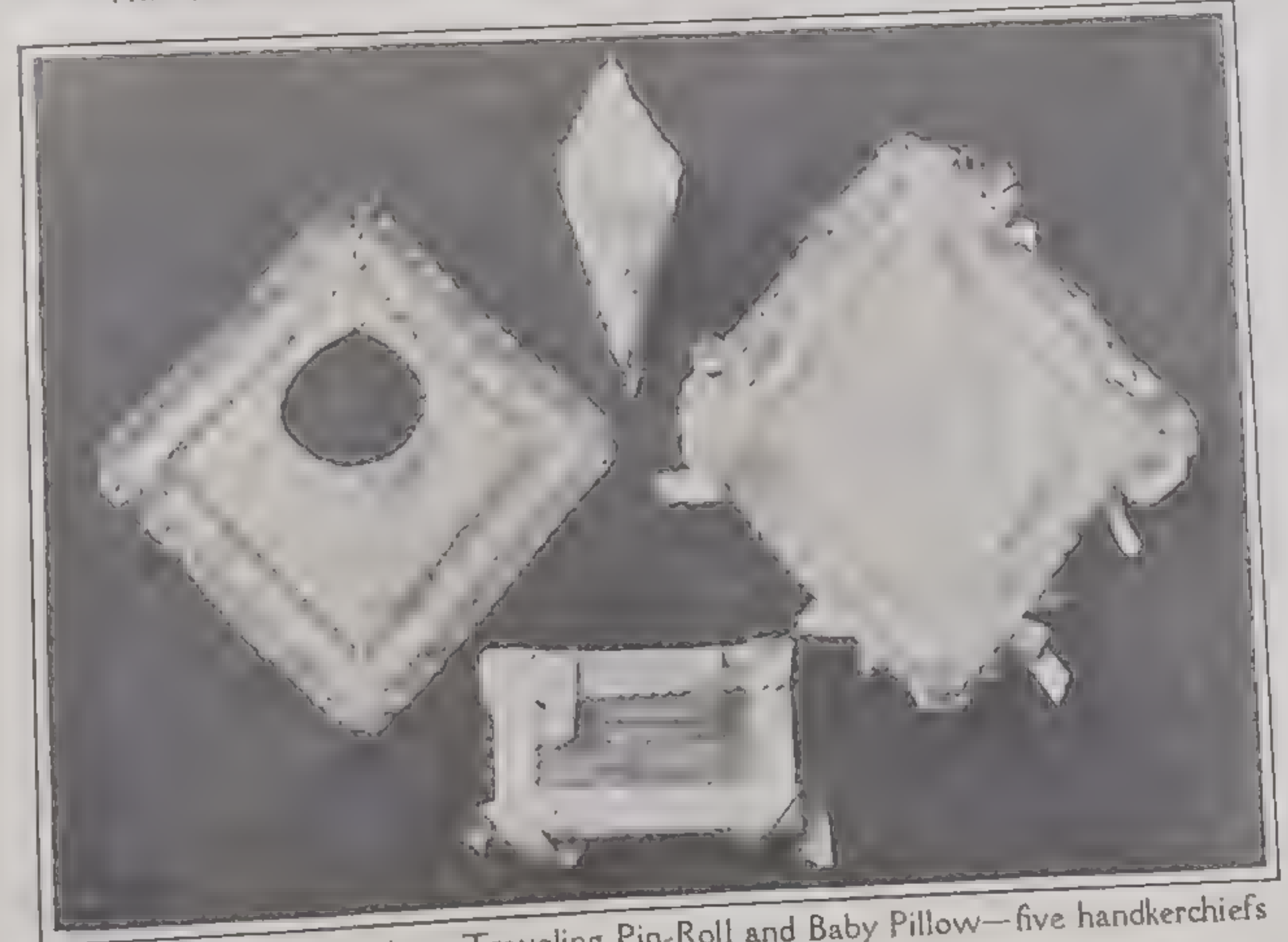
THE possibilities of the handkerchief in fancy work have never been fully worked out, but here are twelve attractive gifts, all made from handkerchiefs and all quite simple and easy to make. In fact, the work goes so quickly that one might call them literally "last-minute" gifts, since there is nothing here shown which should take more than an hour to make, and several of the gifts can be put together in a few minutes.

Collar-Cuff-and-Jabot Set made of one glove and one ordinary-size handkerchief. Use the glove handkerchief for the cuffs, cutting a strip three inches deep from opposite sides. Sew to muslin bands. For the collar cut a strip two and one fourth inches deep from one side of the large handkerchief, and sew to a band, then side plait the remainder of the handkerchief for the jabot.



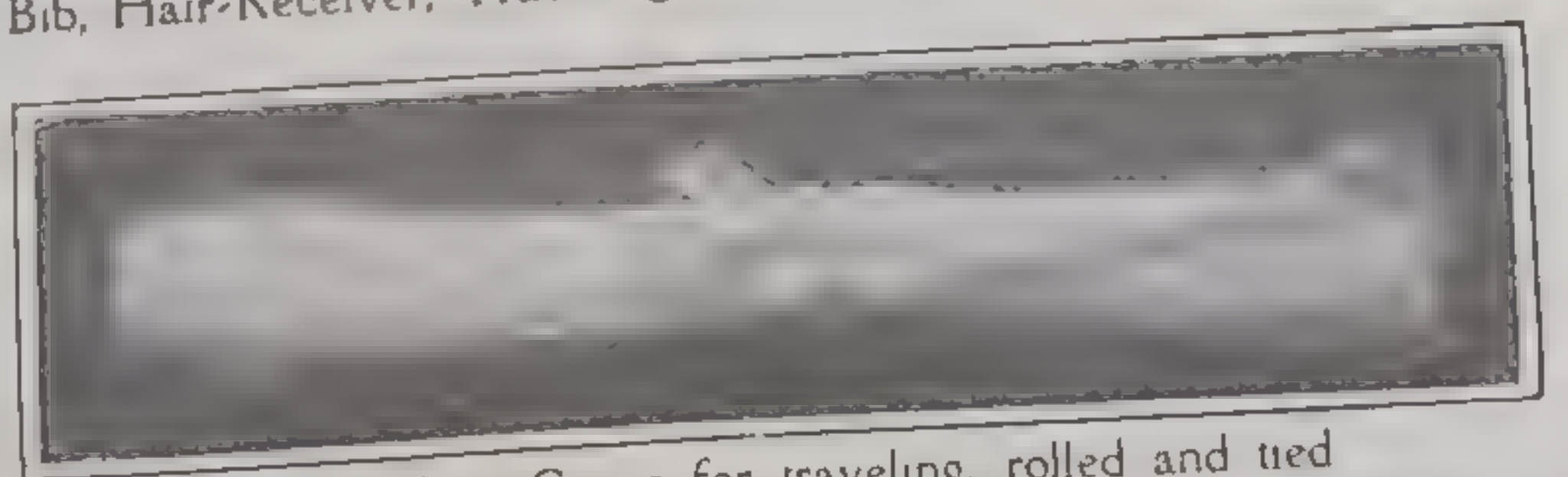
The Guest-Room Pincushion, Collar-and-Cuff Case and Glove-Envelope

The Baby Bonnet is made of a large lace-trimmed handkerchief. Work buttonholed bars across the lace insertion, placing them as shown in the illustration. Beneath the series of small bars place an eighteen-inch length of ribbon, draw up tight and tie in a bow for the back of the hood. The other ribbon is one and one fourth yards long and forms the strings of the bonnet. The side, along which it is run, is turned back for the front.



Baby's Bib, Hair-Receiver, Traveling Pin-Roll and Baby Pillow—five handkerchiefs

The Kitchen-Garden Hood is made of a large fancy handkerchief. Gather the center of one side four and a half inches in from the edge for the back of the neck. Turn over a three-and-a-half-inch point at the corners of the same side for the fronts of the neck, fold the opposite side over double, joining it from the corners to the center. Lay a double box-plait with the seam at the center, stitching the folds down for four inches, beginning one inch in from the edge. The plait shapes the top of the hood.



Shirt-Waist Cover for traveling, rolled and tied

Guest-Room Pincushion, made of a lace-edged handkerchief. Cover one side of an eight-inch square of cardboard with eiderdown flannel over a stuffing of cotton. The handkerchief covers the other side. The edges are turned up over the flannel and are tacked at the corners, which are folded square.

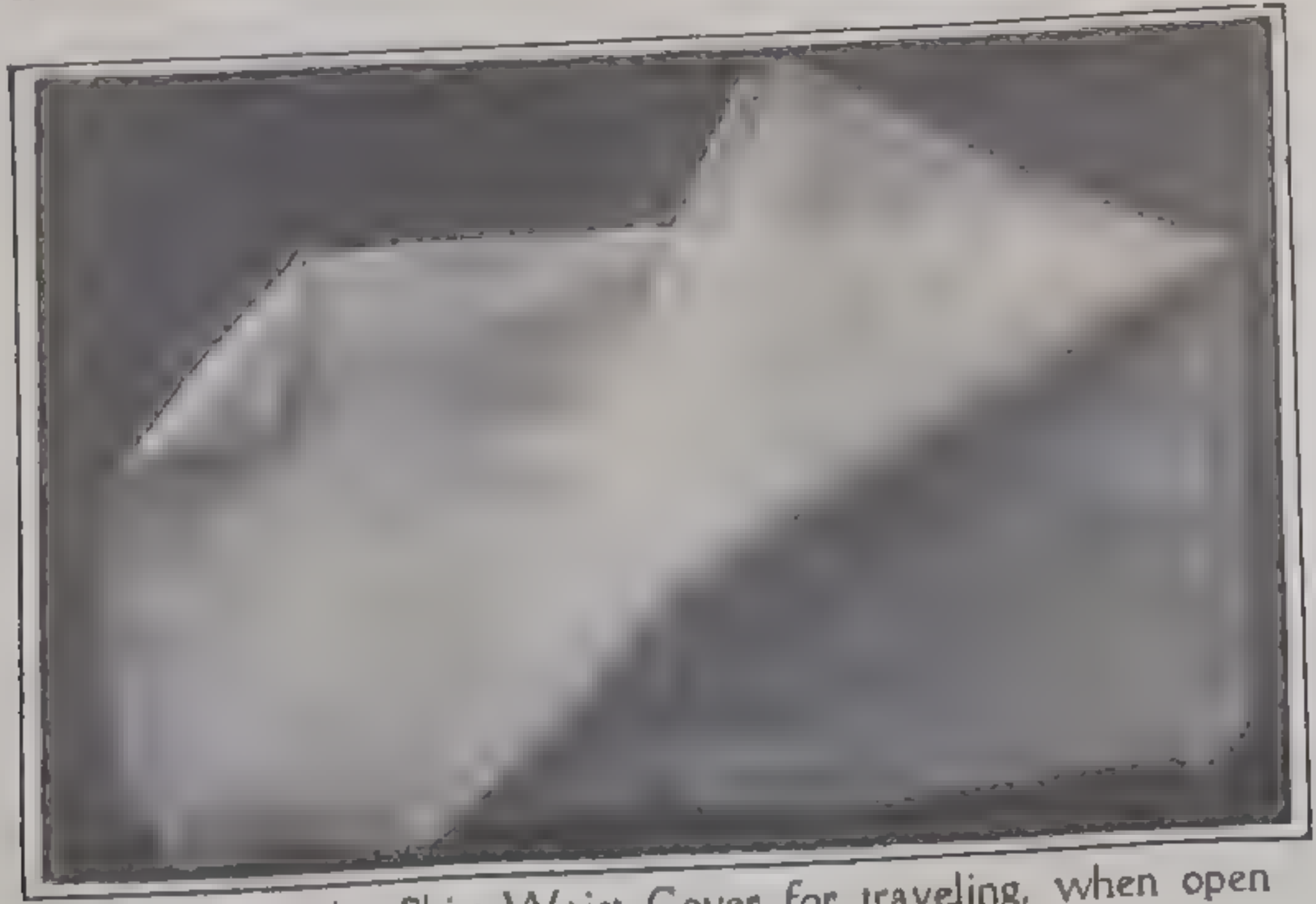
Collar-and-Cuff Case, made of one embroidered and one colored, bordered handkerchief of the same size, the latter used for the outside. Place a piece of cardboard (the width of the handkerchiefs and five and one fourth inches the other way) across the center between the handkerchiefs, and sew up the ends. Fold the handkerchiefs at one side of the cardboard over the latter, and tack the corners in place. At the other side sew the handkerchiefs together along the hemstitching, and catch the ribbon to close the case between.

The Glove-Envelope requires one scalloped handkerchief with an embroidered corner. The three plain corners are turned up to meet in a point and overlap slightly, the edges are joined and the envelope folded lengthwise under the embroidered corner. Tack ribbons to the under part and to the embroidered point. They are tied to close the envelope.

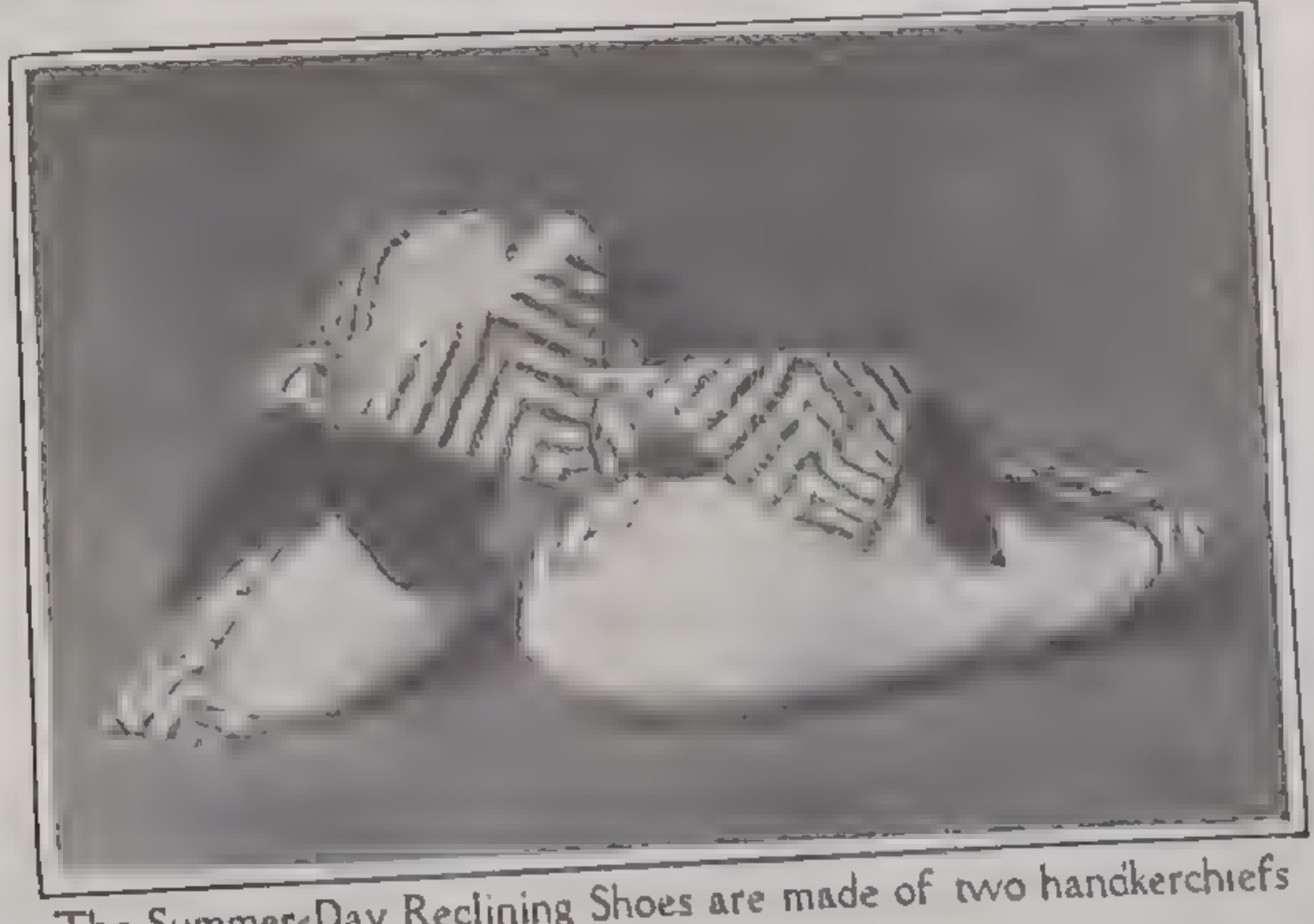
Baby's Bib, made of an ordinary-size lace-trimmed handkerchief and a plain hemstitched glove handkerchief. Line the center of the large with the small handkerchief, and put between them an interlining of baby's favorite color. Slash across one corner and cut out the center for the neck, closing the bib with buttons and buttonholed loops.

Hair-Receiver, made of one glove handkerchief. Sew buttons along one side and on the next side make buttonholed loops to correspond, and button up. On the opposite corner make one buttonholed loop, for hanging.

Traveler's Pin-Roll, made of a handkerchief with buttonholed edge. Turn the sides of the handkerchief over a nine-inch square of eiderdown flannel, fold the corners square and tack them in place. [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 66]



This shows the Shirt-Waist Cover for traveling, when open



The Summer-Day Reclining Shoes are made of two handkerchiefs

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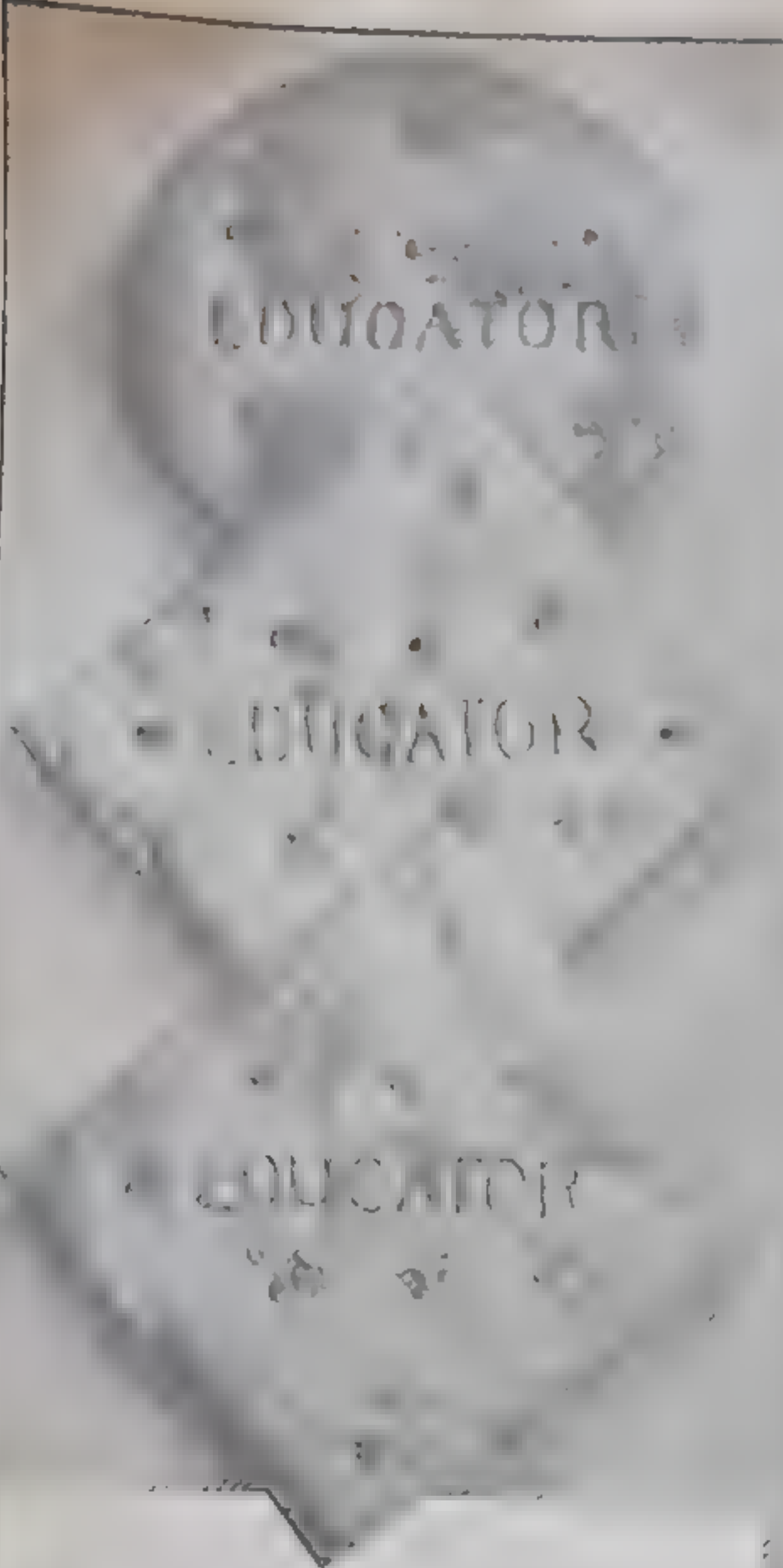

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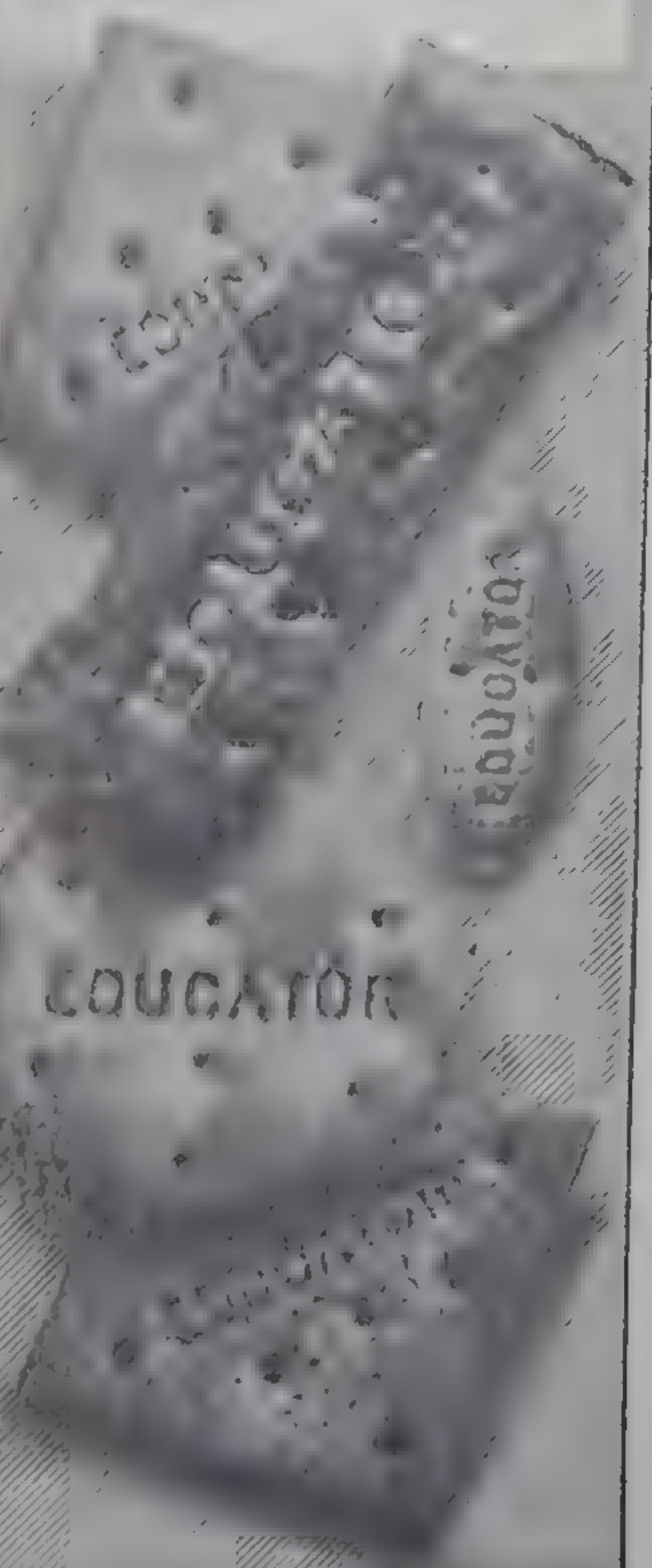


MOTHERS' DEVICES

A NEW DEPARTMENT OF HELPFULNESS FOR MOTHERS

BY MARY LOUISE GRAHAM

> EDITOR'S NOTE
>
> "Bringing up children" is too large a term to be confined to matters of health and education. No problems are more puzzling to the conscientious mother than those that arise from the individual characteristics of the little folks which must be considered in forming their habits, manners, ethics and ideals and starting them on the road to happy useful citizenship. Mrs. Graham has patiently and wisely worked out such problems as have arisen in her own rather typical family, and the readers of the Companion are fortunate in having the benefit of her experiments in the papers which will appear each month on this page under the heading "Mothers' Devices."

When I speak of "not letting" the children do a thing, I do not ordinarily mean that I forbid it, merely that I exert my influence on the other side. I am most reluctant to use arbitrary authority. As I once heard a mother say, "You cannot live in a democracy and run a little private oligarchy of your own." I take a great deal of pains to make the children agree with me as to the principle behind any rule of conduct. If I can succeed in this, I can usually depend on them to do what I wish or to leave undone that which I dislike, without direct orders from me. Sometimes, however, I fail utterly; then I may have to demand unquestioning obedience.

I have never been able to make Stephen agree with me about the desirability of lending his possessions. When he was a baby, his rubber doll and stuffed elephant were sacred; now he cannot bear to have another child so much as look at one of his neatly-kept treasures. I have tried in vain to make him see that his scale of valuations is wrong; that it is far less of an evil that a book should be soiled or lost than that other children should not have the pleasure of it. I tell him that the *book* could be replaced for a dollar and a half.

"But suppose it is out of print or one of a set," he argues.

"Well, what if it is?" I demand. "What if one *is* missing in a set of books? Can't you get on a higher plane than that? Can't you see that you are doing more harm to yourself than all the dirty hands in the world could do to your books?" This ends the argument. Stephen is silenced, but never convinced. I can never make him see that the injury done to a material possession, a mere thing, is of less importance than generosity of spirit. But I cannot let him have his ugly way in this. I insist on his lending his things.

◆

Wherever I can, I do not let the children take their own way, realizing the danger a positive person is in of making her children feeble copies of herself. With infinite difficulty, I have learned to keep myself back, to withhold my own opinion where the question is not a vital one. My aim is not so much to train my children as to teach them to train themselves. That they have to employ the former method is my objection to boarding-schools, not that I see how they could do differently, with their raw material, limited opportunities and responsibility to parents. The other method must begin in babyhood.

It is then that I begin to experiment as to the amount of freedom with which each child can be trusted. They are very young when they begin to realize that every self-imposed restriction means a loosening of the reins of authority. I even force freedom upon them, urge them to make their own decisions.

Instead of, "May I?" our formula is, "Do you think I had better?" Before I answer, I always ask, "What do you think yourself about it?" Sometimes, when our opinions do not agree, I keep mine to myself. Afterward, when the consequences are evident, I open up the question again and we discuss it with the benefit of the experience fresh in our minds. Always I am hurrying on the time when I shall be merely a consulting authority, mother emerita, as it were, when there shall never be any shadowing of our mutual love by the friction of discipline. And I mean that day shall come as soon as possible, when I am still young.

◆

I often take the risk of harm to the children that I may avoid a restriction. I do not try to shield them from the knowledge of evil. Sheltered lives do not make strong characters. Then, too, I wish that all of them, girls as well as boys, should have a deep-rooted sense of the obligation that is upon each one of them to fight evil things. I would not have them grow up in any best-possible-world fallacy or in any pink paradise of ignorance. They must know the world as it really is, that their optimism may have a solid foundation.

If the purity of their minds can be preserved only at the cost of ignorance, it might as well be sullied. My children must know all things, but know them in the right way, as simple facts, sociological or biological, as subjects for scientific interest, not for morbid curiosity.

There is the further consideration that certain aspects of vice have often a more seductive glamour for the boy to whom the knowledge of them does not come until late. It is well that he become accustomed to them, to their consequences and the idea that their temptations must be resisted before these temptations have much power over him.

All our training, all this freedom which we have given them, often at so great cost to ourselves, has tended in this direction—that they may be strong to resist temptation. I should not dare keep a child out of the way of it, so long as I am still there to support, counsel and comfort him.

◆

Echoes of criticism of my methods often come to me. Once or twice friends have remonstrated with me about the freedom I give my boys, as if they thought they were presenting the subject to me for the first time. I am really a martyr to principle. I would do what I long to do, gather my children under my wing and keep them there safe from harm, if I did not realize that not so does one form the men and women who are to leave things better than they found them. I know nothing harder than to let your children suffer consequences from which you could easily have saved them.

If you do not give freedom to your children, you have no right to expect any great degree of responsibility from them. The one is the condition of the other in our family.

I cultivate the taste for freedom that I may require responsibility. If a child has to be reminded of his studying and set down before his books, he finds that he is treated as an irresponsible person and not allowed to take his own way in things that really matter to him.

Norman is the best student in the family. He may be no cleverer than Lawrence, but he is much more conscientious about his work. In consequence he is held to it less closely. If he wants to stay away from school for a day he does it without question. This little privilege of Norman's has done Lawrence more good than all the exhortations in the world.

He never dares suggest that he stay home from school, for he is very proud and it would humiliate him to be refused, especially as Norman is younger than he. All this last year he has been doing much better work. I fancy his mid-year examinations will be as good as Norman's, and I have a feeling that it will not be long afterward before he remarks some morning, with all the casualness he can put on, that he thinks he will stay at home from school that day.

◆

The children are never treated alike; they have different privileges and different restrictions. The justice that does not discriminate is the justice of small minds. Needless to say, there is no question of partiality. Mary, my third child, has the least liberty in the family because she has the smallest sense of responsibility. I wish our dear little Lucy were not so much younger, that her freedom might stimulate Mary as Norman's has stimulated Lawrence.

I have tried in vain to make Mary take the responsibility of her studying on her own shoulders. It is not that she finds studying hard, but that she likes play and reading so much. At the beginning of the year she worked well for two weeks on the promise of a long-desired doll's house at the end of the term, but she could not keep it up. A little while ago I had the happy thought of turning her over to Lawrence. Mary is to have the doll's house at the end of the year and he is to have a new bicycle if Mary's standing improves sufficiently. Norman was indignant that the offer was not made to him.

"I don't want to boast, but you know I'd make a far better tutor for her than Lawrence," he protested.

"Yes, but it would not teach you so much as it would Lawrence," I answered confidentially.

Of course this plan only skirts the difficulty. Mary is not standing on her own feet. My hope is that her vanity, which is considerable, will be stimulated by the applause good marks will win sufficiently to make her keep up the habit of study. As for Lawrence, the result is pure gain.

◆

I try very hard to make my children attractive, but it is in an indirect way, by aiming to correct in them the things that prevent their being so. Any direct attempt at charm defeats its own end. No one who deliberately tries to be charming ever succeeds; for the soul of charm is unconsciousness. I never conceal from the children how much I care that they should not be unattractive.

I begin with the childish self-consciousness, the silliness, the "smartness," that to most parents is as inevitable as teething. It is not in the least inevitable. A little firmness, a little plain speaking, will put an end to even the worst case.

When my Lawrence reached the silly age—and a very silly age it was, I felt it a trial to me to take him out, to see him "show off" in public and attempt to attract attention to himself. He would jump up and down on the seat of the car and repeat "gar, gar, gar, gar, gar!" He would rhyme "dog, log, hog, sog, nog, wog" until I was ready to kill him. Being young in the business, I stood it for a little while, hoping it would pass, but it grew worse instead of better. At last, I told him frankly and very seriously, that it mortified me past endurance to take him anywhere and have him behave as he did; that I loved him too well to bear that other people should see him make an idiot of himself. We would stay quietly at home until he had learned better. As I was my own nurse, it meant my staying at home, too, but it was only for a week.

◆

With all my children, there have never been needed any more serious measures than these—a little exclusion when we had company, a little staying at home from some desired pleasure, a little plain-spoken, but loving remonstrance, and the thing was done. They realized, once for all, that I simply would not put up with it.

There have been occasional sporadic outbreaks later, caught from other children—futile attempts at a brogue, at broken German or Chinese, painful attempts at being humorous—all quite easily suppressed.

It is amazing to me that mothers should feel their children's looks and clothes of vital importance, and yet ignore so completely the other elements that make for charm. How can the esthetic sense be so fully developed in one direction and so absolutely lacking in all others? They do not seem even to hear their children's flat, thin, nasal, high-pitched, off-the-note voices that neutralize any attractiveness their personal appearance may possess. And yet voices are absolutely within our control, while noses and complexions are not. We cannot all have charming voices, but no one with a normal structure of the throat need have a displeasing voice.

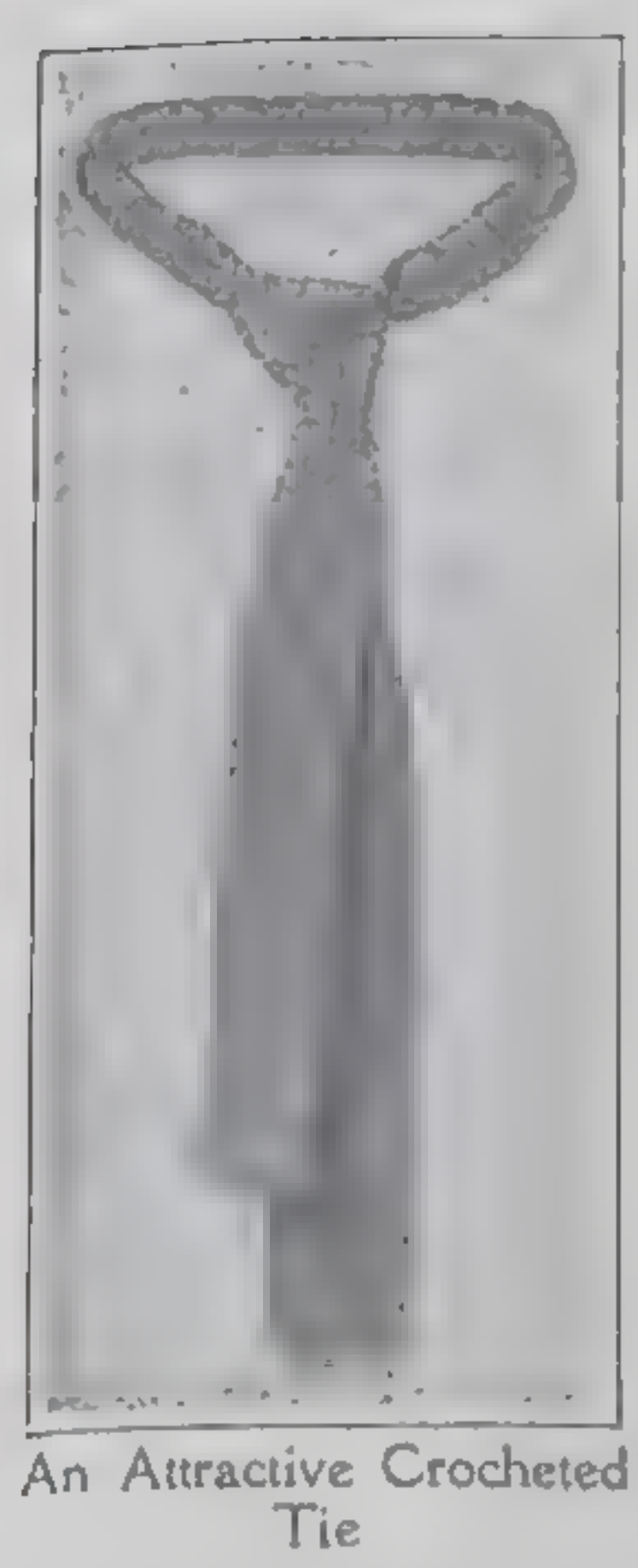
◆

Both Mary and Stephen showed a tendency to develop the discordant high-pitched "public-school" voice that is the disgrace of our nation; but I utterly refused to put up with it. I have often called them in from play and warned them that their part in the game would come to an end unless they could lower their voices; and I always kept my word. I am not musical, but I can tell when a voice is pitched in the middle of a note or discordantly balanced on the edge of it, and I have, at last, succeeded in teaching them to distinguish. For a time I would not let them go to their play after school, until they had each read me one paragraph in a voice in which I found no disagreeable tones.

One drawback was that I had no sooner corrected this defect in Mary than she showed a tendency to develop the opposite. She began to affect a cloyingly sweet voice, in which the self-consciousness and affectation were only too audible. Her brothers soon teased her out of that. I find that I do not have to concern myself about affectations; Lawrence and Norman have such a scorn of them that even a most innocent little one cannot survive.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
IN KNITTING AND CROCHET

BY HELEN MARVIN



An Attractive Crocheted Tie

KNITTING and crochet may be used to develop many attractive gifts suitable for the various members of the family. For instance, a knitted motor scarf is a charming gift for a man. The model shown in our illustration is made of motor silk in a medium shade of gray, taking rather less than two spools. It is worked loosely with a pair of No. 12 steel knitting-needles, or for a tight knitter, a pair of fine bone knitting-needles.

Knitted Motor Scarf—Begin with sixty stitches cast on and knit twenty rows in garter stitch. This is nothing but plain knitting worked back and forth and alike on both sides. After the twenty rows ten stitches at each end of the row are continued in garter stitch and the center forty stitches are worked in dice pattern, as follows:

First Row—Knit four, purl four and repeat to end. On the next three rows purl the purled stitches and knit the knit stitches, then knit plain for two rows.

Seventh Row—Purl four, knit four and repeat to end. On the next three rows purl the purled stitches, knit the knitted stitches. Again knit plain for two rows. This completes the second series of blocks.

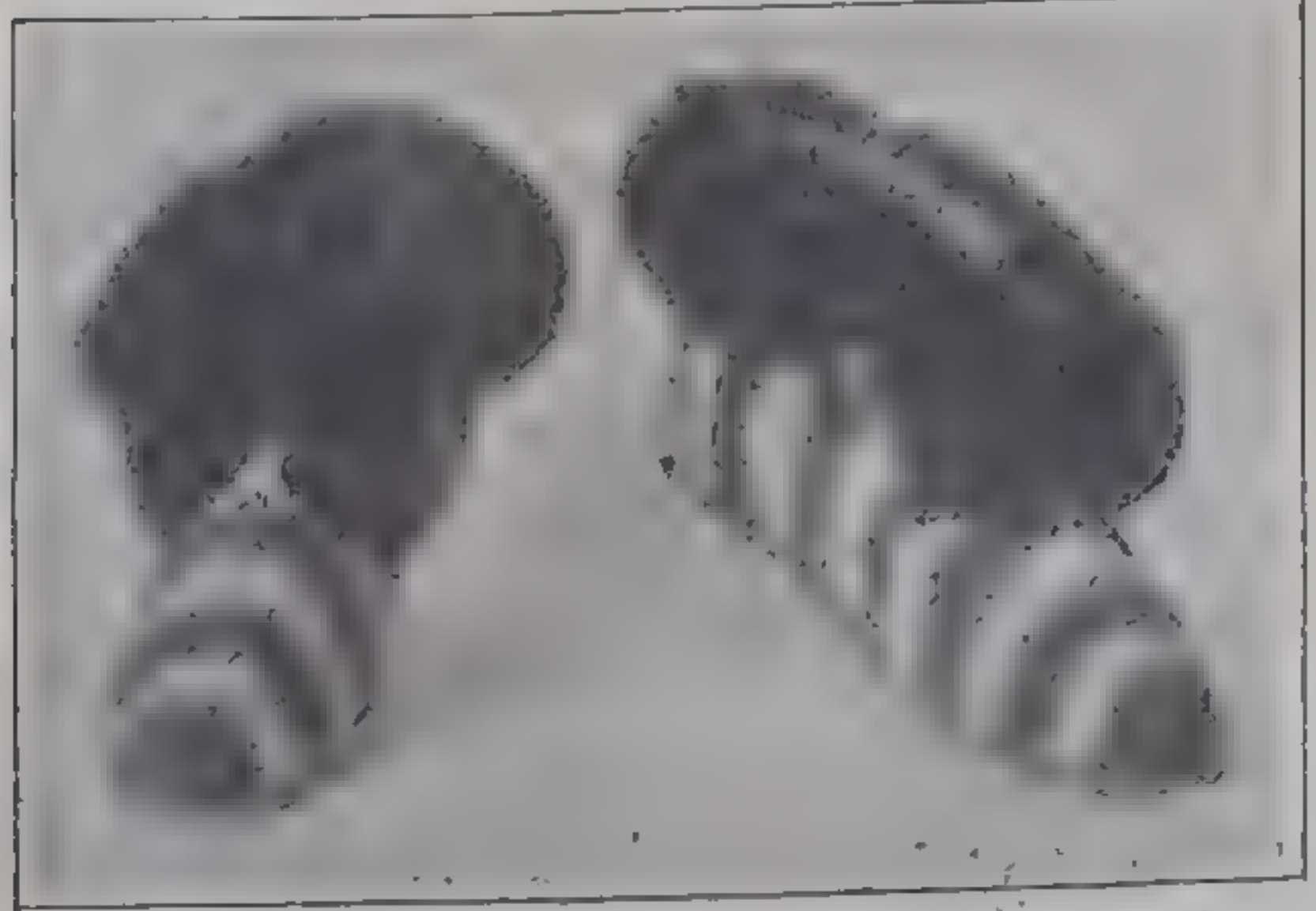
Repeat from the first block pattern row until the scarf is thirty inches long, then knit twenty rows in garter stitch and bind off.

Work in single crochet on all the edges of the scarf to make them firm, then tie fringe in every fourth stitch across the ends. Each strand should contain six threads, each eight inches long, or four inches when doubled. When the strands have been knotted in, tie half of each strand to the adjoining half strand for the second series of knots.

A crocheted tie is another acceptable gift, particularly for students and the young business men. The tie illustrated is in a new stitch pattern made by combining the crazy shell with the single crochet.

Crocheted Tie—Use a fine steel crochet-hook and either one spool of motor silk or three spools of ordinary crochet-silk. The former is preferable because it eliminates knots in the work.

Chain twenty-two and make twenty-one single crochet in the row, then make a second row of twenty-one single crochet, taking them up on the double thread.



Slippers in Brown and Corn Color With Mink Tops

Third Row—Turn, chain three, three double crochet in the first stitch, *skip two stitches, one single crochet in the next. Chain three, three double crochet in the same stitch with single crochet. Repeat from *, making seven shells in the row.

Fourth Row—Turn, chain three, two double crochet in the first single crochet, one single crochet in the space beneath the chain, two double crochet in the next single crochet and so continue along the row.

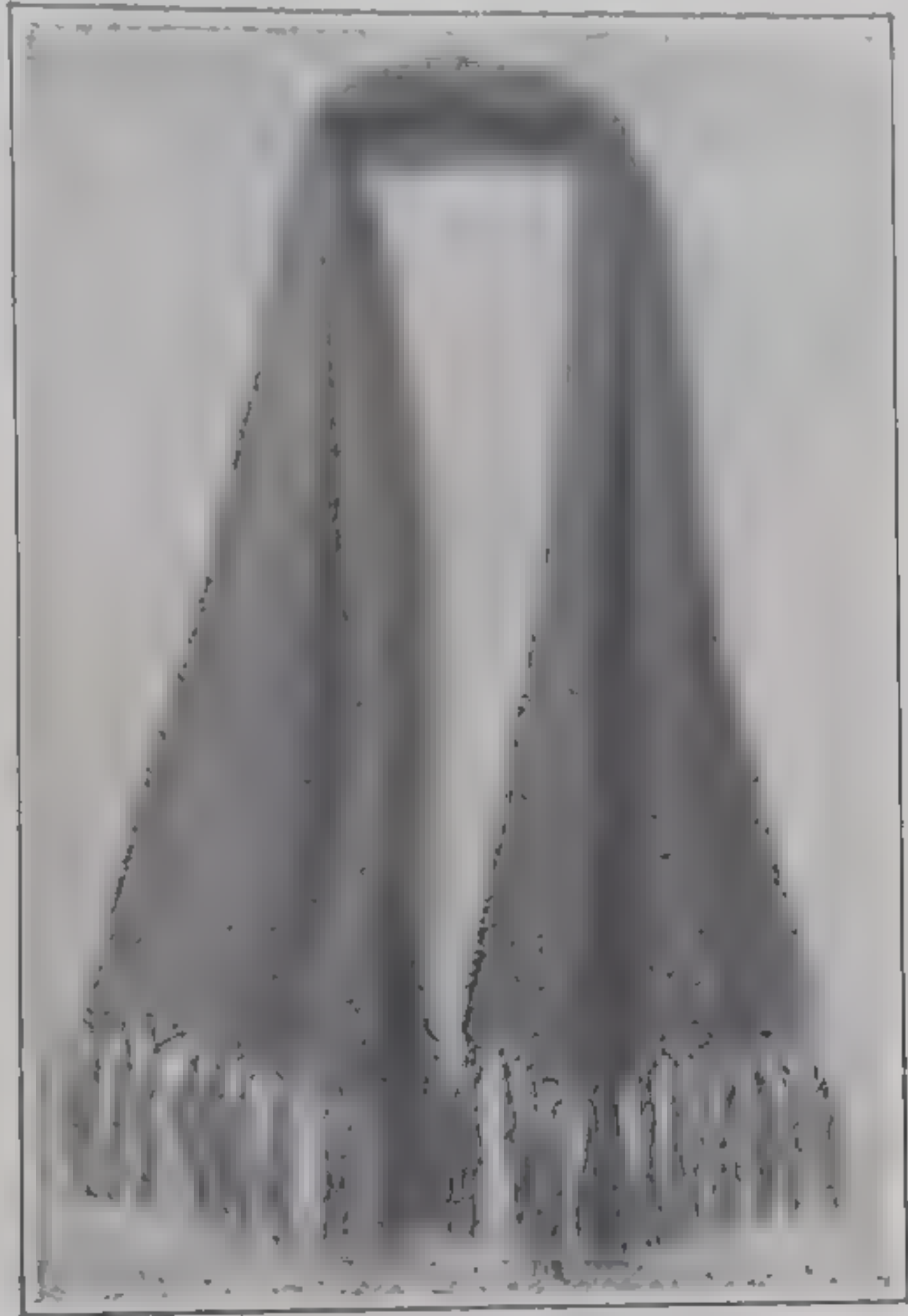
Repeat from the beginning of the first row until the work is fifteen inches long. This is for the first end. Narrow for the neckband by decreasing one shell at each end of the first shell row, make seven rows without decreasing and again make a decreased row, when the work will be three shells wide and ready for the neckband.

The neckband may be made in two ways—it may be crocheted or it may be of satin. If crocheted continue in pattern on the three shells until the band is slightly shorter than the neck measurement allowing somewhat for stretching. Increase for the second end as the first end was decreased, crochet a length of ten inches and fasten off.

If a satin neckband is preferred, and the men-folks claim it stands the pulling and rubbing better, make about six narrow rows after the first end, then fasten off. Begin the second end the same as the first and when ten inches are crocheted make the decreased rows, then six narrow rows and again fasten off. Stitch a double band of satin and inside the ends place the narrowed ends of the crocheting.

Full-Crowned Tam-o'-Shanter—The tam-o'-shanter takes about three ounces of Germantown and a medium-sized crochet-hook. Begin at the center of the crown with three chain joined in a ring. Into the ring work eight single crochet. Throughout the work take the single crochet up on the double thread.

Next Two Rounds—Two single crochet in each stitch.



A Knitted Motor Scarf for the Man With an Automobile

Fourth Round—Two single crochet in first stitch, one single crochet in next. It will be seen that there are sixteen increased points in the round. Increase at each of these increased points until there are nineteen rounds in all. On the last round there will be sixteen stitches between the increasings.

Change to the fancy pattern, working as follows: Pull the loop on needle up about half an inch and pull up a loop in next stitch. Pull wool through both loops and chain one. Pull a loop through each of the next two stitches of the round, pull through three loops, chain one. Repeat throughout the round and join at the end.

For the second round take the second loop of the first cluster between the first and second clusters of preceding round. For the second cluster take up the first loop in the same space and the second loop in the next space. Continue in this way all around, then repeat the second round until there are six rounds in all.

Resume work in single crochet, in the first round making two single crochet in each space. On the following rounds narrow at thirty-two points in each round, until the size is right for the head. Make nine rounds without narrowing, for the headband, and fasten off.

Crocheted Slippers With Fur Tops—The slippers illustrated have mink tops and are made of wool of the shade of the fur and a pale corn color to contrast with it. About one and a half ounces of each are needed for a No. 5 slipper. Use a No. 2 bone crochet-hook suitable for afghan stitch. The brown wool is worked in afghan stitch, the corn color in the melon stitch.

Begin at the toe with the brown wool. Chain sixteen and work in afghan stitch, as follows: Pick up a loop in each chain excepting that next to the needle, giving sixteen loops, then work them off by pulling the wool through the first loop, then through two loops all along the row until one loop remains on the needle. It will be seen that the first row consists of a series of perpendicular bars.

The New Full-Crowned Tam-o'-Shanter for the Little Girl

Second Row—Skip the first bar and pick up a loop on the next, slipping the needle behind the bar to do so. Continue in this way throughout the row, but in the space at each side of the two center loops pick up a loop, giving eighteen loops in all in the row. Work off as before. Work a third row with eighteen loops, then a fourth row, on it again increasing two stitches at the center, making twenty loops in all. Fasten off the brown wool.

Fifth Row—Work in melon stitch, as follows: Take up a loop around the first bar of preceding row, wool over needle and take up another loop around the same bar. Repeat this cluster around every second bar until five clusters in all have been made, bringing the work to the two center bars of the row. On each of them make a cluster, then a cluster in the bar after them. Then resume working on every other bar to the end of the row. There should be twelve clusters in all. Work back on them as in afghan stitch, treating each cluster as one loop.

Sixth Row—Pull up the loop on the needle, to form a half cluster for the end of the row, then make a cluster in each space of the fifth row, at the end picking up one loop beyond the last cluster, to act as a half cluster there. Work back as before, drawing the wool through the half clusters as though they were full.

Seventh Row—Throw the wool over the needle and take up a loop in the first space which, with the loop already on the needle, forms the first cluster. In the fifth space put two clusters and in the seventh space again put two and end the row with a full cluster in the final space. Otherwise the row is worked like the sixth row.

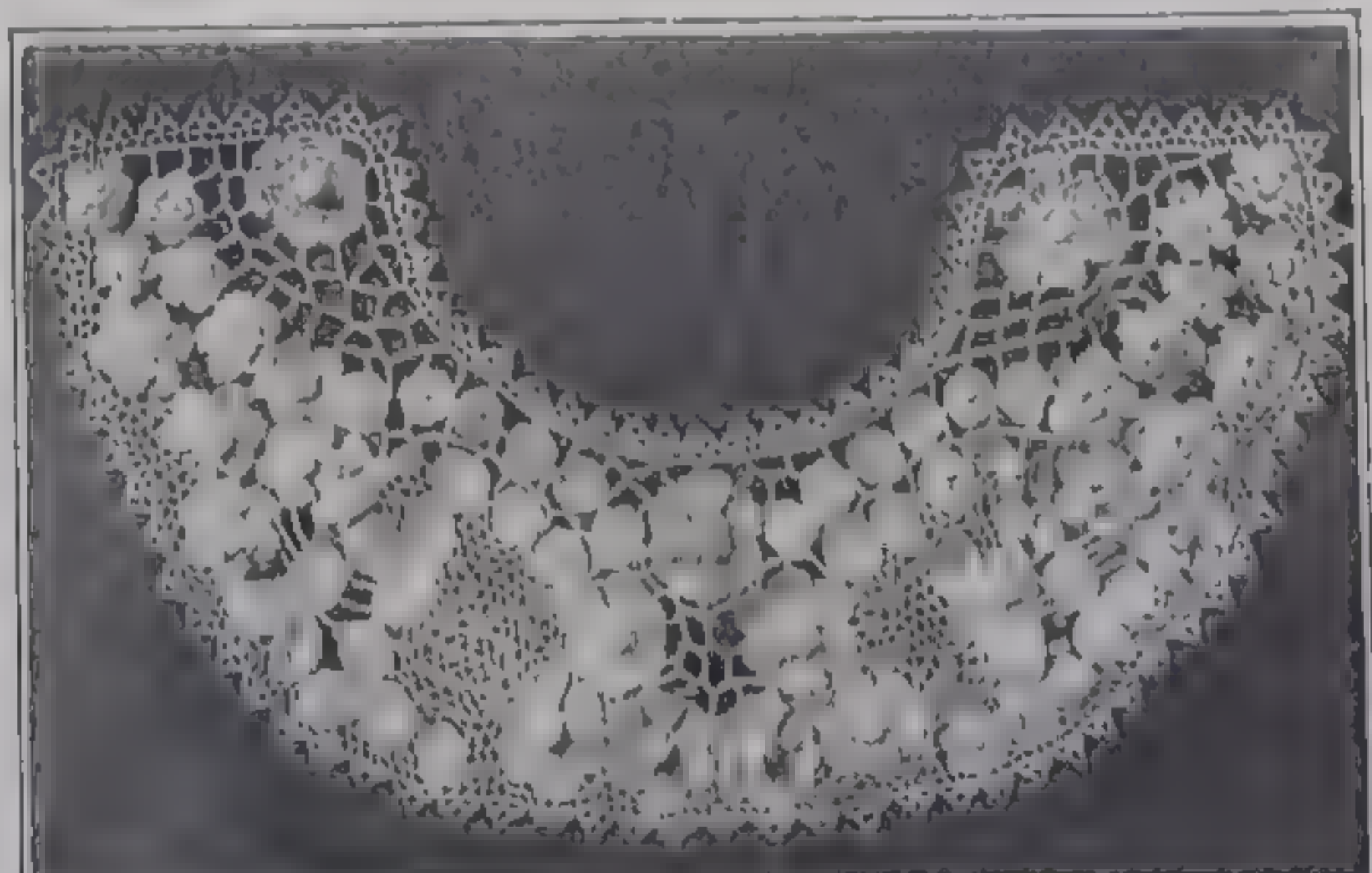
Again work three rows in afghan stitch. In the first take up a loop in each cluster of preceding row, and also in each space between the clusters. In the second increase at each side of the two center loops and work the third row without increasing.

Repeat the last six rows, increasing in the center of each row instead of every other row. This completes the front of the slipper.

For the first side row work to the center of the front, then back again. On this row make enough rows of the same length, without increasing, to reach around the back of the slipper to the other side of the front. Take care to finish with three rows in melon stitch, to make the pattern match.

Join the slipper by overhanding it together with tan sewing-silk, then sew to the sole.

Finish the top opening of the slipper as follows: [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 82]



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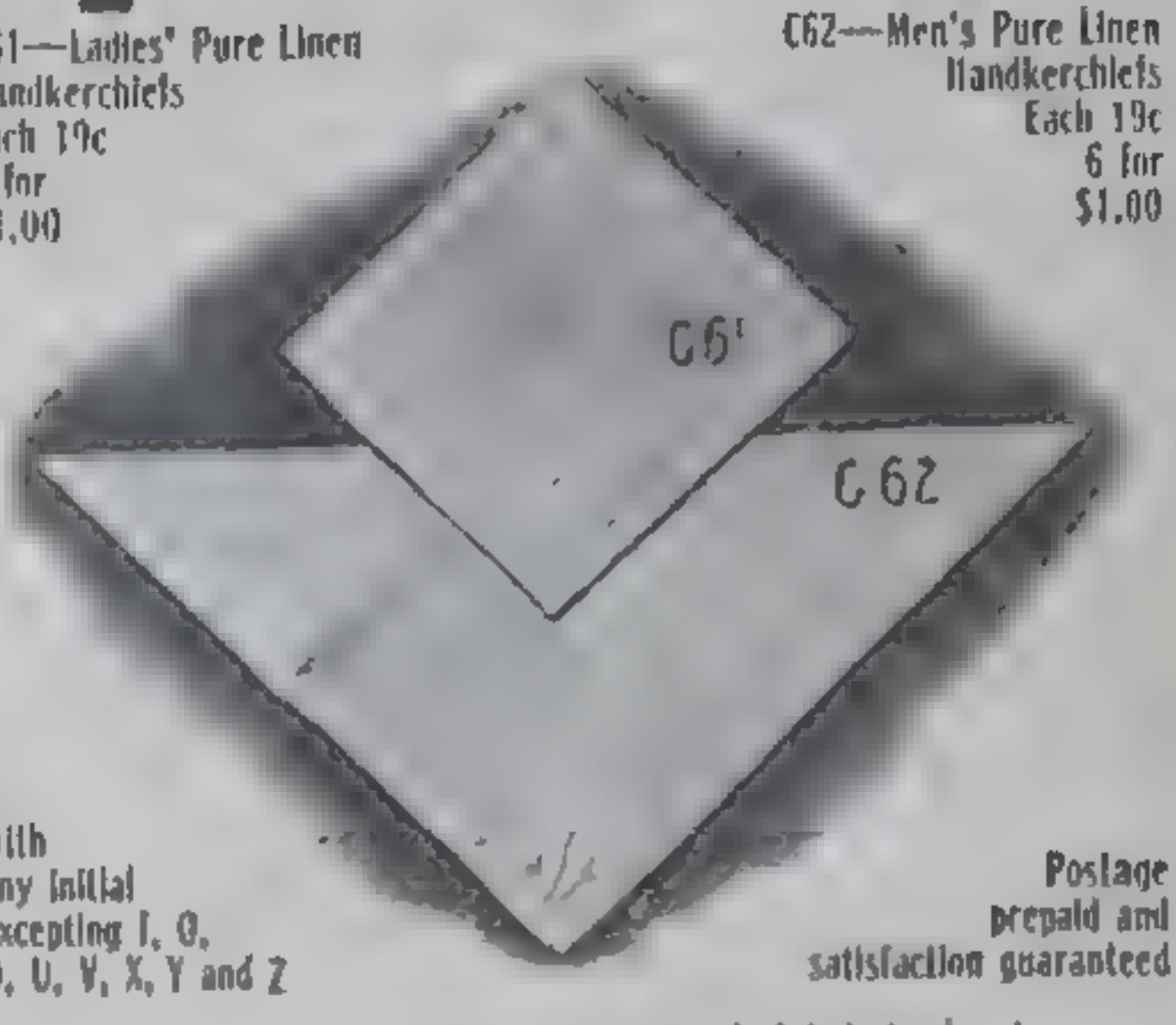

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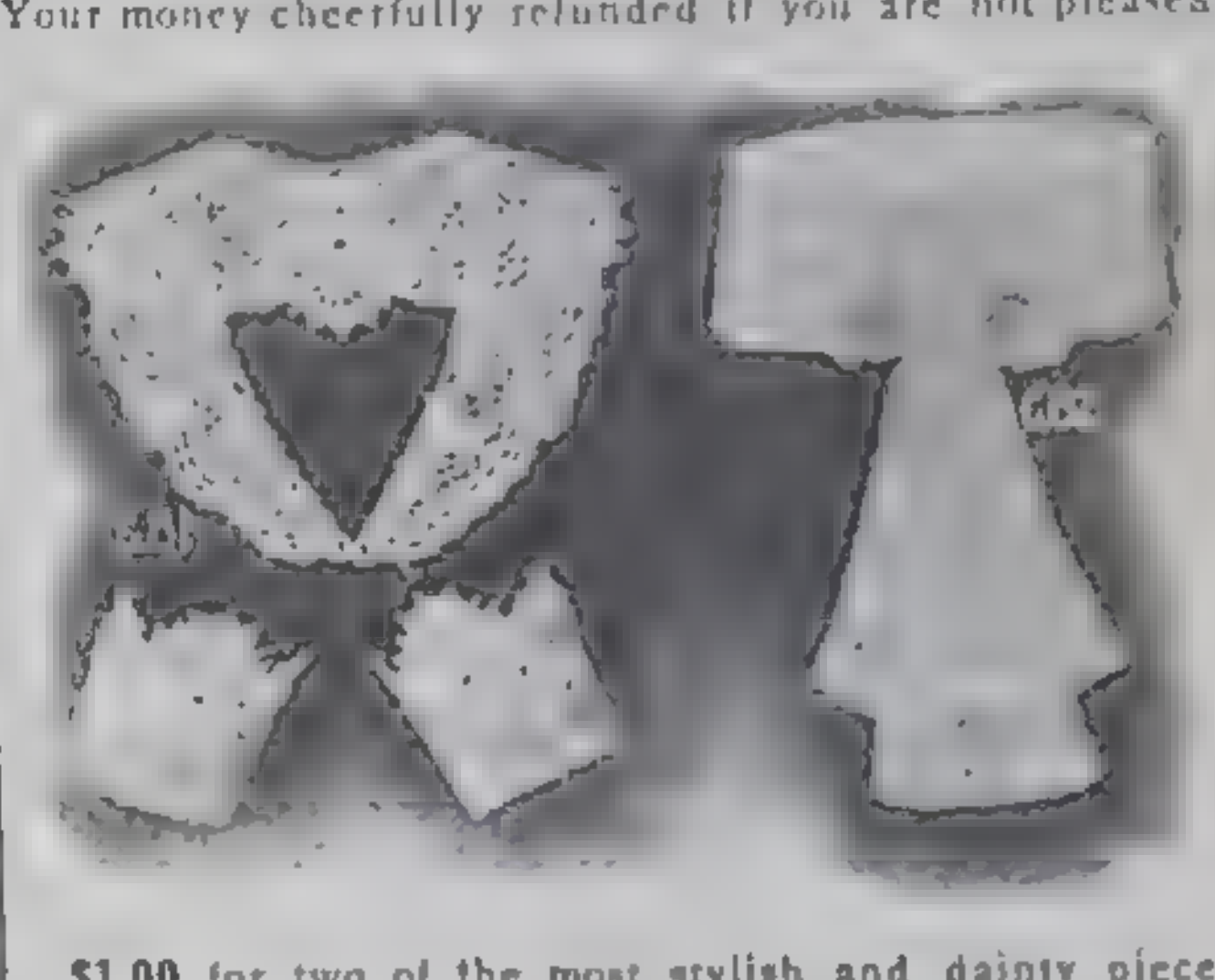

$1.00 for two of the most stylish and dainty pieces of the new neckwear. Two splendid Xmas gifts.

C81—Coat Collar and Cuff Set of Point de Venise lace in beautiful new pattern, in white only. Price 59 cents.

C82—Collar and Jabot of Brussels Net with hand-made French knots and artistic bow of ribbon. Colors: white, light blue, pink or heliotrope. Price 59 cents.

Special Xmas Price for both of above pieces, No. C81 and C82, if ordered together, $1.00. Postage Prepaid.

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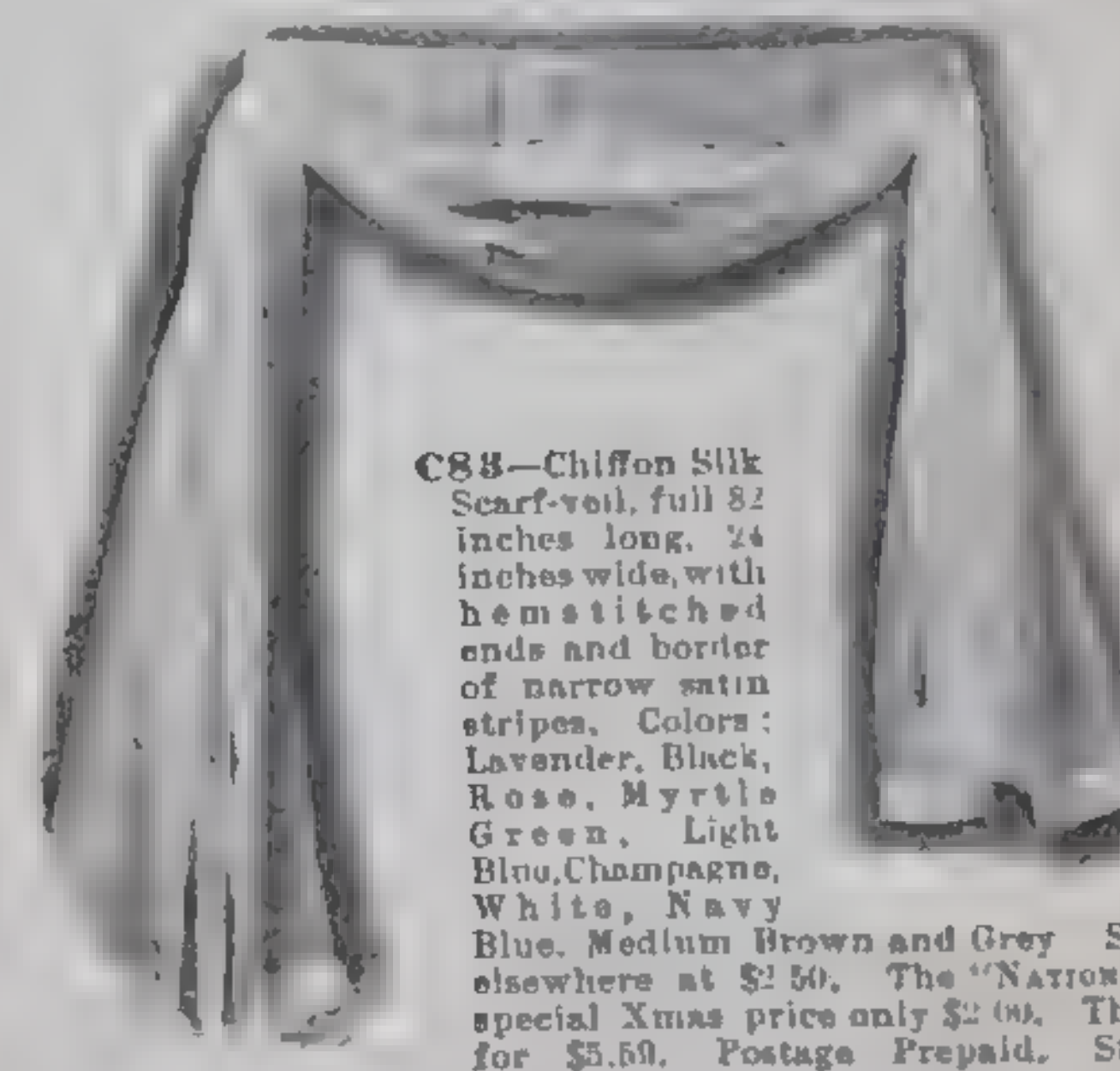

C88—Chiffon Silk Scarf-veil, full 82 inches long, 24 inches wide, with hemstitched ends and border of narrow satin stripes. Colors: Lavender, Black, Rose, Myrtle Green, Light Blue, Champagne, White, Navy Blue, Medium Brown and Grey. Sold elsewhere at $2.50. The "National" special Xmas price only $2.00. Three for $5.50. Postage Prepaid. State color desired.

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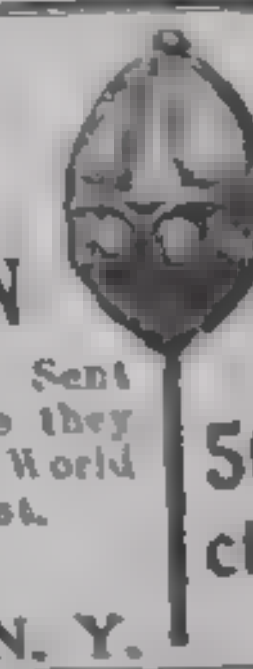

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kept up
the pace
And the
strength of
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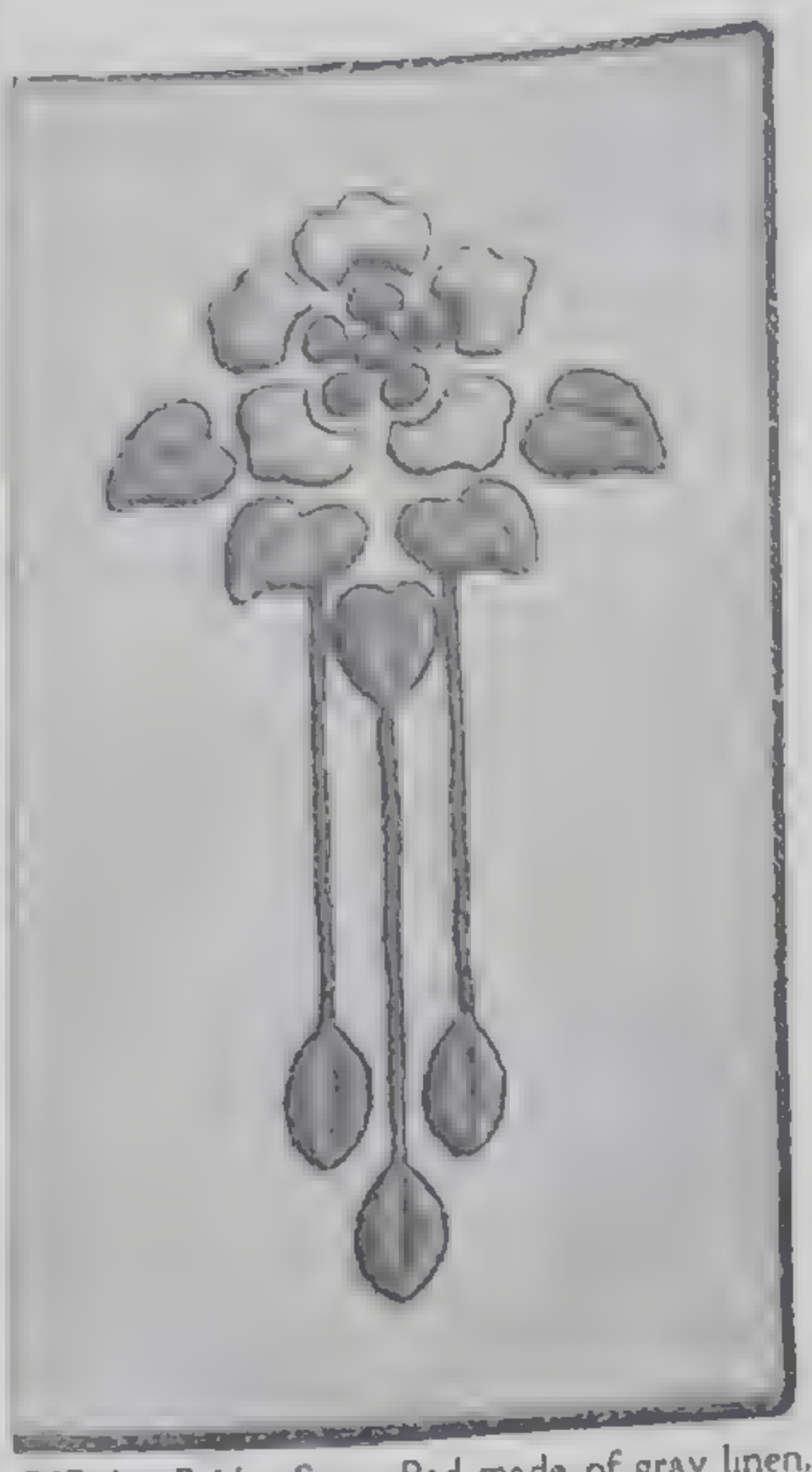
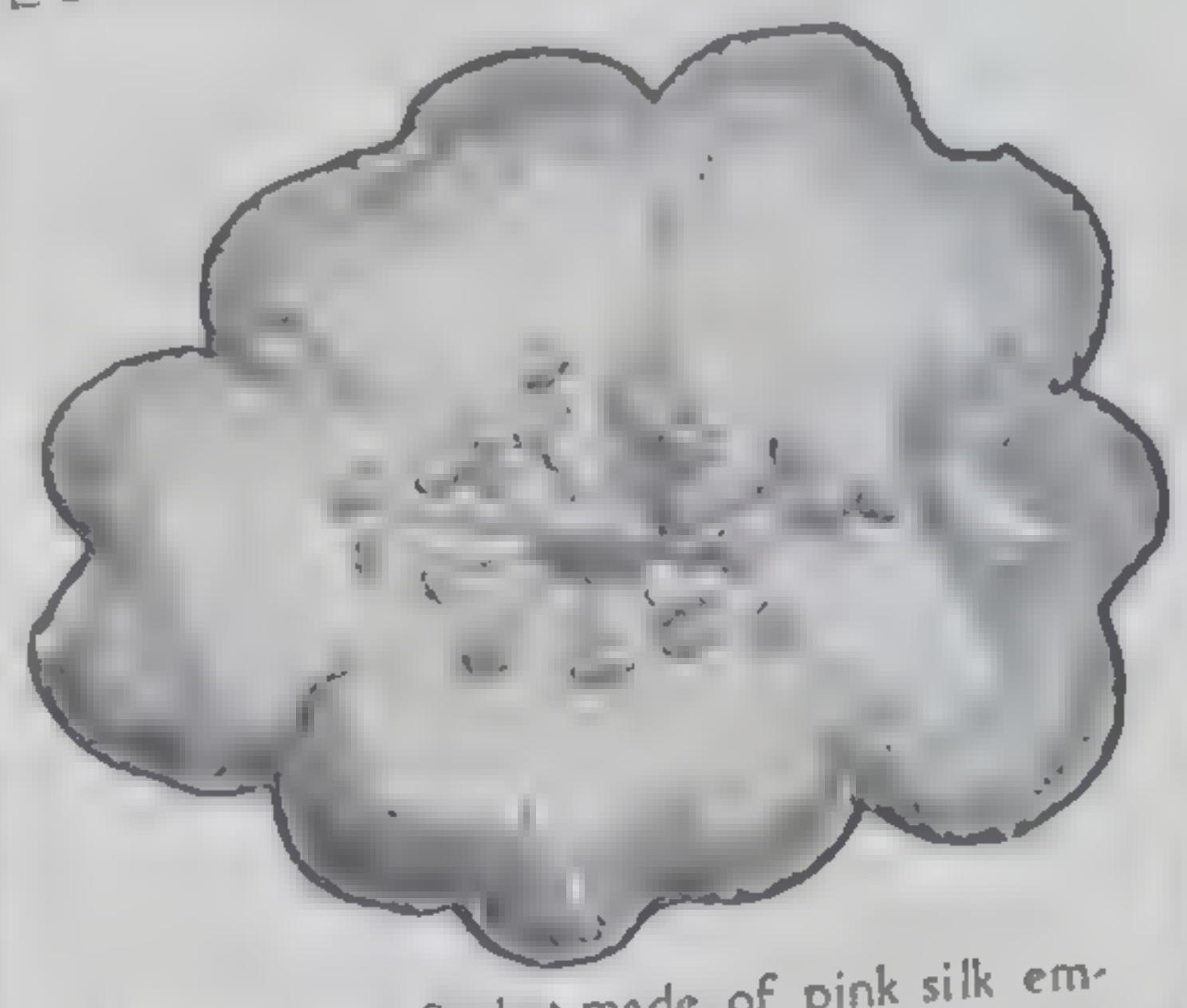
CHRISTMAS EMBROIDERY

DESIGNED BY EVELYN PARSONS



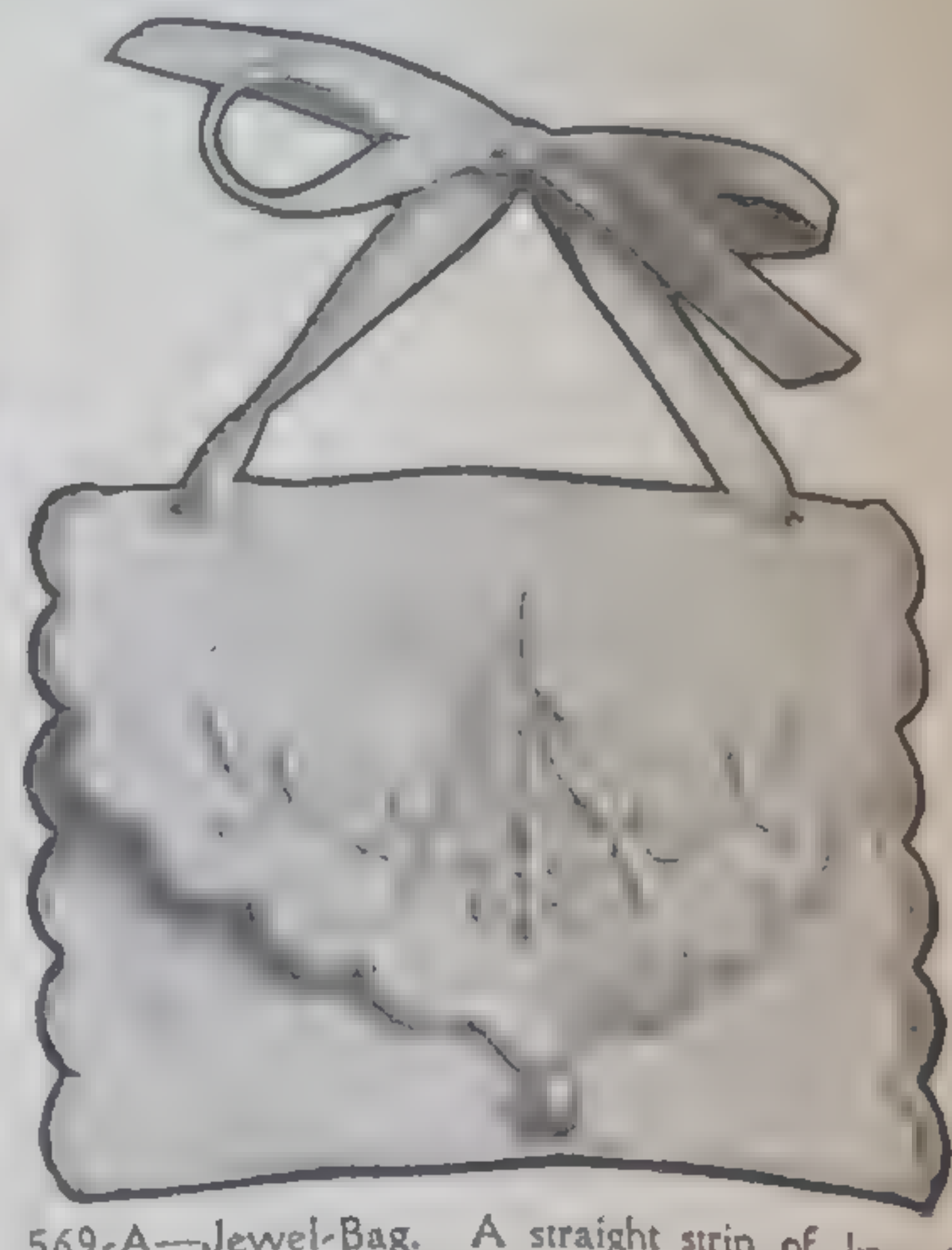
567-A—Bridge Score-Pad made of gray linen, silk-lined, and with cardboard stiffening. The design is worked in dull rose, yellow and green, each color outlined with black.

Stamped on Linen	*25 Cents*
Thread and Cord	*15 Cents*



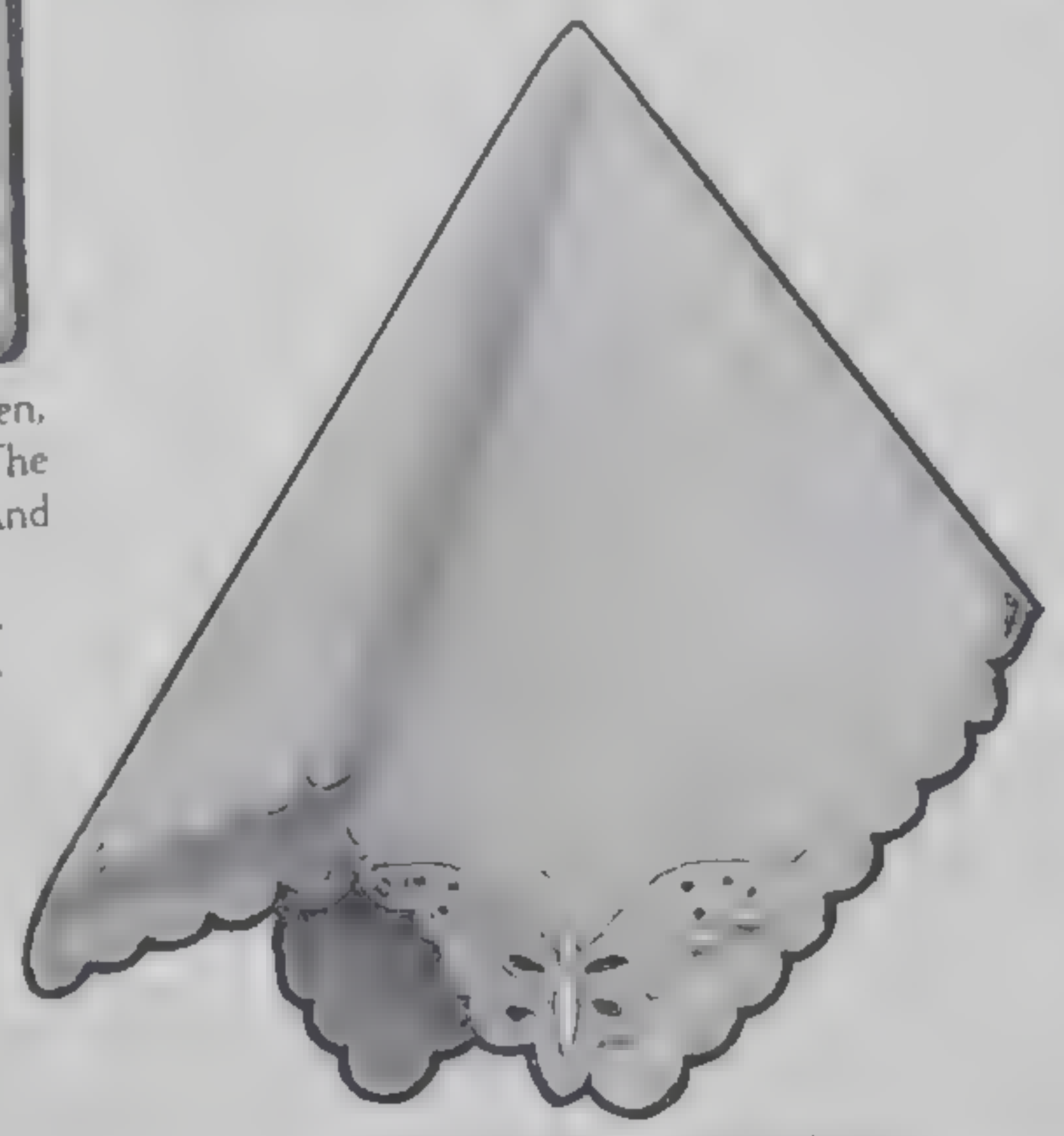
568 A—Rose Sachet made of pink silk embroidered with a darker shade of floss. Both sides are embroidered and between them perfumed cotton wadding is placed and the two roses are sewed together.

Stamped on Silk	*25 Cents*
Embroidery-Floss	*15 Cents*



569-A—Jewel-Bag. A straight strip of linen is embroidered, then folded to form a pocket and the flap fastened with a tiny pearl button. The edge is buttonholed. Inside of the linen pocket is a little case of chamois. The ribbon is tied through little eyelets worked in the linen.

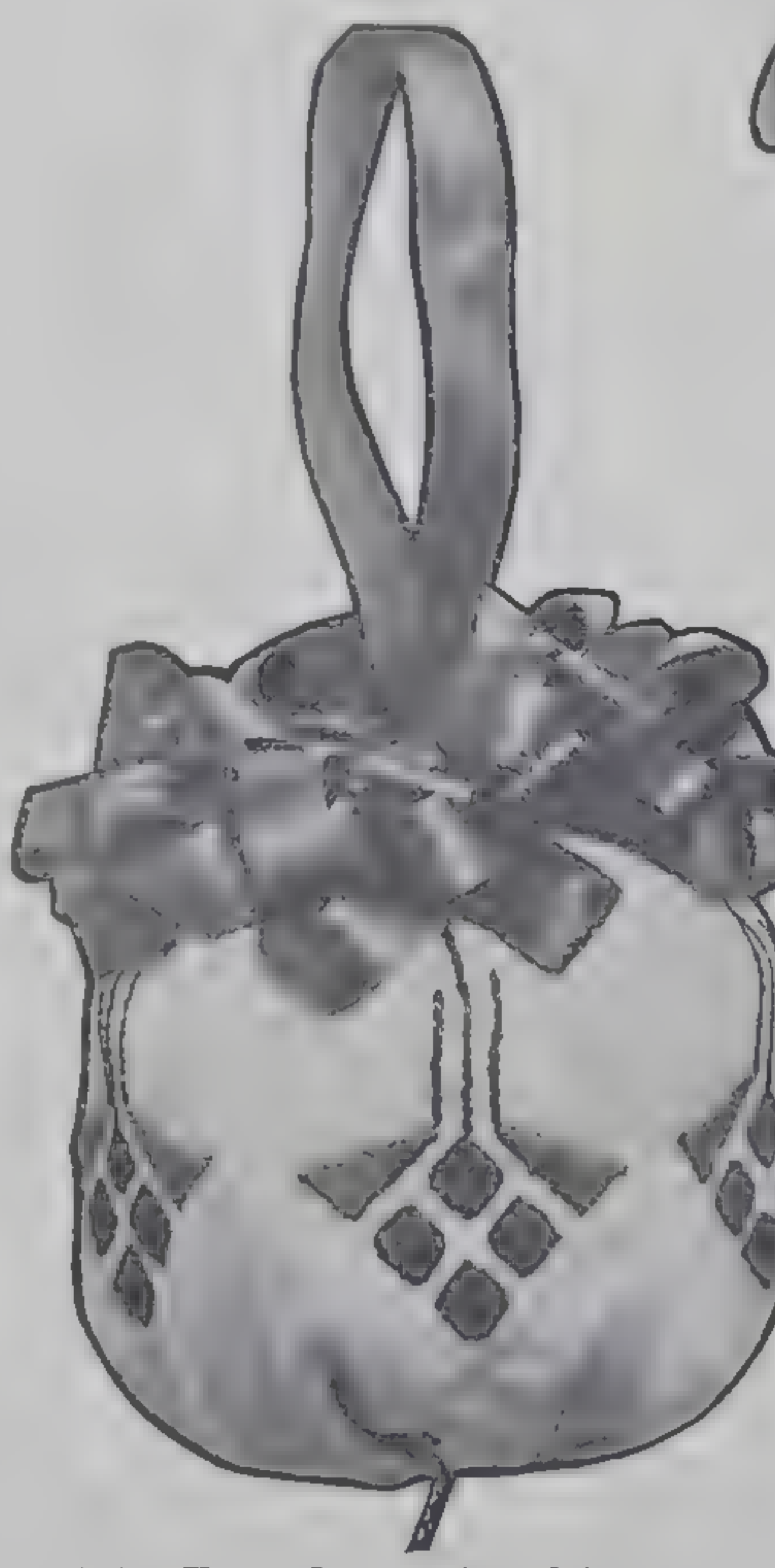
Stamped on Linen	*20 Cents*
Thread	*5 Cents*
Chamois Pocket	*10 Cents*



570-A—Handkerchief of grass-linen

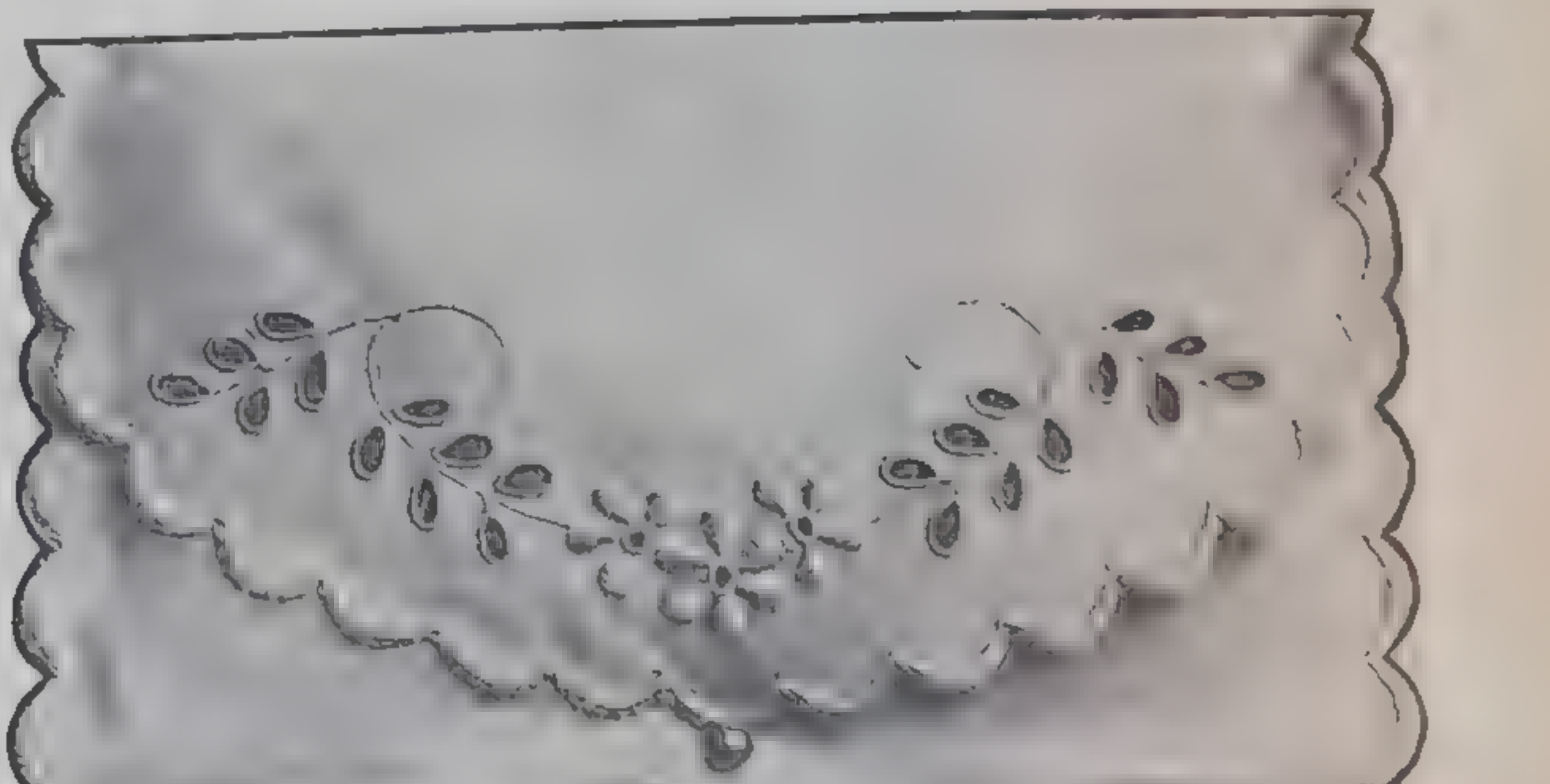
570-A—Handkerchief of fine grass-linen embroidered in color. The butterfly in one corner may be worked in eyelet and solid embroidery or all solid work. Before buttonholing the edge pad it with chain-stitch worked with the embroidery-thread.

Stamped on Linen	*35 Cents*
Thread (Blue, Pink, Lavender and White)	*5 Cents*



571-A—Twine-Bag made of brown linen. The little squares are red, the other parts green and the lines are black. To make this bag, a straight strip of linen is gathered at the bottom and sewed to a wire ring. Slip in the twine ball and gather at top.

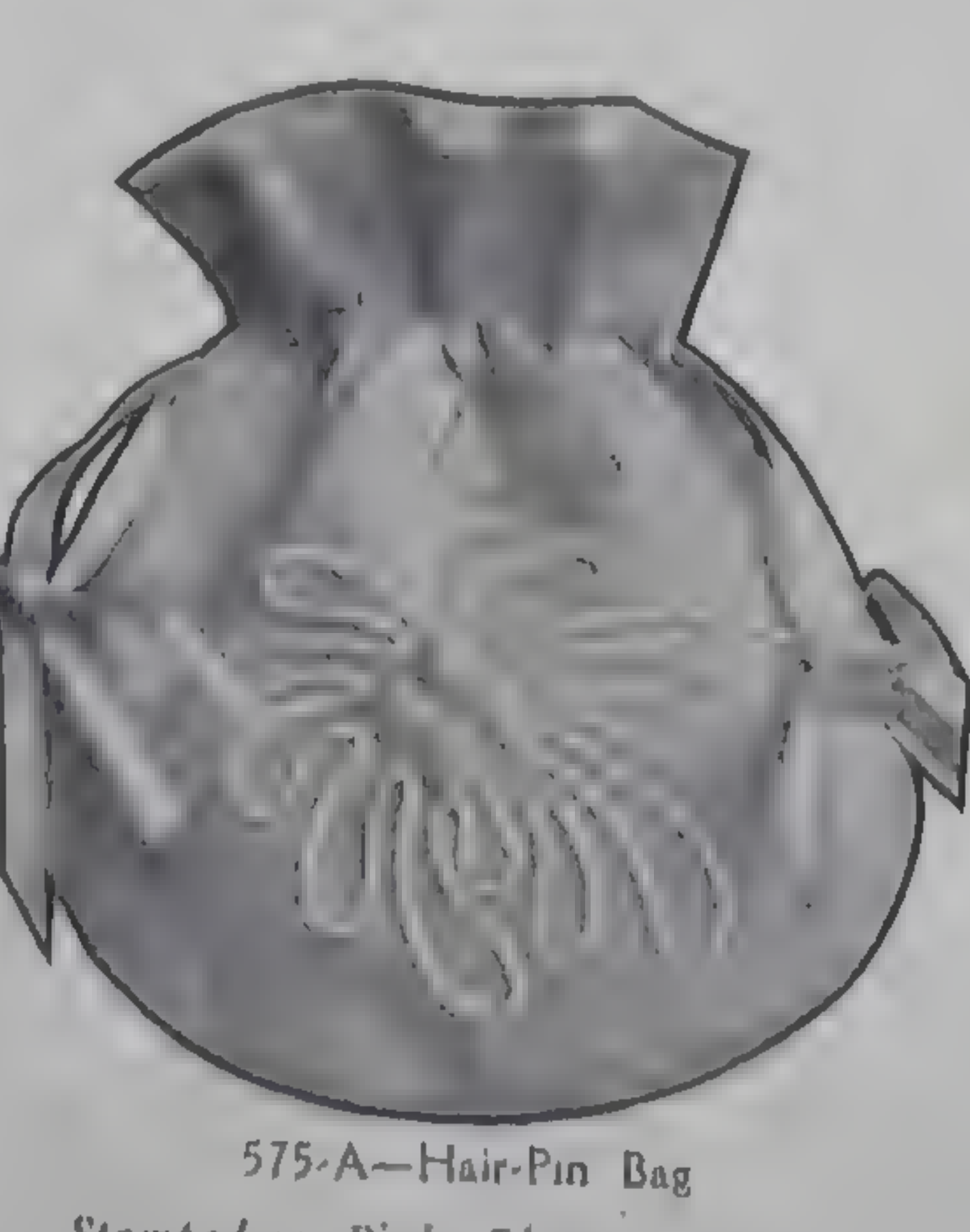
Stamped on Linen	*20 Cents*
Thread and Ring	*10 Cents*



572-A—Handkerchief-Case made of a strip of embroidered white linen, afterward folded and the edges sewed together with tiny over-and-over stitches to form a pocket. Make a pad of colored silk and a layer of cotton wadding, cutting it the shape of the linen and tack it to the under side of the buttonholing on the linen. Use a tiny loop and pearl button for a fastening.

Stamped Linen	*35 Cents*
Mercerized Ball Cotton	*10 Cents*
Dull Embroidery-Cotton	*15 Cents*

Traveling-Bags, the larger for the brush and comb, the smaller for hair-pins. We can also provide a sponge-bag in the same design. They are made of colored linen braided with a white cotton soutache. The brush-and-comb bag is drawn up with ribbon run through white bone rings. The sponge-bag has a rubber lining and is similar in design to the brush-and-comb bag.

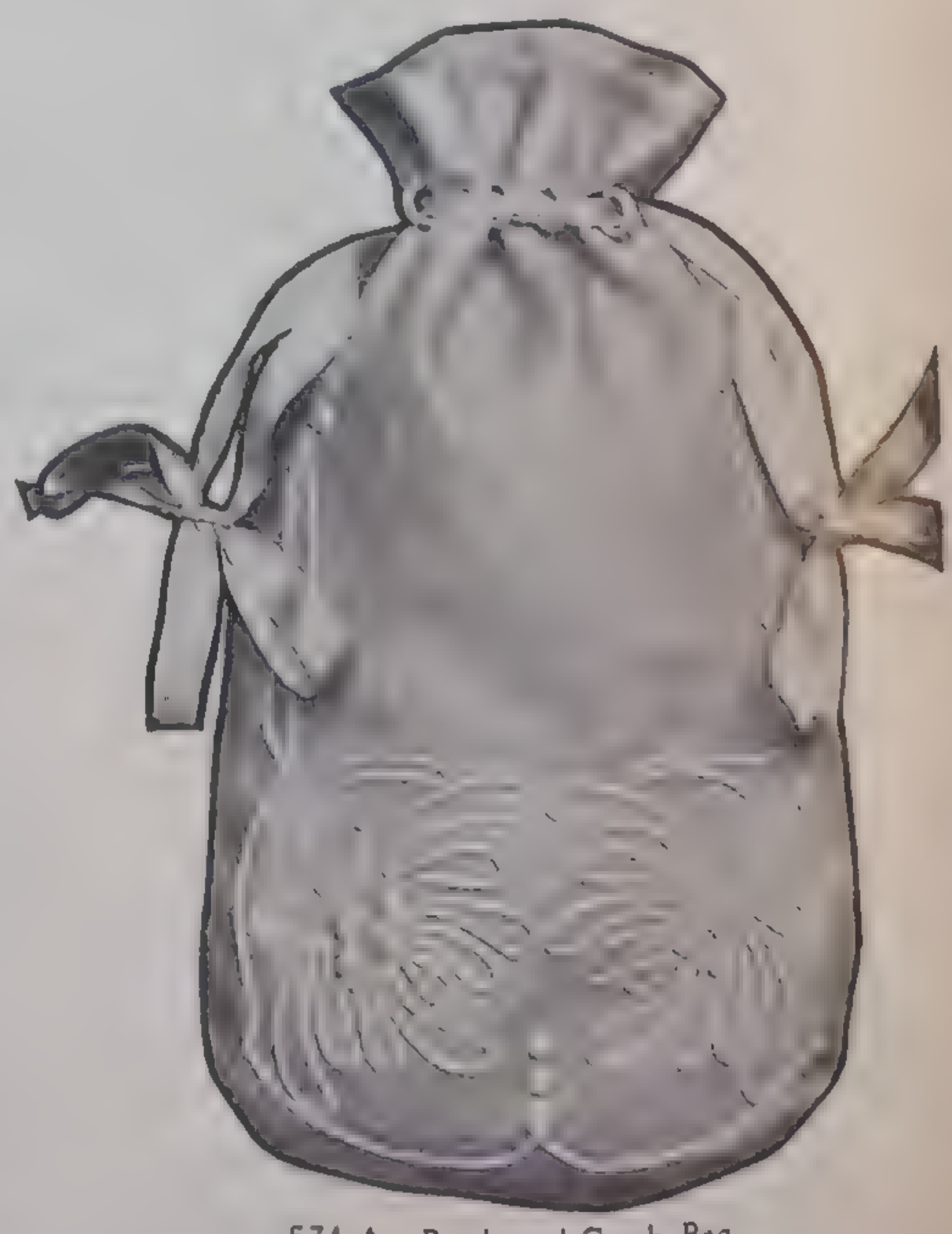


575-A—Hair-Pin Bag

Stamped on Pink, Blue or Lavender Linen	*20 Cents*
Braid and Thread to Match	*5 Cents*

573-A—Sponge-Bag, not illustrated, but matching the Hair-Pin Bag 575-A and Brush-and-Comb Bag 574-A.

Stamped on Pink, Blue or Lavender Linen,	*50 Cents*
Braid, Thread and White Silk Cord	*15 Cents*

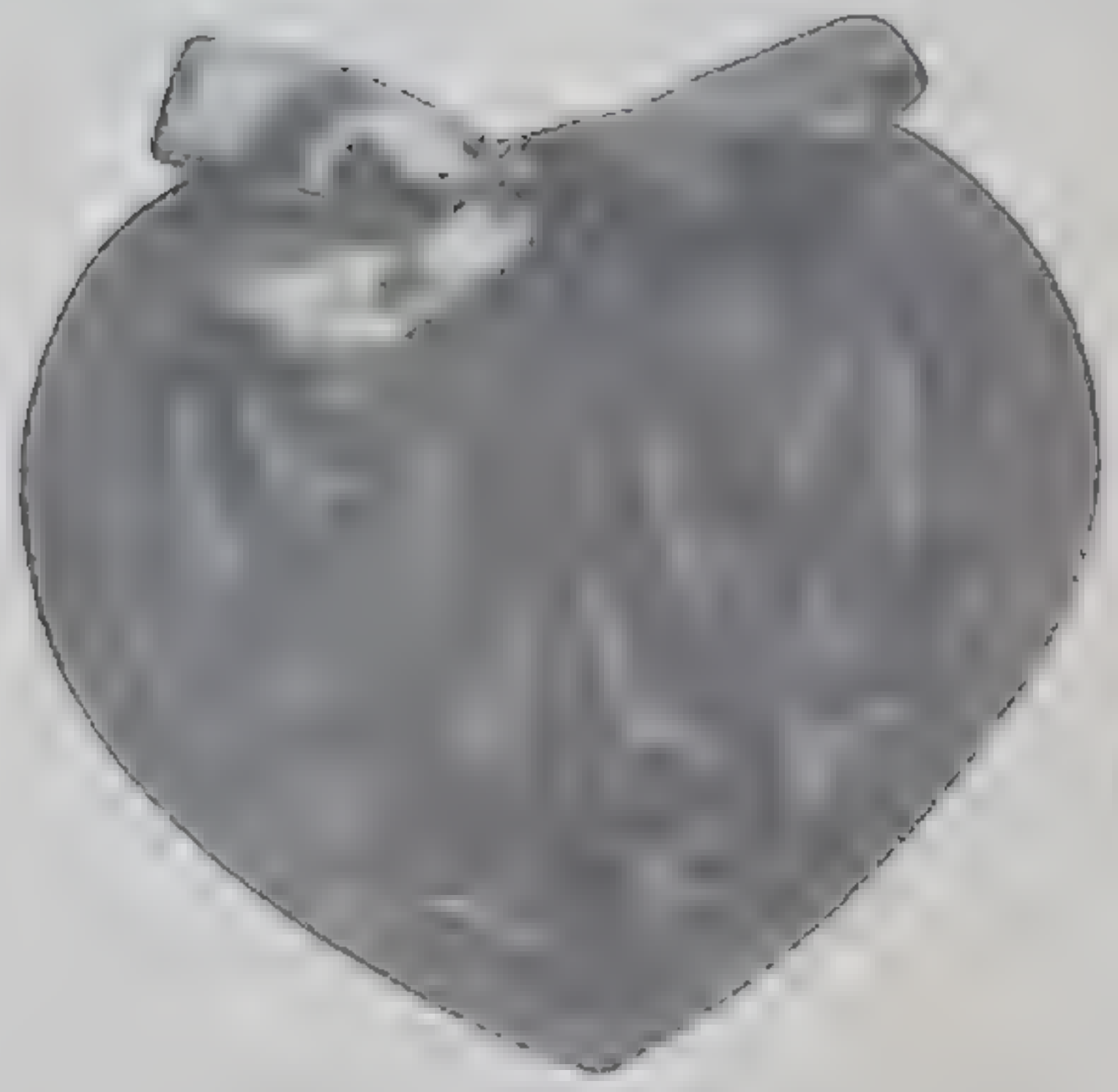


574-A—Brush-and-Comb Bag

Stamped on Pink, Blue or Lavender Linen	*35 Cents*
Cord, Thread and Rings	*20 Cents*

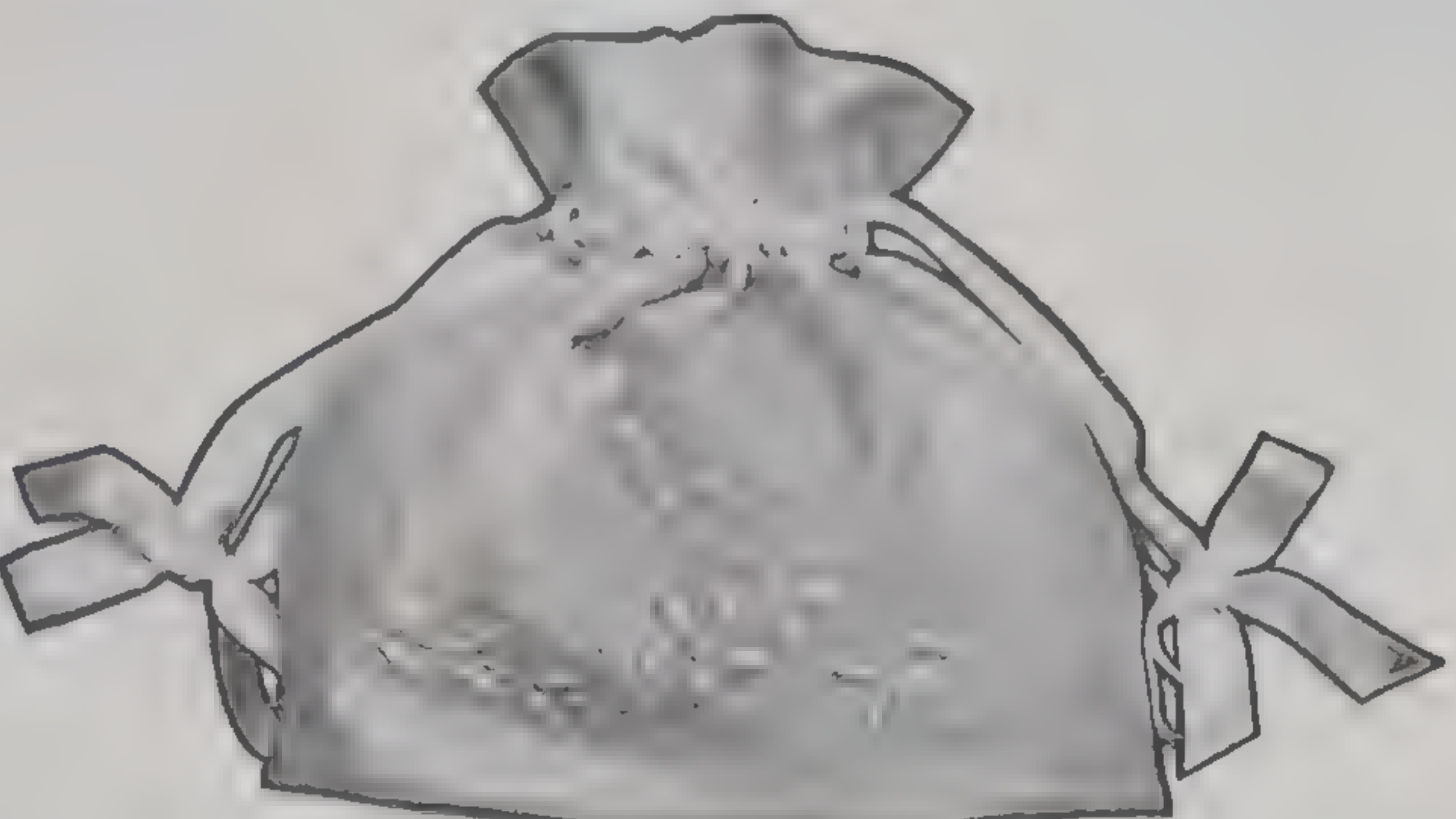
CHRISTMAS EMBROIDERY

DESIGNED BY EVELYN PARSONS



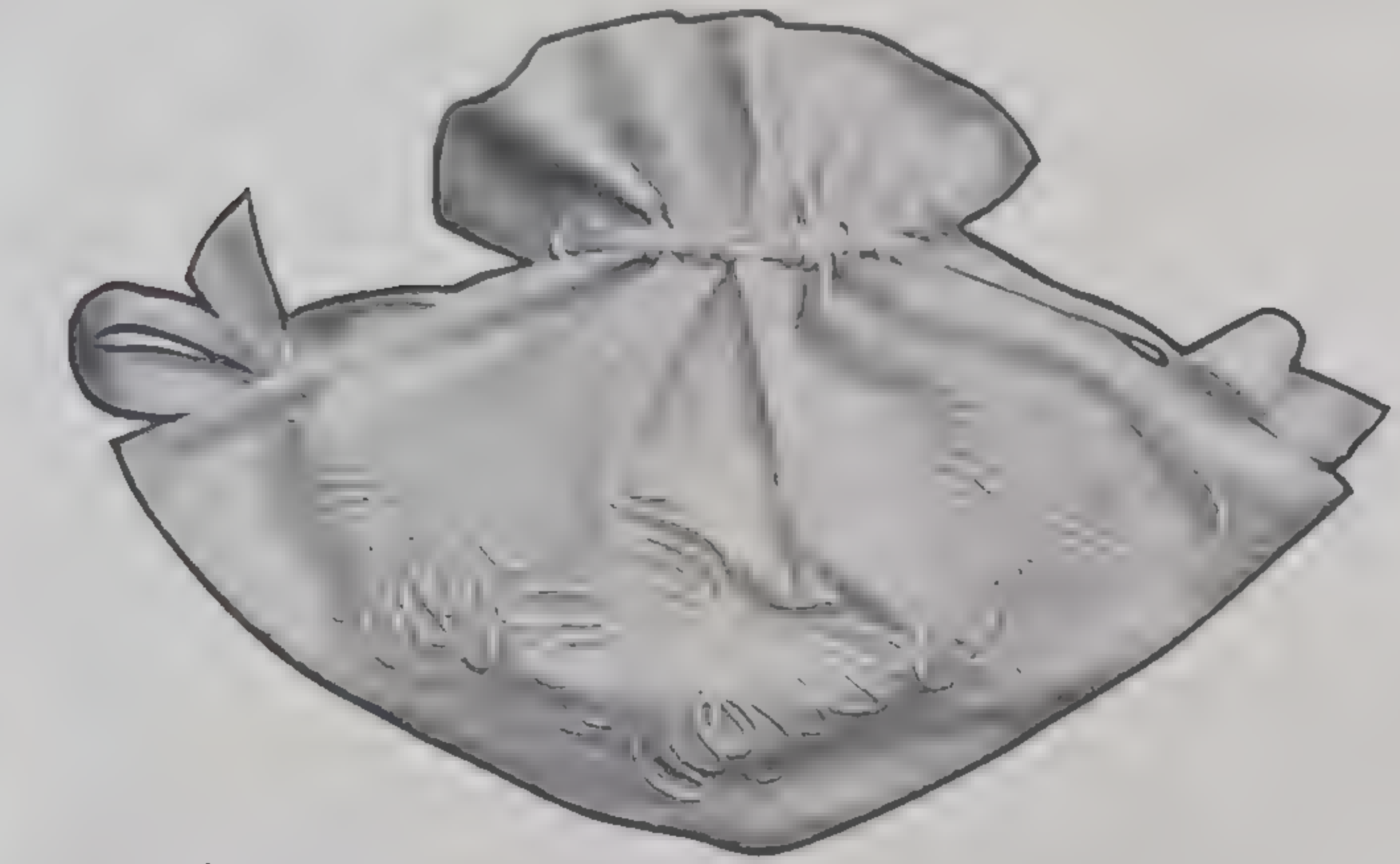
576-A—Pen-Wiper of cut leather with silk lining.

Covers Stamped on Brown or Green Leather	*25 Cents*
Chamois Pieces	*15 Cents*



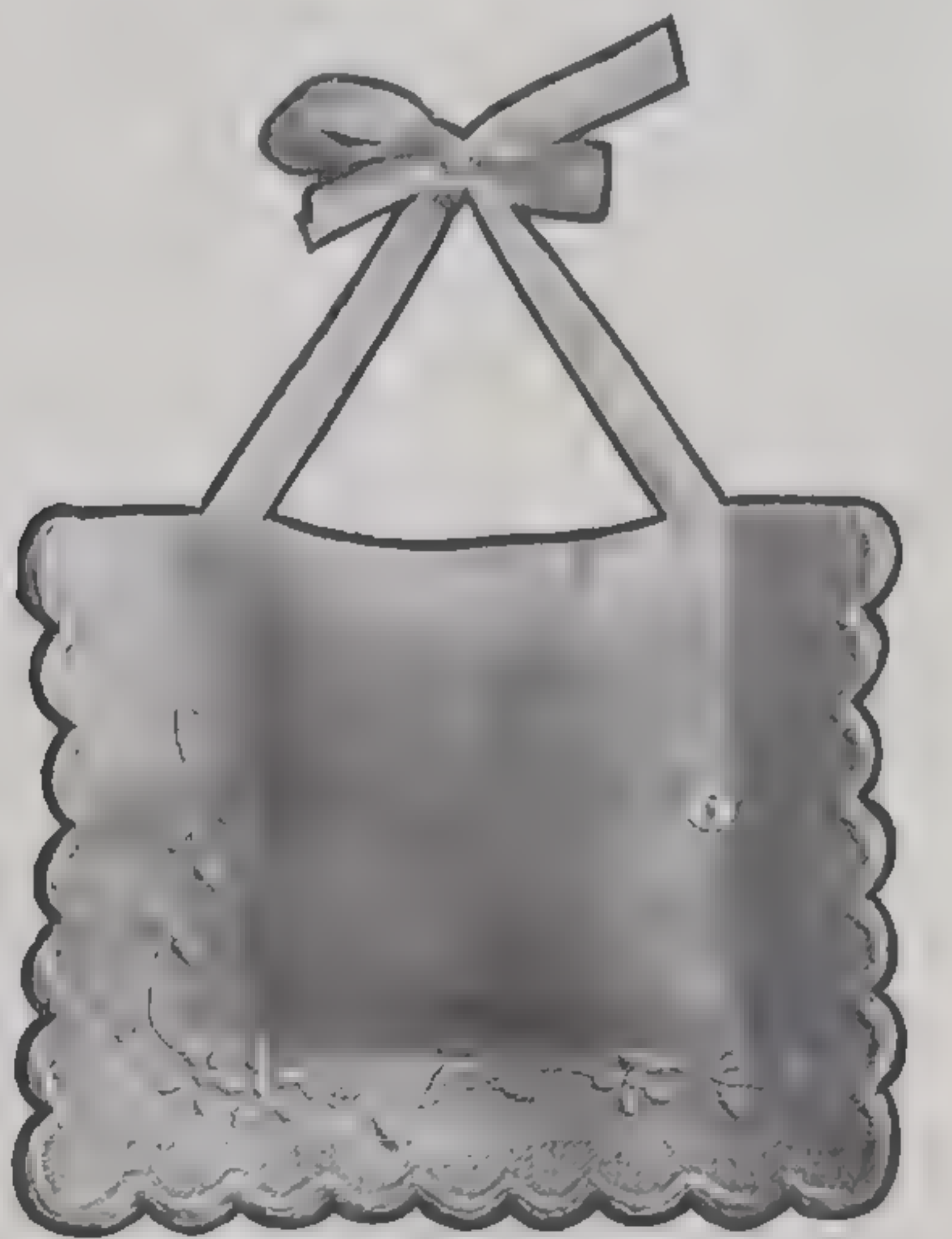
577-A—Thread-and-Needle Bag of embroidered linen. It is made with a shaped cardboard base. The ribbon is run through white bone rings.

Stamped on Pink, Blue or Lavender Linen	*35 Cents*
Thread and Rings	*15 Cents*



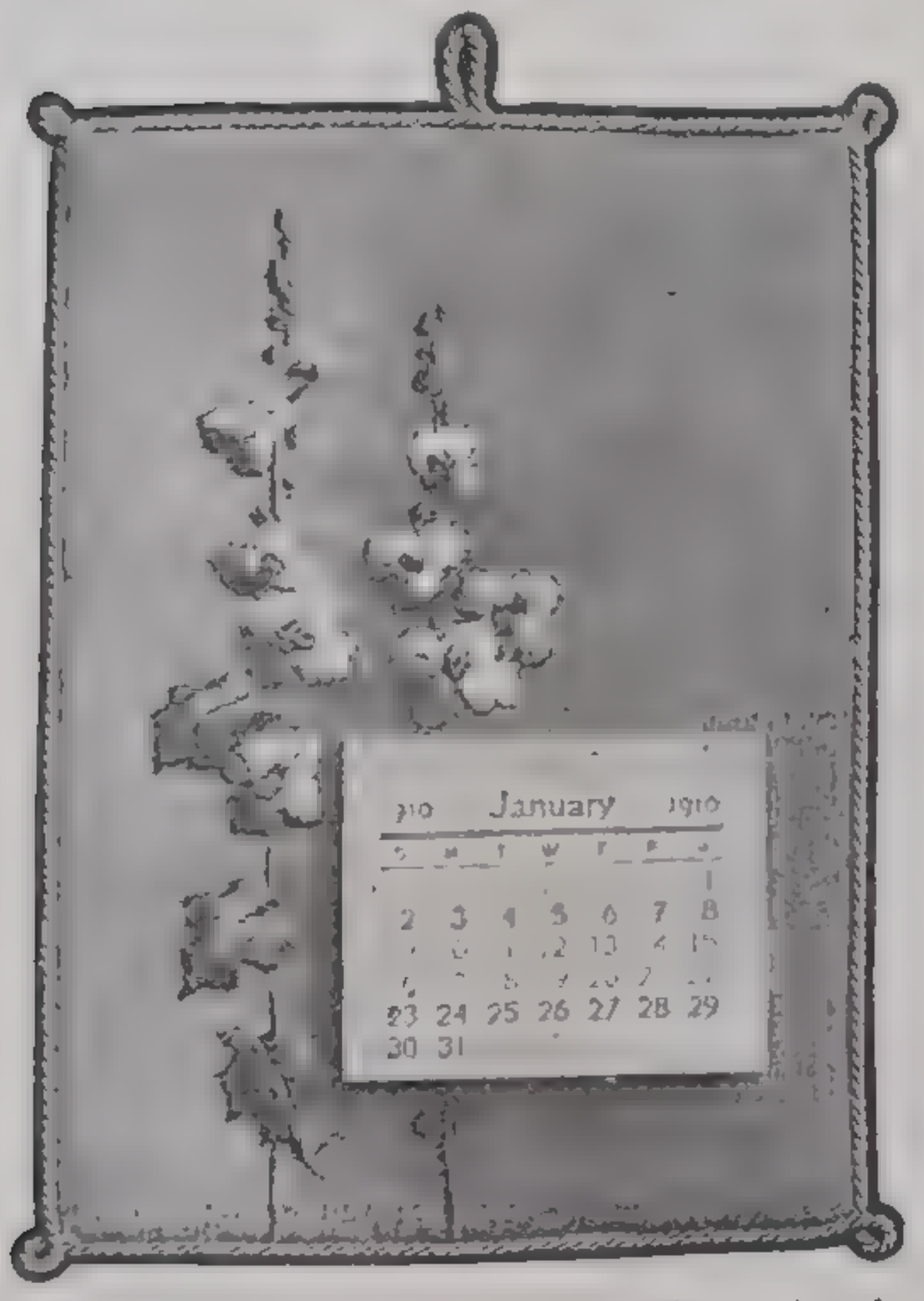
578-A—Work-Bag of linen with braided flowers and embroidered centers. The ends are folded over, meeting at the center, and the sides are stitched together.

Stamped on Pink, Blue or Lavender Linen	*55 Cents*
Cord, Thread and Bone Rings	*35 Cents*



579-A—A tiny Cushion to hang in the bathroom. The cover is buttoned on so that it may easily be removed for laundering.

Stamped on Pink, Blue or Lavender Linen	*20 Cents*
Thread	*5 Cents*

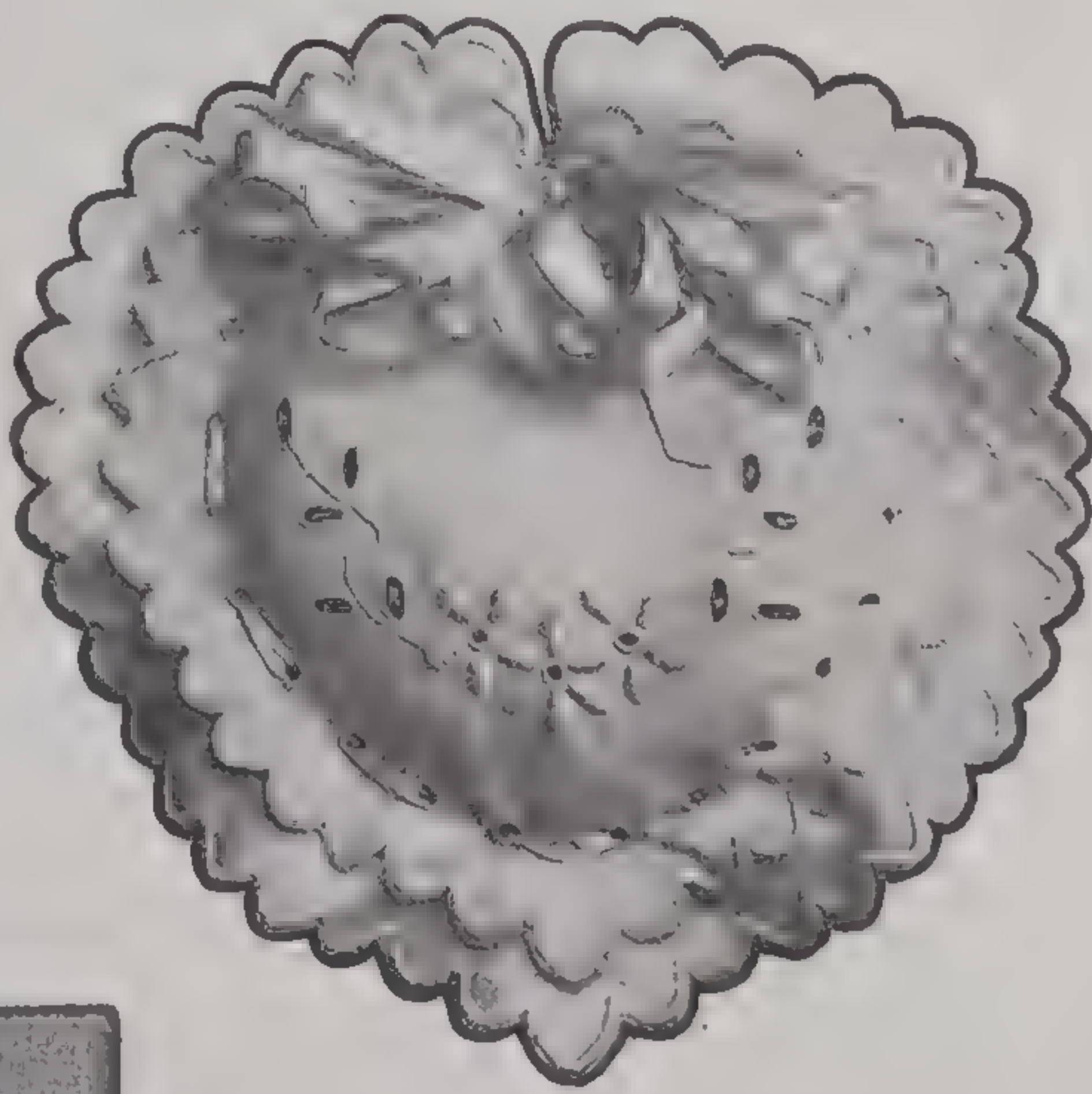


580-A—Hollyhock Calendar. Material, colored pongee, the flowers worked with filo in two shades of pink, and yellow centers with green leaves.

Stamped on Pongee	*25 Cents*
Embroidery-Silk	*20 Cents*
Cord	*5 Cents*
Calendar Pad	*10 Cents*

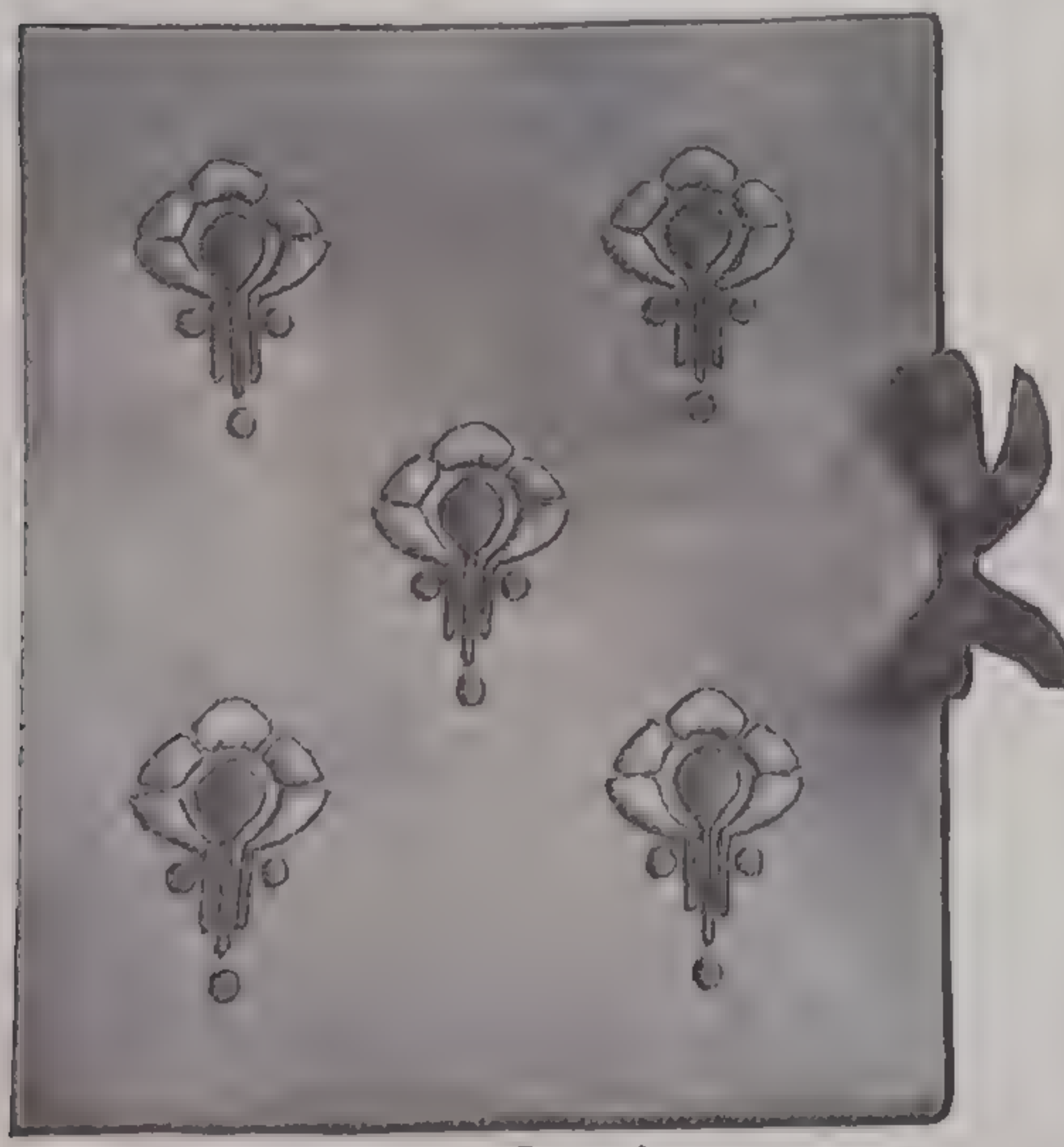
581-A—An embroidered linen Case for Note-Paper and 582-A Blotter made to slip inside the case. These articles are made of a very heavy gray linen embroidered in dull colors. The centerpiece of the repeating motif is green, above it blue is used and the dots are old rose. Each color is outlined with black. The pieces are finished on the edges with a silk cord the color of the linen. They are made with cardboard stiffenings and silk linings.

Case Stamped on Linen	*40 Cents*
Cord and Thread, (Use ThreeThreads)	*25 Cents*
Blotter Stamped on Linen	*20 Cents*
Cord and Thread	*15 Cents*

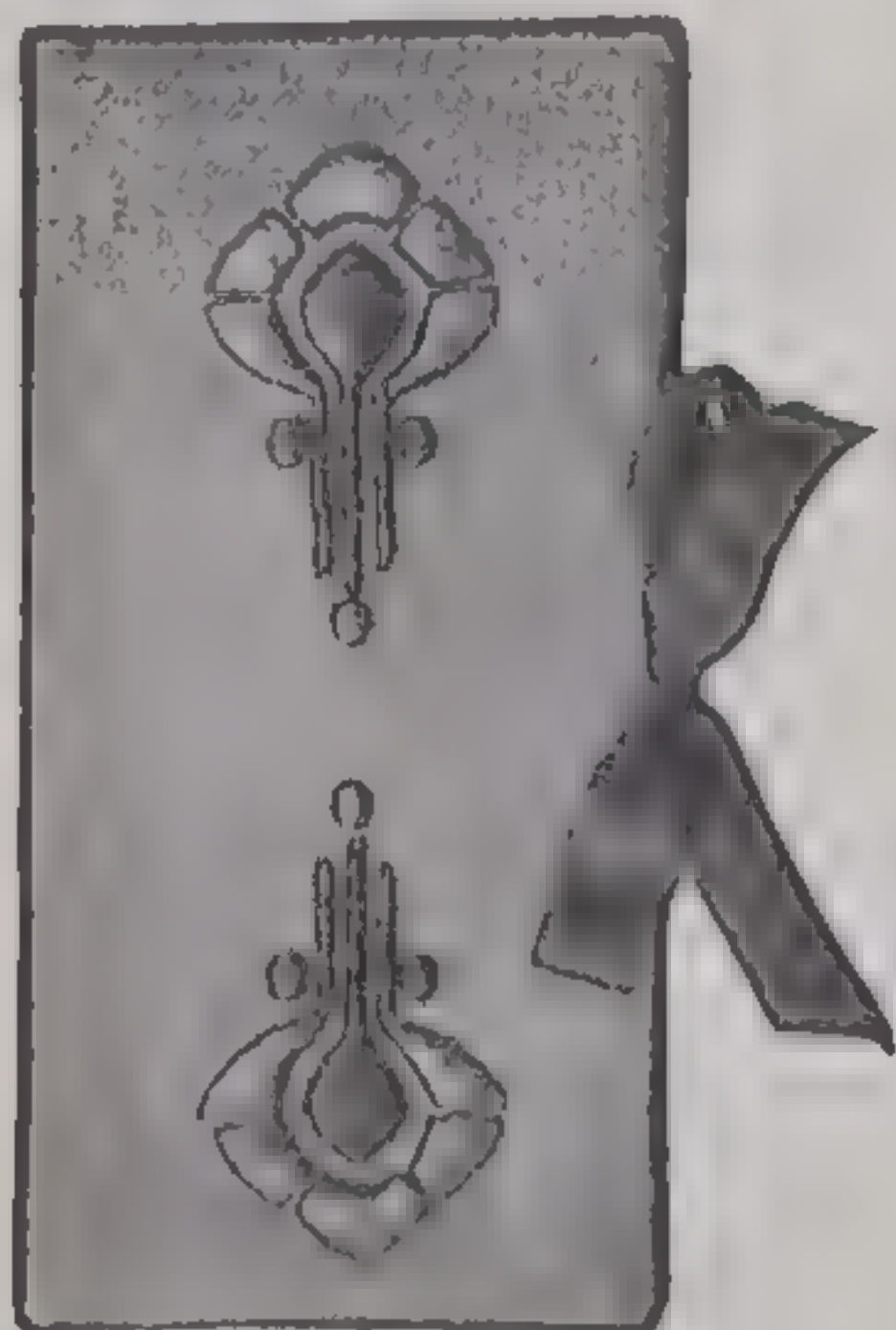


583-A—Heart-Shaped Pincushion made of white linen embroidered in eyelet and solid work, the covers laced together with colored ribbon. The colored cushion-covers embroidered with white and tied with white ribbon are very attractive and practical, also for use when traveling or visiting.

Stamped on White, Blue, Pink or Lavender Linen	*35 Cents*
Thread—Mercerized Ball Cotton	*10 Cents*
Dull-Finished Cotton (Six Skeins)	*15 Cents*



581-A—Note-Paper Case of gray linen



582-A—Blotter

DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING

Write both the correct number and the name of the article. Please write all orders plainly on one side of the paper, and with ink. Give name and full address.

Remit by money-order, currency or stamps. To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange.

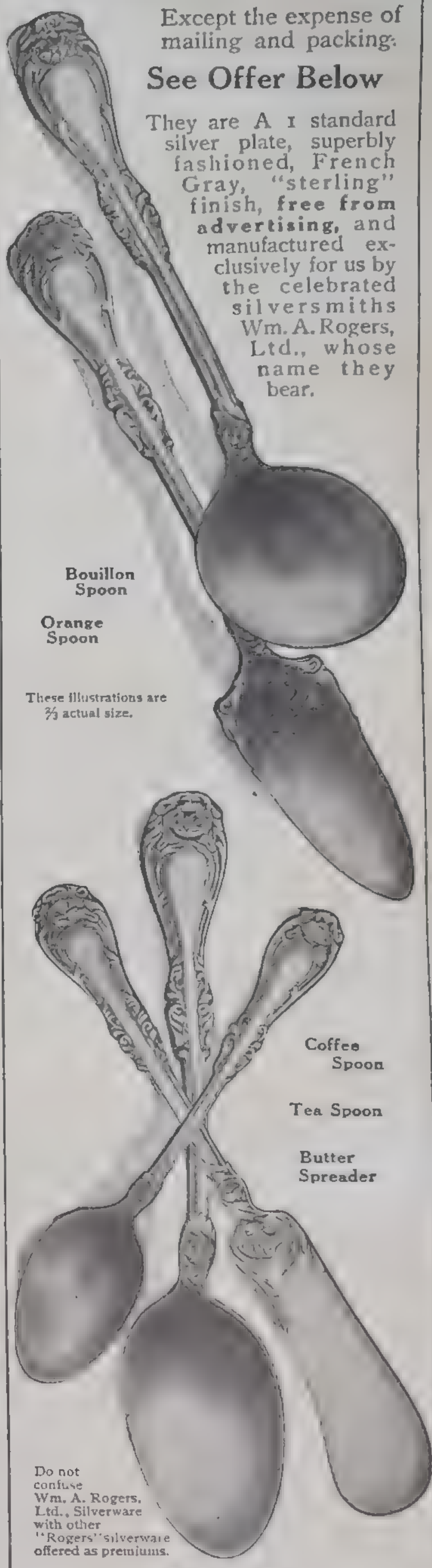
If possible, send postal money-orders payable to Woman's Home Companion, instead of stamps. Address "Embroidery Department," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

Handsome
Silverware
Furnished
Without Cost

Except the expense of mailing and packing.

See Offer Below

They are A 1 standard silver plate, superbly fashioned, French Gray, "sterling" finish, **free from advertising,** and manufactured exclusively for us by the celebrated silversmiths Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., whose name they bear.



These illustrations are ⅔ actual size.

Do not confuse Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., Silverware with other "Rogers" silverware offered as premiums.

REX
Extract of Beef

Can be made instantly into

Clear Consommé,
Bouillons and
Beef Tea

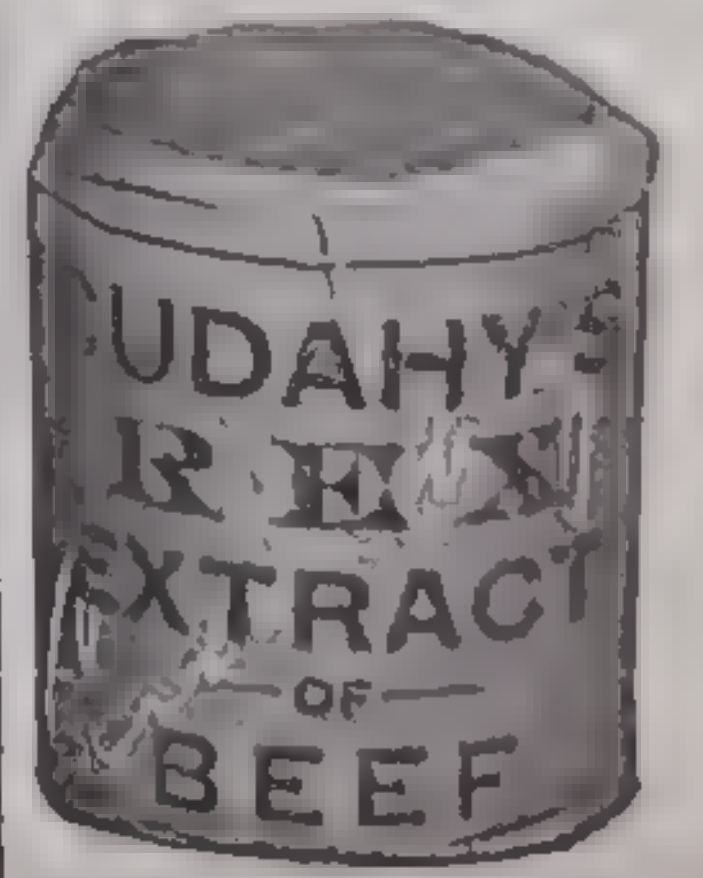
and Numerous other Dainty Dishes. **Use the same quantity as any other and note the superior flavor.**

Meets all Government Pure Food Requirements

How to Get the Premiums

For each Premium desired send a metal cap from any sized jar of **Rex Extract of Beef, Cudahy's Nutritive Beef Extract** or an 8 oz. bottle of **Rexsoma Bouillon** and 10c in silver or stamps to cover packing and mailing expenses. (A set of six premiums requires six metal caps and 60c.) When sending more than one cap, register your letter. State plainly which premium you desire.

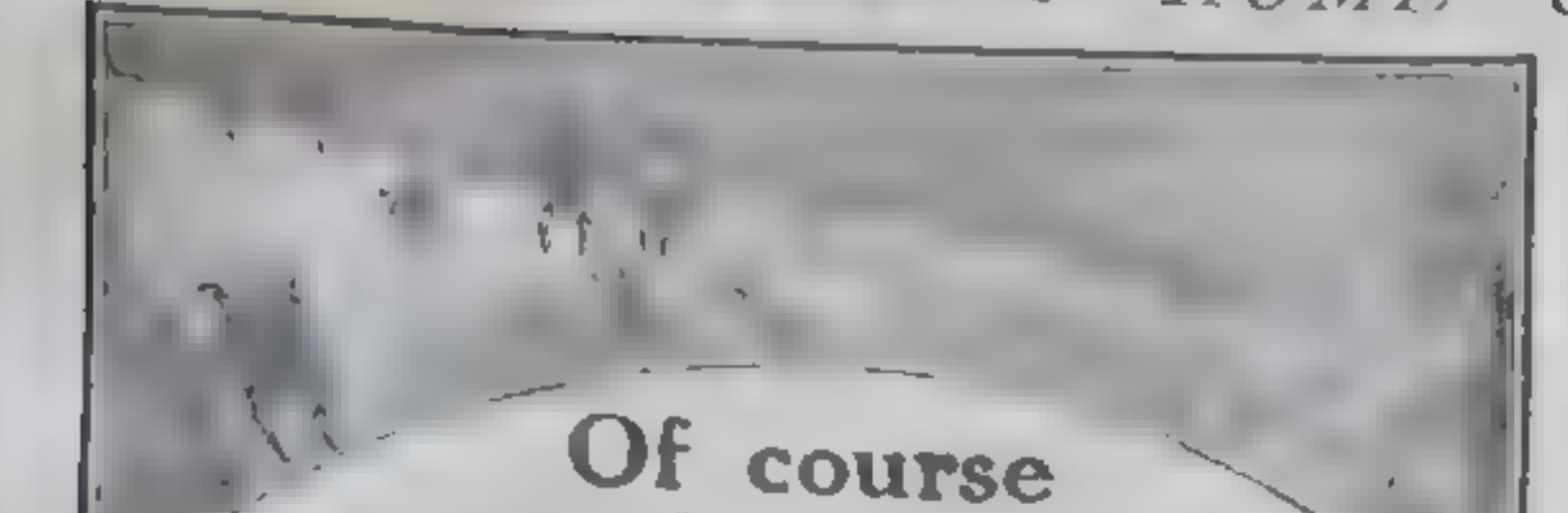
If your dealer does not carry **Rex Extract of Beef,** send us his name and address and 50c. in stamps and we will send you a two-ounce jar of Rex Extract of Beef. If you send us 60c. in stamps, we will send you a two-ounce jar of Rex Extract of Beef and one of the premiums described above.



Cudahy's Extract of Beef is sold by grocers and druggists.

The Cudahy Packing Co.
Beef Extract Dept. M
South Omaha, Neb.

Send 4c in stamps for our booklet on household economy, "What to Serve and How to Prepare It."



Of course your boy or girl wants a Flexible Flyer!

Who wouldn't? They know it is the swiftest and handsomest sled ever built.

It steers around every obstacle at full speed by a mere pressure of the hand or foot on the steering-bar without dragging the feet. You go like the wind. And no other sled can pass you.

Make your children happy with a

Flexible Flyer

"The sled that steers"

It is the only sled for boys: The only safe sled for girls.

It is the lightest to pull yet the strongest and lasts the longest. It saves boots and shoes, prevents wet feet and doctor's bills.

There's nothing like coasting to put color in the cheeks and sparkle in the eyes, and set the whole body tingling with health and happiness.

Get a Flexible Flyer today. *And be sure the name and trademark are on the sled.*

Boys! Girls! Write today for a free model of the Flexible Flyer showing how it works. Also beautifully illustrated booklet. It's free.

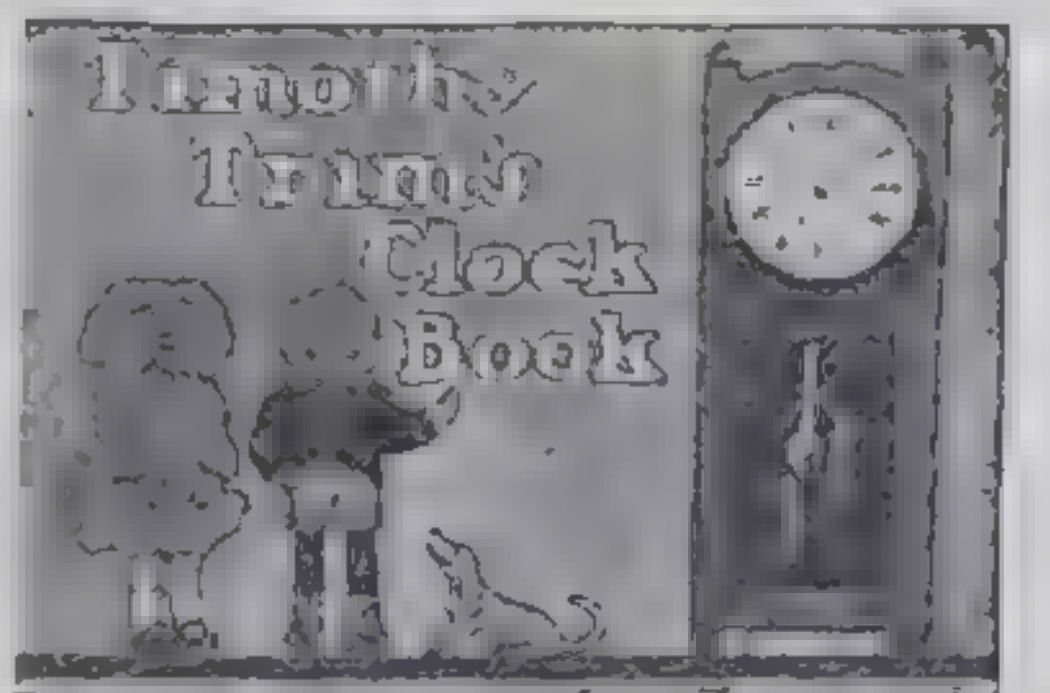
S. L. Allen & Co.
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers
Box 1101-U. Phila. Pa.

It isn't a Flexible Flyer unless it bears this Trade Mark
FLEXIBLE FLYER
Wins Every Race!

KIDBOOKS EDUCATIONAL CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

TEACHES CHILDREN TO TELL TIME

A Genuine Novelty Real clock-dial with movable hands appears through hole on each page; catchy verses; clever, full-page colored pictures. Endorsed by kindergarten teachers.



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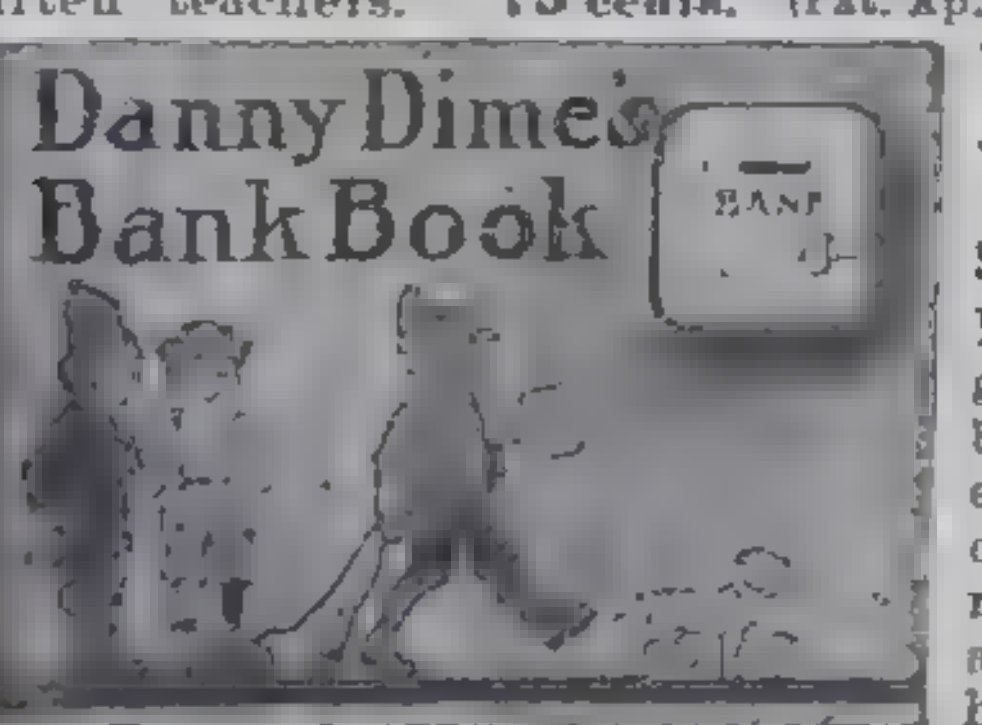

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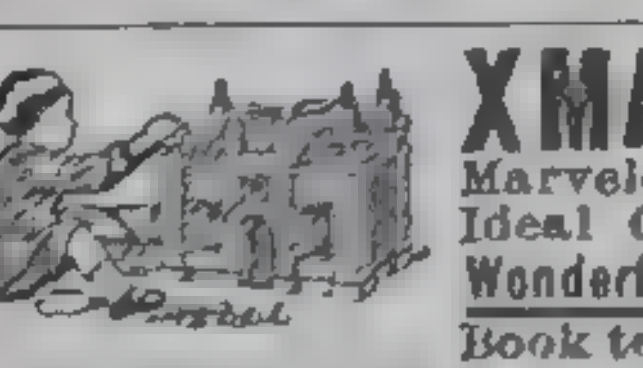

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Marvelous toys of colored stone. Ideal Christmas gift for Children. Wonderful Dr. Richter's Anchor Blocks.

Book tells how to educate with a toy. Send for FREE book of toyland. Send your name and address to F. Ad. Richter & Co. (of Rudolstadt, Germany). American office: 215 Pearl St., Dept. 1849, New York City.

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Represent a big manufacturer. Easy work. Fine line of Dress Goods, etc. Free Samples. Stamp brings particulars.
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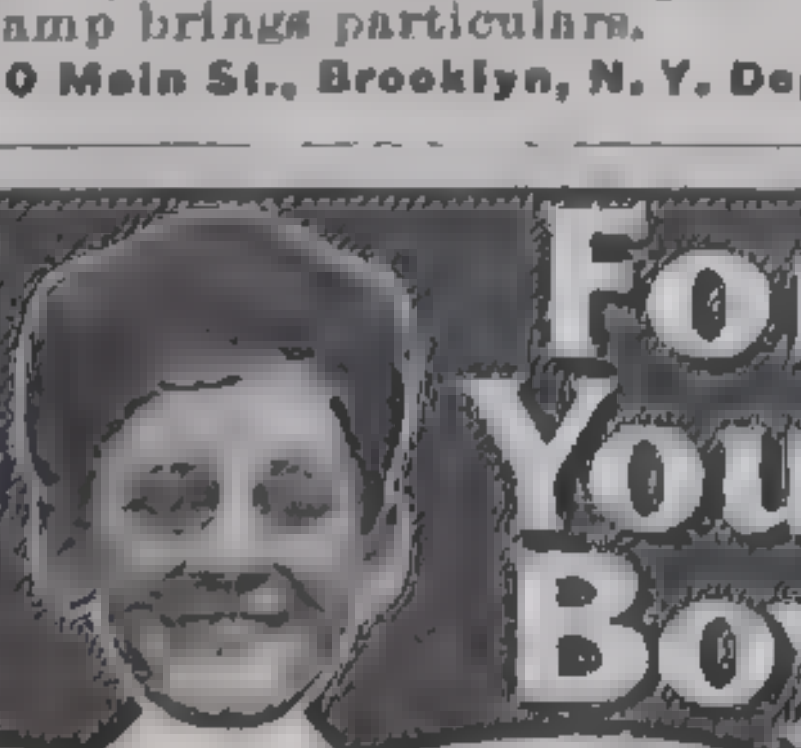

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Keeps boys alive to what is going on, gives them bright stories by noted boys' authors. Practical work in photography, science, sports, gardening, ways to make money. All beautifully illustrated. Send $1.00 for a full year. 10 cts. at news-stands.

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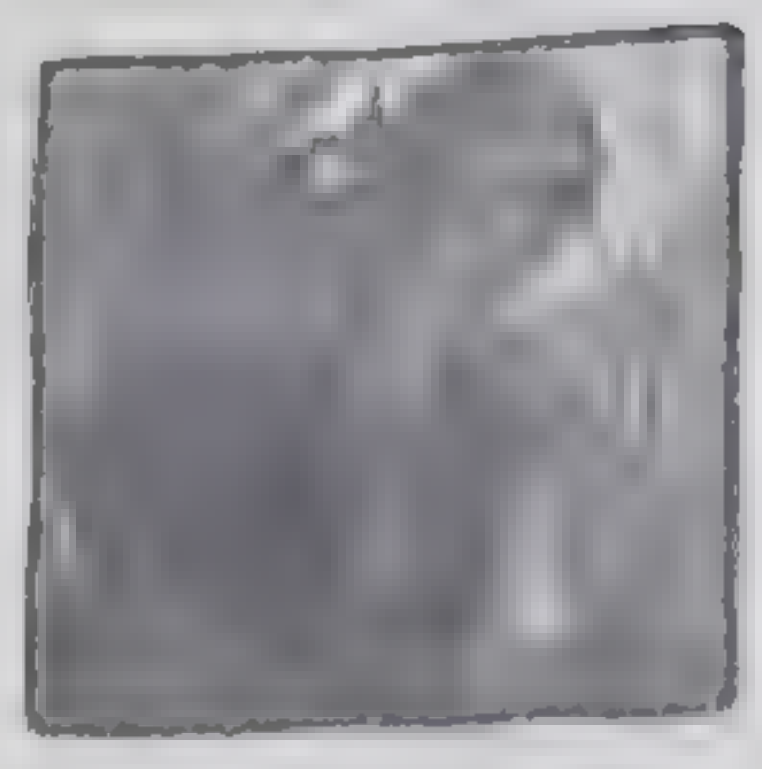


AUNT JANET'S CHRISTMAS PAGES

DANIEL BOONE—AN S.D.B. PLAY BY AUGUSTA STEVENSON

THE CHARACTERS: *Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Pioneers, Black Fish, General Hamilton, Major Bound, Wilson, Tompkins, Mingo, English Officers, English Soldiers, Indian Braves.*

SCENE I.

Time: *Winter, 1778.*

Place: *Blue Licks Springs, Kentucky.*

(The scene shows the pioneers in camp. Over fires hang large kettles. Some of the pioneers stir the boiling water in the kettles: others carry water from the springs.)

First Pioneer—Three pounds of salt I've taken from my kettle!

Second Pioneer—I think I can soon take salt from mine.

Fourth Pioneer—Three more days will see us through this work, I think.

Fifth Pioneer—Aye! And on the road back home.

First Pioneer—I hope so. I fear the Indians will attack the fort while we are here.

A Young Pioneer—Oh, there is no danger of that!

First Pioneer—There is always danger of that, my boy.

Young Pioneer—Then why did Colonel Boone bring us here, so far from the fort?

Third Pioneer—Did we not need salt? You know how all Boonesborough was suffering from the lack of it.

Fourth Pioneer—Aye! And our cattle and our horses!

Fifth Pioneer—It is strange Boone does not return.

First Pioneer—He went out to hunt at daybreak, to get food for the camp.

Second Pioneer *(looking at sun)*—And, if I mistake not, it is now gone past noon.

All *(looking at sun)*—Aye!

Third Pioneer—Well, he's safe. You can count on that. Boone can feel an Indian a mile away.

(They continue work. Pause. The Young Pioneer goes to spring for water.)

Young Pioneer *(looking off)*—Here's Boone—Indians with him!

(Pioneers quickly take up rifles. Enter Boone with four young Indians.)

Boone—Put down your rifles, comrades, I am their prisoner.

First Pioneer—You need not long remain so, Colonel Boone.

Second Pioneer—They were foolish to trust themselves among us.

Boone—Not so foolish as you think. One hundred of them are in the woods about us. They came upon me suddenly. I ran, but was soon overtaken by these younger Indians.

Fifth Pioneer—And you surrendered without a fight?

Boone—Yes. I found they were marching upon Boonesborough.

Pioneers—Boonesborough!

Boone—Aye! I thought of the handful of men there to defend the fort. I thought of the women there and children. I determined to stop their march at any price. I knew their custom—to return to camp to show off their prisoners. And so I surrendered. I am sure they will return at once if you, too, will surrender.

Fifth—I say we fight them! We can at least kill some of them!

Pioneers—Aye! Aye!

Boone—Yes, we might kill some of their best warriors. And what would happen then? The Indians would be wild with anger. They would march upon our fort at once and kill the men, the women and the children.

First Pioneer—Only cowards surrender!

Pioneers—Aye! Aye!

Boone—Men! Men! Do not think of proving your own bravery at this time! You are all brave men. You do not know what fear is. You are willing to die to save your friends—every one of you!

Pioneers—Aye! Aye!

Boone—But dying will not save them, comrades. You must live to save them. The Indians surround us four to one. Surrender and they will return to camp and Boonesborough will be safe.

(There is a long pause.)

First Pioneer—I will surrender.

Second Pioneer—I will surrender.

Others—And I! And I! And I!

Boone—Then give your rifles to these Indians. *(Boone motions to Indians who take rifles from pioneers.)*

Indians *(joyfully)*—Wah! Wah! Wah!

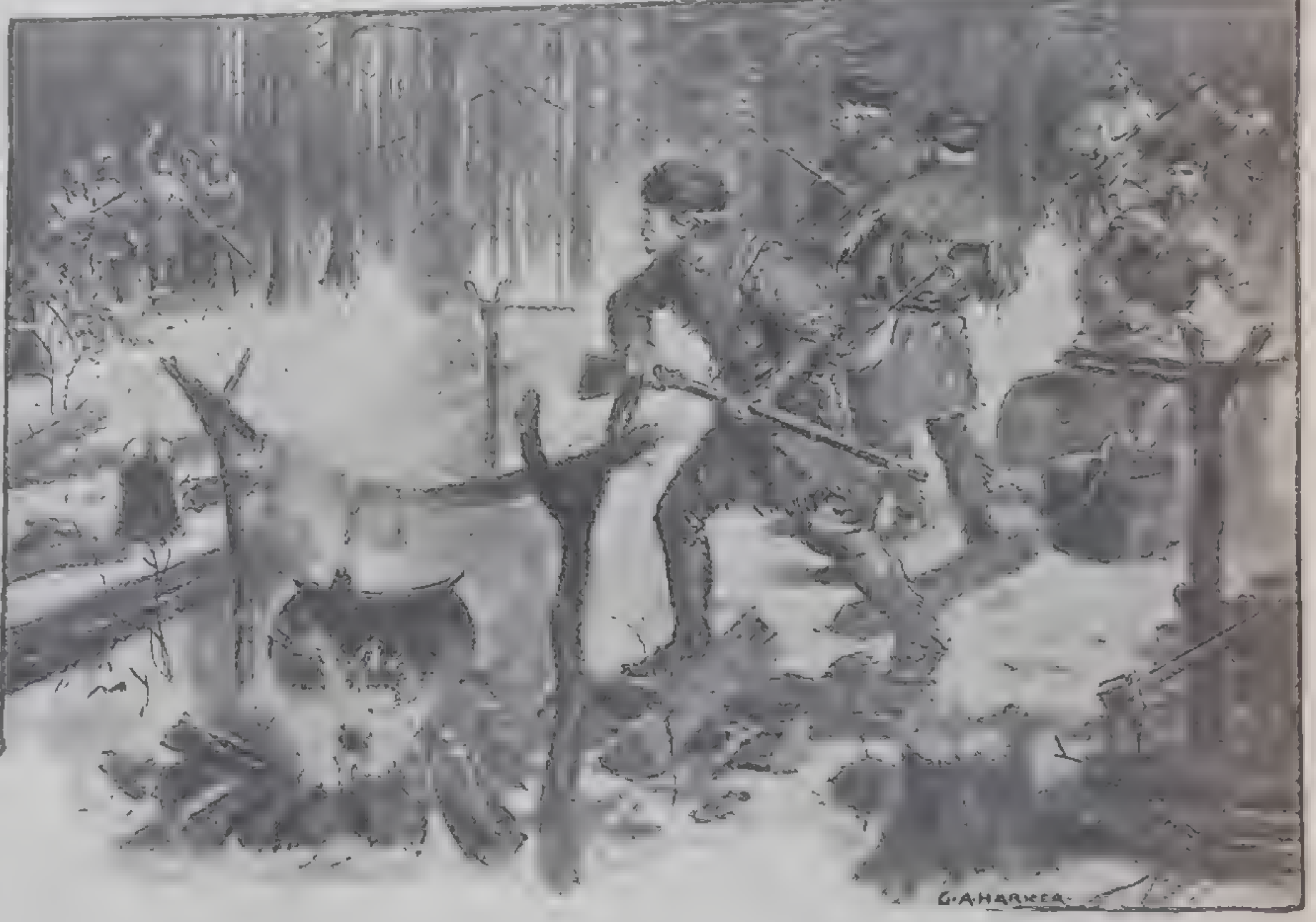
Indians *(off)*—Wah! Wah! Wah!

(At once Indians spring in from all sides. They surround the pioneers and overturn kettles, calling—)

Wah! Wah! Wah!

A Brave—Show camp white men, Black Fish!

Another Brave—All camp happy when hunting white men, chief.



Braves—Wah! Wah!

(Pause. All look at Black Fish.)

Black Fish—Braves leave warpath—take prisoners wigwam trail.

Indians—Wah! Wah! Wah!

SCENE II.

Time: *One month later.*

Place: *British fort, Detroit.*

(The scene may occur in a room of fort or in the open just outside. General Hamilton, his officers and soldiers are seen. A soldier enters and salutes the general.)

General—Well, Tompkins?

Soldier—There's a squad of Indians waiting, general. Chief Black Fish asks to see you, sir. He has prisoners, sir.

General—White men?

Soldier—Yes, general.

General—Bring them here.

(The soldier salutes and goes.)

The money, major, to buy these white men.

Major—Yes, general.

(He salutes; goes. Enter Black Fish and braves with Boone and pioneers. The major enters with a bag of money.)

Black Fish—Prisoners, great chief. White men—prisoners.

General—Have you come to sell them, chief?

Black Fish *(nodding)*—Sell, great chief, sell.

General—I will buy all of them. *(Takes bag of money from major.)*

Black Fish—One do not sell. He—Daniel Boone.

General—Daniel Boone! Step forward, Boone, I want to know you.

(Boone steps forward. General Hamilton offers his hand.)

I am glad to meet you, colonel. I have heard much about you—your kindness and your bravery.

Boone—I am glad to know you, general.

General *(low voice)*—I'll ransom you, Colonel Boone.

Boone—I thank you, general.

Black Fish—Boone—Indian warrior. Boone my son one day.

Major—How do they treat you, colonel?

Boone—With kindness, major. They have treated us all well since our capture.

Black Fish—Because—glad get Boone.

Braves *(joyfully)*—Wah! Wah! Wah!

A Brave—Boone—great warrior!

Another Brave—Boone—great hunter!

Third Brave—Boone shoot like Indian!

Black Fish *(giving bow and arrows to Boone)* Show! *(Sticks a feather in a crack of door or gate.)* Show!

(Boone shoots; hits feather.)

Indians *(proudly)*—Wah! Wah! Wah!

Black Fish—Mingo, shoot!

(A brave steps forward. Black Fish puts another feather in door. Mingo shoots and misses.)

Indians *(angrily)*—Hi! Hi!

Mingo—Bad arrow—shoot again—

(He shoots and misses.)

Indians *(angrily)*—Hi! Hi! Hi!

Black Fish—Boone—shoot!

(He shoots and misses.)

Boone—I too have missed!

Indians—*(joyfully)*—Wah! Wah! Wah!

First Pioneer—I have never seen him miss before!

Second Pioneer—Nor I!

Third Pioneer—Shoot again, Boone!

Fourth Pioneer—Show them what a white man can do, colonel!

Boone—I can do no better than my Indian brothers. I will not shoot again.

Indians—Wah! Wah! Wah!

General *(low voice)*—You missed purposely, Boone. Is that not true?

Boone *(low voice)*—I must not make them angry, general.

General—I'll ransom you, cost what it may! *(Counts out money from bag.)* Chief Black Fish, here is the ransom for the white men.

Black Fish—No sell all white men. No sell Boone.

General—Here is money for all but Boone, two hundred dollars. *(Black Fish takes the money and motions to braves, who at once leave pioneers.)* Now, here are two hundred dollars for Boone alone.

Black Fish—No sell Boone!

General—Three hundred!

Black Fish—No sell Boone!

General—Four hundred!

Black Fish—*No.*

General—Five hundred!

Black Fish—*No.*

General—Six hundred!

Black Fish—No sell Boone for any money! Boone—Indian! Boone my son!

Indians—Wah! Wah! Wah!

Boone—It is useless, general. I must go back with them, you see.

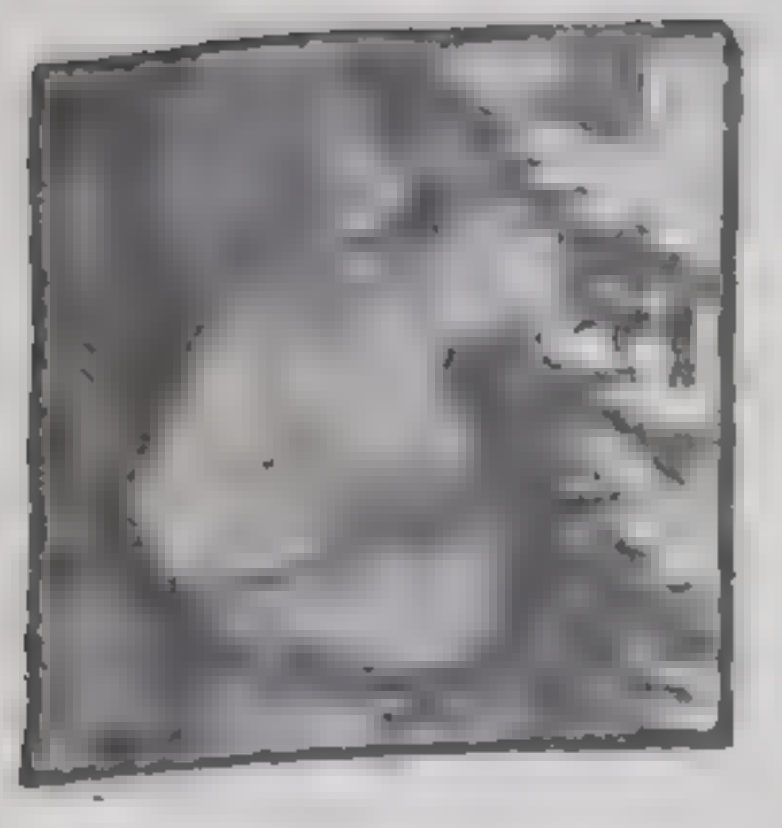
General—I am sorry, Colonel Boone.

Black Fish—Indian love Boone. Many moons he try get him.

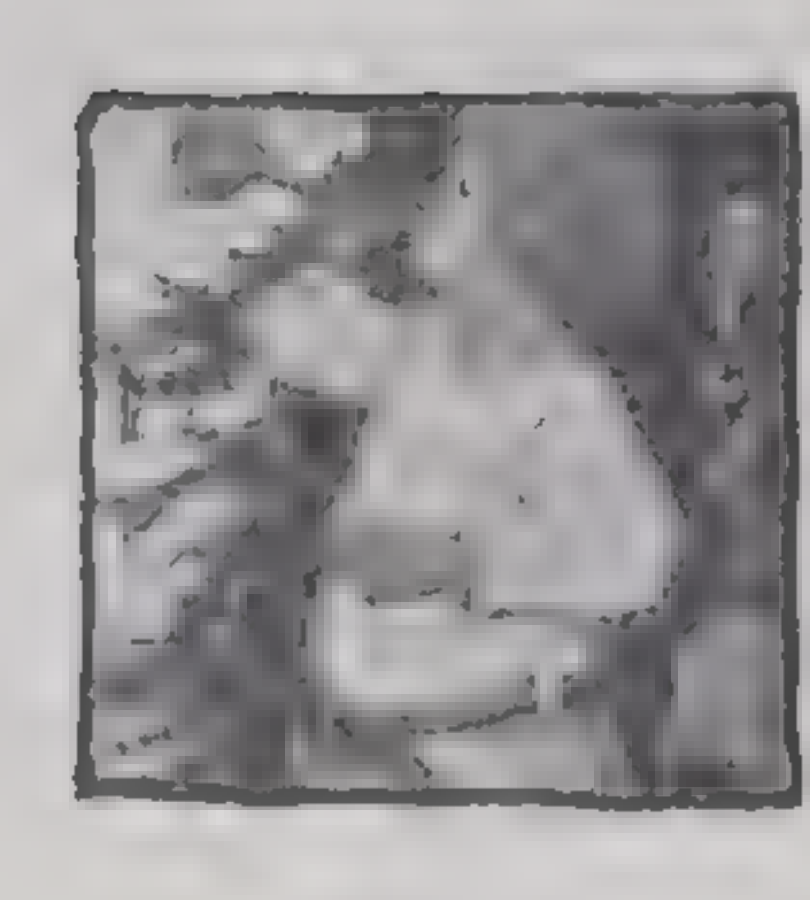
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

THE SONS OF DANIEL BOONE

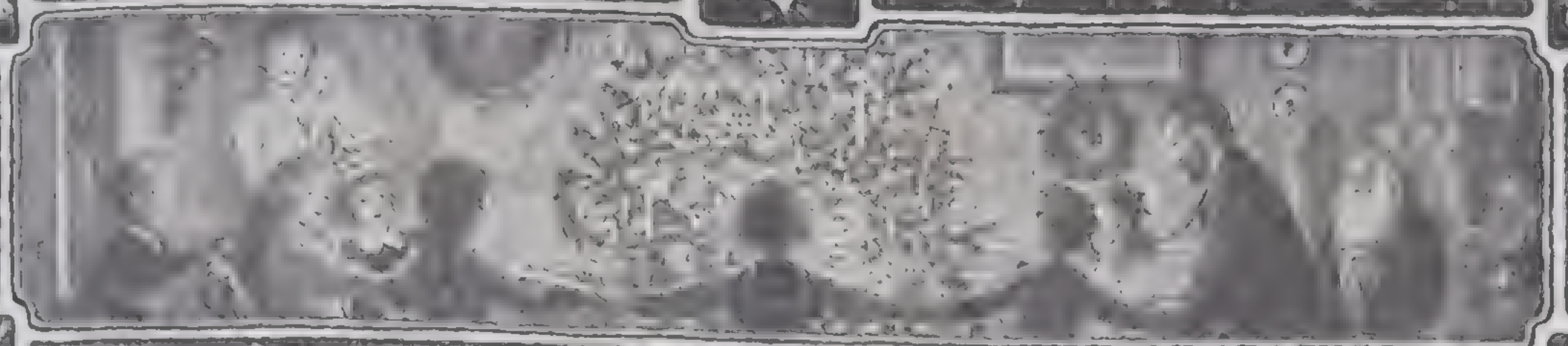
If you do not belong to the Sons of Daniel Boone, send to-day to Chief Daniel Boone, care of Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City, asking for a Daniel Boone pamphlet, which will be mailed to you free and will tell you how to become a member of this splendid boys' society, also the great advantages and privileges of belonging to it.



AUNT JANET'S CHRISTMAS PAGES



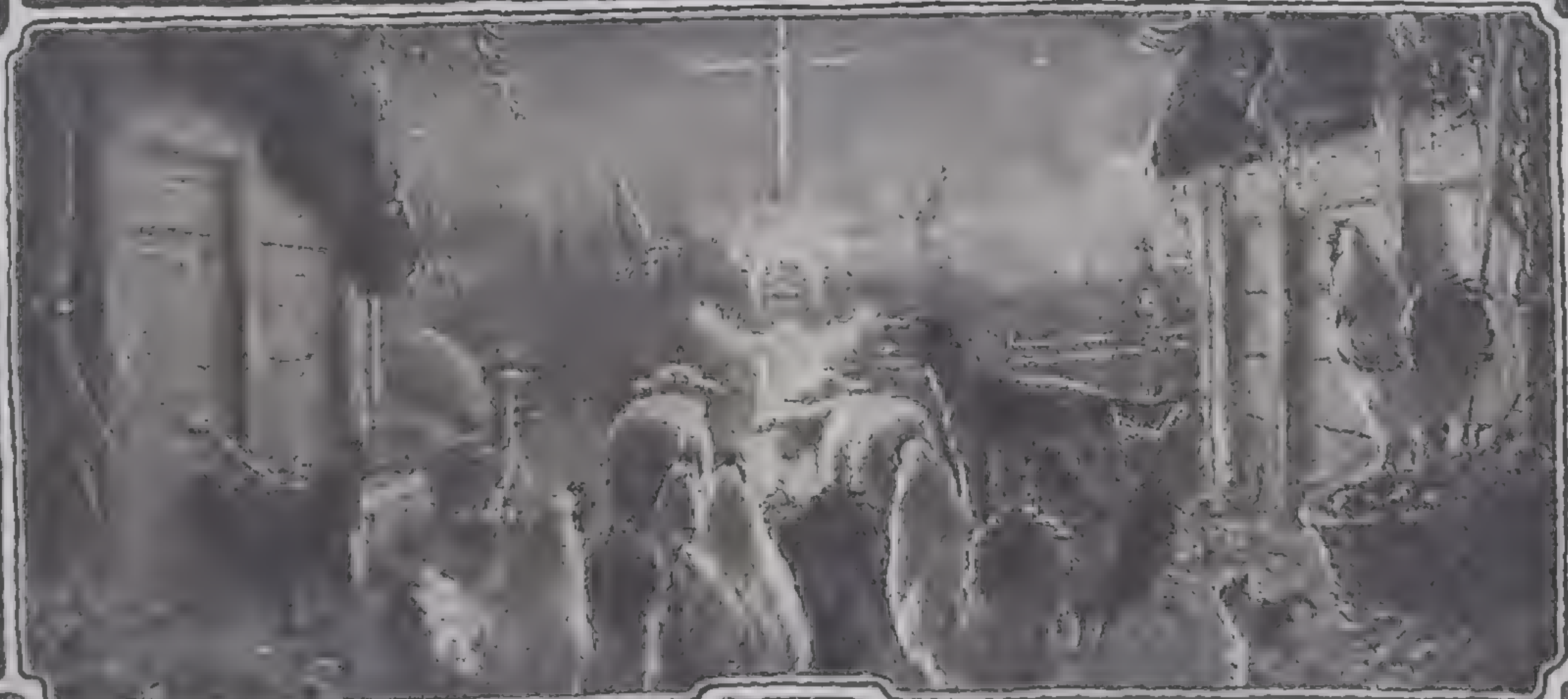
THE FIRST FRIENDS—BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN



CHARACTERS: *The Cattle, a Lamb, the old Horse, the Dog, a Kitten, Chickens, the Cock,* THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Scene: A modern barn, on Christmas Eve. The farm-folk are celebrating the holiday at the house close by, not suspecting the doings of their dumb neighbors, who, so legends say, on this one night of all the year can speak in human tongue.

THE CATTLE: Moo! Moo! The holy time has come
When Christ draws near to earth,
First Friends of His, no more be dumb,
But speak to praise His birth!
ALL: Noël! Noël! For Christ is near,
The dearest time of all the year!
A LAMB: Baa! Baa! Like me, like me!
So small and soft and white,
God's little holy Lamb
Was born on earth to-night.
The shepherds came to where he lay,
There in the fragrant hay,
And brought their lambs to see.
Of His First Friends were we.
THE DOG: Bow-wow!
Up at the house the folk are gay,
Keeping the Christmas holiday.
But little do they guess
That in the barn, no less,
Christ's praise to-night is being sung
When the First Friends are given tongue.
THE HORSE: Neigh! Neigh! An ass stood in the stall
Where Christ the Lord was laid, so small;
And with His mother on a day
To Egypt bore Him safe away.
I served as served the lowly ass;
I, too, am of the Friends He has!
THE CATTLE: The Holy Christ-Child came
To love and serve His brothers;
And if, like Him, for little need
We serve for man with love, indeed
We may be blest, we others!
THE CHICKENS: The birds were ever dear to him,
He knew each sparrow's fall,
He learned to love their songs of praise
When He was very small.
And we are humble birdies, too,
Who cannot fly or sing,
But well we know He loves us, too,
With every living thing.
THE DOG: Ah, yes, the birds were blessed friends,
As well the children know,
I saw them set a sheaf of wheat
For houseless feathered friends to eat,
Out in the falling snow.
THE KITTEN: Mew! Mew! That was not all!
A hungry kitten, I,
So weak and cold and small,
They heard my feeble cry.
They took me in out of the storm
And gave me food and made me warm.
"'Tis Christmas-time!" I heard them say.
"We must be kind to all this day."
THE LAMB: Yes, yes! The Child must love them well,
They are so kind, as we can tell.
THE DOG: The house is gay with Christmas light,
The children's faces seem so bright!
THE CATTLE: The coming of the Child they wait.
Sure, He will pause beside their gate!
THE HORSE: The candles in the windows shine
To light the Christ-Child on His way.
Oh, may He bless the children all
Upon His holy day.
(*The village clock strikes the hour of midnight.*)
THE COCK (*Crows*):
(*The barn-door blows open suddenly and the Christ-Child appears, shining in a soft radiance. He clasps a dove to his bosom. As they are fabled to do at this holy hour, the beasts fall on their knees worshiping. The fowls run to the child's feet.*)
THE CHRIST-CHILD (*Smiling joyously*): Lo! I am here!
First Friends, to you I come!
Dear, patient things, long dumb.
None I forget, of great or small,
Surely not you, First Friends of all!
Ye never failed nor said me nay,
Ye are my faithful folk alway.
The house is wreathed with greens above,
And full of laughter and of love,
I passed beneath the kindly roof,
And of my love have given proof.
I blessed the feast, I blessed the tree
And all the friendly company.
Now in the house where I was guest
Each happy heart in peace doth rest.
While here, with my First Friends beside,
Until the morn I bide.
Here in the stable will I stay,
Here in the shadow of the hay,
And blessed shall ye also be,
My First Friends, who awaited me!
ALL (*joyously*): Noël! Noël! Noël!



AUNT JANET'S CHRISTMAS PRIZE OFFERS

AUNT JANET wishes a Merry Christmas to all prize contestants, and to make Christmas the merrier, Aunt Janet is offering more Christmas prizes this month than she has ever offered. All good original work by boys and girls will receive a prize of some sort.

Our regular prize offers are for *stories* in less than four hundred words, to contain any of the following words: "Happy," "Long Ago," "Friend."

Verse. Subjects: "The Wind," "Easter."

Drawings or Photographs. "Together," "A Surprise."

For the best work under any of these heads we will give a first prize of $5.00. For the next best five, in order of merit, we will give prizes of $1.00 each.

For Boys and Girls Under Twelve

For the best verses entitled, "A New-Year Wish," we will give as a first girl's prize a very beautiful bisque doll, and six other prizes of bisque dolls for the next six in order of merit; also six supplementary prizes of large paper dolls.

As a first boy's prize a toy motor-boat, and six other prizes of good boys' games for the next six in order of merit; also six supplementary prizes of toy sail-boats.

For Older Boys and Girls

We will give a boy's first prize and a girl's first prize of our best Japan folding boxes of water-color paint for the best drawings from life sent in by boys and girls, and ten supplementary prizes of boys' and girls' best books for the next ten in order of merit, and ten best pictures for the next ten.

Besides the prizes named, there are in our prize store-closet thirty-five special supplementary Christmas prizes for good *original* work, the subject of your own choice. These prizes consist of tops, marbles, dolls, little flying-machines, games, books, kites, building-blocks, music-boxes and many other delightful toys. Aunt Janet wants to give as many Christmas prizes as possible, so she wants all her boys and girls to enter these contests.

Put your name, age and address plainly on your work and send to Aunt Janet, care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

JERSEY CREAM

Williams'
Jersey Cream
Toilet Soap
For Christmas

WHEN you are looking for a useful, inexpensive Christmas present, why not think of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, that fine creamy, easy lathering, soothing, skin-softening soap, which is so highly prized in so many homes, and which no one can fail to appreciate.

A box of Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap with one of the handsome nickeled traveling soap boxes, which is packed free with every 4 cakes of this soap, will make a most acceptable Christmas present.

The important thing about a Christmas present is not that it shall be expensive, but that it shall be good, useful and acceptable to the recipient. Williams' Jersey Cream Soap meets all these requirements.

If your dealer fails to supply you, we will send the 4 cakes of soap and soap box prepaid, on receipt of postoffice order for 60c.

Williams'
Talcum Powder

ANOTHER dainty toilet accessory which, both by its quality and the attractive way in which it is put up, makes a desirable holiday gift, is Williams' Talcum Powder. This powder is wonderfully pure and has an impalpable fineness which makes it almost disappear upon the skin. In the decoration of its box the artist has secured the real beauty of the wood violet. The box is especially acceptable because of its handy hinged top, which prevents the powder from sifting out but makes it so easy and convenient to use.

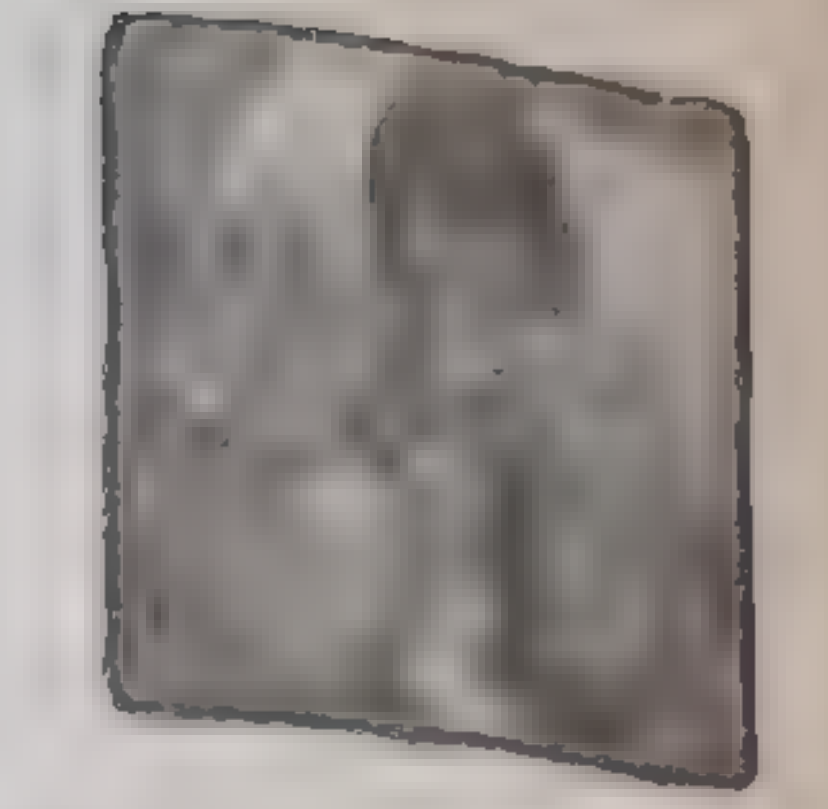
Two odors—Violet and Carnation

The J. B. Williams Company

Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Williams
VIOLET
TALCUM
POWDER

AUNT JANET'S CHRISTMAS PAGES



THE VIKINGS' YULE-TIDE AND WINTERFEST

Ages and ages ago, when the world was new, a race that we to-day call the gods lived somewhere between heaven and the earth—directly in your own element, dear air-ship Abracadabra. How surprised the gods would have been to see you sailing with us into their vast cloud-castle, Gladsheim, that means The House of Joy.

Gladsheim was surrounded by rivers of stars, and was built of gold and silver and precious stones; and Odin, the father of the gods, from his throne in the western sky ranged over the heavens, the sea and the earth with ever watchful eye.

After many ages, there came to live upon the earth a race of battlemen. "Might is right" was their battle-cry. Warfare was their life and death. Every warrior dreamed in his mighty heart that he would be king of the earth.

Now Odin left his throne in Gladsheim to come down and stay among the earth-people in order to better understand them.

"These earthmen who are slain in battle are heroes and they must live again," said he to the gods. Forthwith it was commanded that Valhalla, a hero hall so vast that through each of the five hundred and forty entrances leading into it, eight hundred heroes in armor clad, might ride abreast, be added to the abode of the gods, and many beautiful princesses called Valkyrs who wore winged helmets and rode upon fleet white horses through the clouds were given the hero hall in keeping; and they must ride to earth on milk-white winged horses and bring the slain-in-battle home. This was the Golden Age of Heroes.

As time went on, the songs and sayings, the big conquering-hero legends, clustered little by little around the name of Sigurd. It was Sigurd who lived in the woods and knew the language of birds and animals. Sigurd slayed the monster. Sigurd found the sleeping Brynhild surrounded with a ring of fire, braved the flames and with a kiss wakened the goddess just as the prince in the fairy tale wakened the Sleeping Beauty. Just as you sit by the fire in winter evenings and listen to fairy tales, just so, from generation to generation, the boys and girls of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, of Greenland and of the North Sea islands sat around great blazing hearths, listening to these and to many more hero stories.

It was a brave hero corner of the earth, this Northland. Had we sailed this way fifteen centuries ago, at Yule-tide or Winterfest, we should have come upon splendid Viking ships, scarlet and white, with gilded vanes and figure-heads of copper and silver; and along the shores Viking chariots and cortége sent from this kingdom and that, bearing guests to the hero halls.

Each kingdom had its hero hall, and at Winterfest all warfare was laid aside while kings sat down at kings' tables and entertainment was royal indeed.

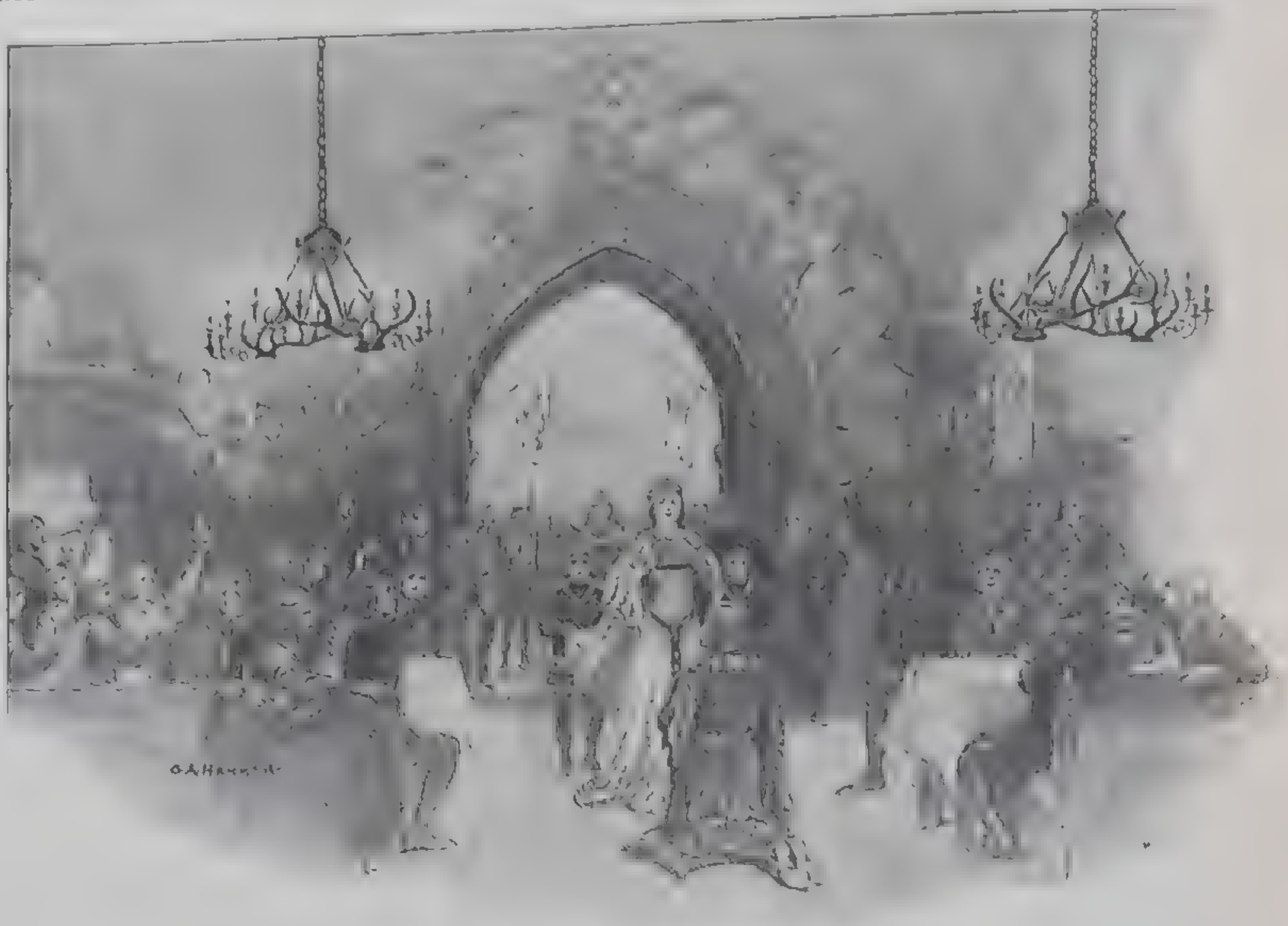
Through Viking hero halls at Yule-tide, the greatest feast of the year, ran aisles of blazing fires on great stone hearths, where savory joints of meat roasted. Tables spread with homespun bleached white as snow, heaped high with huge rye loaves, hills of butter and mountains of cheese; and in great, brimming, copper bowls of golden mead, the company of kings drank sacred toasts to Odin, and to Valhalla, the blest hero hall of old.

The feasting over, great cross-sections of trees like wheels and called Yule-logs (Yule means wheel) were rolled in and put upon the fires. How the flames must have crackled and leaped high in the vast chimneys and what a scene it must have been in the firelight with pine torches hanging on lintels of the doors and windows.

When the tables were cleared, queens surrounded by their attendants arrived and with their own hands presented helmets and spears, banners and embroidered cloths, trappings of silver and gold, and wondrous implements of war carved in mysterious runes to the especially brave warriors, warriors who for their prowess and courage during the past year, even kings and queens delighted to honor.

As the fires died down and the big winter quiet came over the Winterfesters, Skalder or Gleemen, bards we call them, took up their golden harps and sang songs of the Viking heroes and of the heroes of Valhalla, and all the company of kings and queens, courtiers, warriors and thralls joined in the refrain.

And now having seen the Yule-tide of the Norse countries of old, let us return, dear passengers of the good air-ship Abracadabra, let us return for a little while to our own beloved Christmas in our own beloved land.



Queens with their own hands presented gifts to the warriors

CHRISTMAS IN THE SUCCESS CLUB

Christmas with Aunt Janet's boys and girls is always a joyous, happy time, but this year it will be gladder and merrier than ever before—and all because of the SUCCESS CLUB.

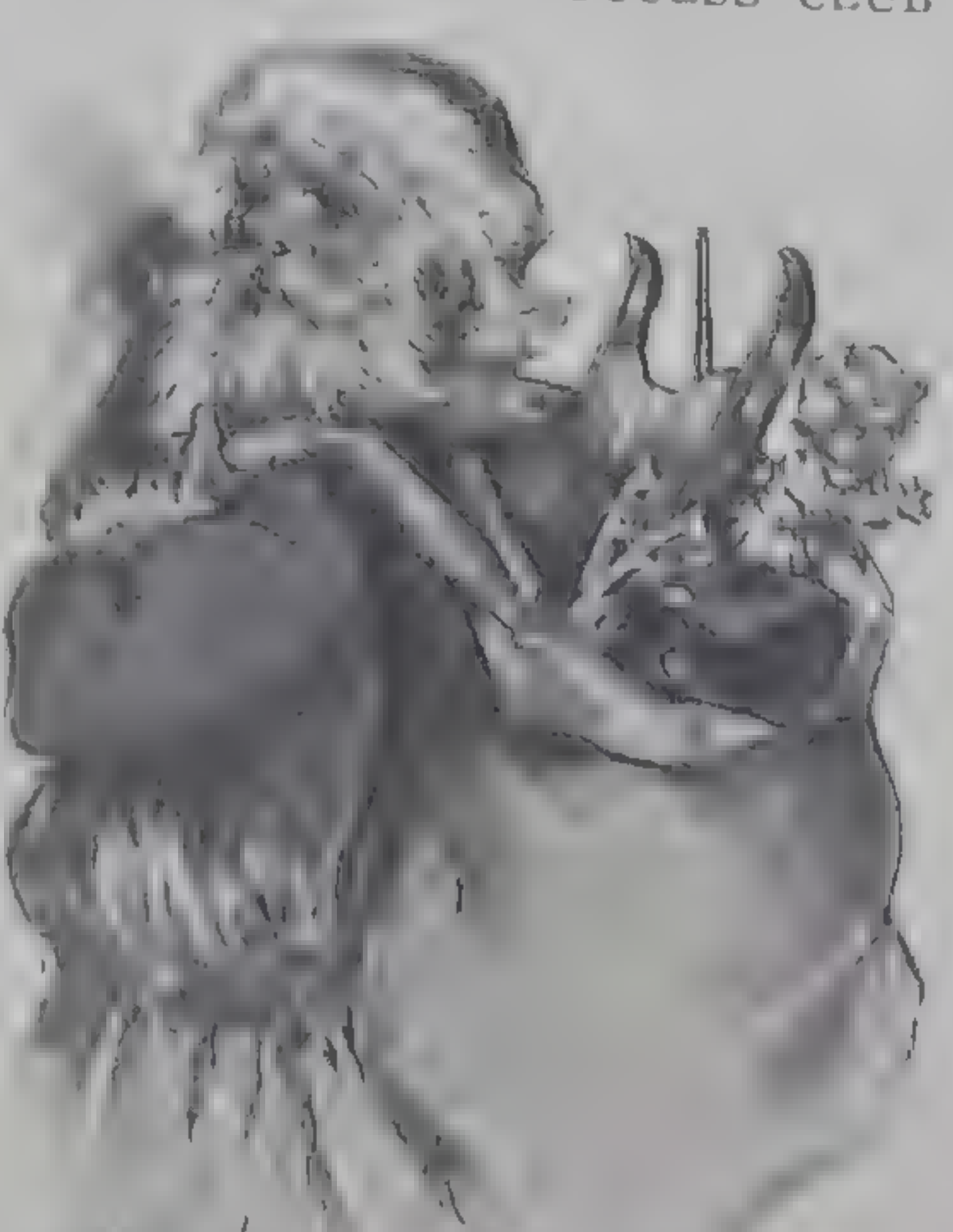
When we planned the SUCCESS CLUB for you several months ago we knew that it would fill a want long felt, but even Aunt Janet did not dream of the joy that it would bring to so many thousand boys and girls. So many good things and so much happiness have come by way of the money earned by the boys and girls in the SUCCESS CLUB. There never was such gift-giving as there will be this year among the members of Aunt Janet's SUCCESS CLUB.

If you are not a member of our splendid, big SUCCESS CLUB and want to know how to earn money enough to buy Christmas gifts, be sure to write to Aunt Janet. Every boy and every girl who reads these pages may join the SUCCESS CLUB—all the boys and girls of the Club of Clubs, the Sons of Daniel Boone and those little unknown friends of hers who have never written her yet, but from whom she is anxiously waiting to hear. Aunt Janet has a heart big enough for you all and is always ready and willing to help you in all your difficulties, just as she did all the boys and girls who have written her such happy letters.

One boy writes that he is planning to have "the bulliest Christmas yet." One girl says, "Before this I always received many gifts, but this year I mean to give more than I ever did before." Here are five boys who wanted to buy "a whacking good camping tent," and some others who dreamed of having a pony; others wanted guns, boxing-gloves and many things more. Well, all of these dreams and many others have come true by way of the SUCCESS CLUB.

Christmas Gifts from the Success Club

Christmas gifts! Christmas gifts! All sorts of Christmas gifts for SUCCESS CLUB boys and girls are packed away in the big bag that our Santa Claus is tugging along with him. For more than a month Aunt Janet has thought and thought about the things that boys and girls delight in and would love to have as their very own and now everything is planned and settled and she has a big cupboard full of the most beautiful gifts. There are jolly sleds so light and strong that they will skim over the hills like birds, bright new ice-skates, bisque dolls that go to sleep, a camera, a watch, a soldier's suit and a—but there is not room to name them all here. Aunt Janet has made up a little "Gift Book" which will tell you all about the prizes in store for you and how you may earn them through the SUCCESS CLUB. It will tell you, too, how the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION is willing to pay you very liberally for little or much time that you may spend in the interests of this big, splendid magazine.



The Mascot

But this is not all. Aunt Janet has two especially lovely little gifts for you: the most spirited little "Lucky Dog" gold-filled stick-pin that you ever saw, for the boys, and an exquisite little gold-filled "Lucky Star" pendant for the girls. You will have one of these for your very own just as soon as you have earned your first dollar in the SUCCESS CLUB.

Now let us see: There is the spending money to buy Christmas gifts and the lovely gifts for your own Christmas and the Lucky Dog and Lucky Star.

Write to-day to Aunt Janet and she will tell you how to earn them before Christmas.

Address Aunt Janet, SUCCESS CLUB, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

A Delicious Drink
Baker's Cocoa

Registered
U. S. Pat. Office

Made by a scientific blending of the best tropical fruit. It is a perfect food, highly nourishing and easily digested.

A new and handsomely illustrated recipe book containing chocolate and cocoa recipes by Miss Parloa, and forty new recipes for home-made candies by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, will be sent free by mail to any address.

52 HIGHEST AWARDS

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

The Latest Home and Society Game

A TRIP WITH PHOEBE SNOW

From New York to San Francisco

A new, clean and delightful Game of Travel, brimful of novelty, interest and instruction, with merry incidents and exciting "Setbacks" and "Advances" while crossing the continent, with stations and distances accurately noted en route. Completes the trio with the other feminine travelers "Louisa" and "Nellie Bly," but more fascinating than either. Size, when open, 16 x 16 inches. Handsomely mounted and boxed, making a welcome Christmas Gift in any home circle. For sale in all Toy and Department Stores.

$1.00 by mail, postpaid.

"Messenger Boy," "Logomachy," "Go On," "Lotto," "Authors," "North Pole," and other standard games bear the McLoughlin imprint; which, on Children's Books and Games has been a guarantee of quality for over 80 years.

Illustrated Catalogue describing our games will be sent to any address upon application.

1828 McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS 1909
Publishers 890 Broadway New York

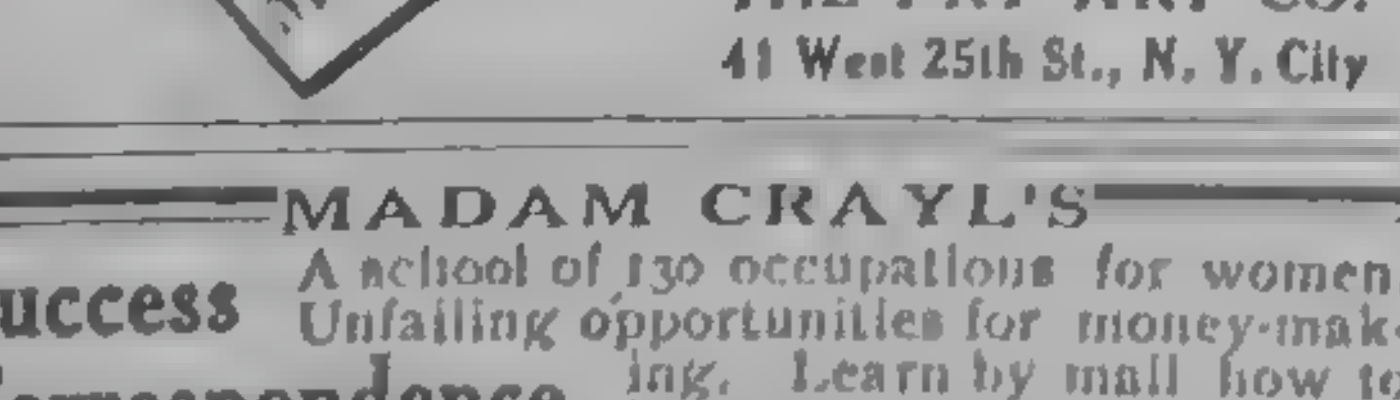
IF YOU USE ARTISTS' MATERIALS

You should have a copy of our catalogue, which we will send you on receipt of a postal mentioning the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. We can supply you with all materials for OIL, WATER COLOR and CHINA PAINTING.

THE FRY ART CO.
41 West 25th St., N. Y. City

MADAM CRAYL'S
Success Correspondence School for Women

A school of 130 occupations for women. Unfailing opportunities for money-making. Learn by mail how to increase your income $10 to $100 a week. Special Instructions in Money-Making at Home. Course covering 90 days only $5. Send stamp for particulars. If in one week you are dissatisfied your money refunded. Address
P. O. Box 1412, Springfield, Mass.



"ZIP"—Latest and jolliest parlor game. Set of six with darts and targets, handsomely boxed, postpaid 50c. Attractive Xmas present.
ZIP MFG. CO., Dept. 8, 1307 W. First St., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

AUNT JANET'S CHRISTMAS PAGES

WINIFRED'S CHRISTMAS—BY ALBERT J. KLINCK

WINIFRED'S father had died six months ago. Christmas was coming, and there were only gloomy prospects.

"I have been thinking," Mrs. Lawson was saying, "that I could cut up father's ulster and make a coat for Jeremiah and something for Edward. Perhaps they would be pleased with that on Christmas morning. If we could only sell father's coach and old Josey."

"I wouldn't, mother," Winifred said. "And I wouldn't cut up the ulster. Jerry'll soon be big enough to wear the ulster, just as it is, and drive Josey and wait at the depots to carry passengers, just the way father used to."

So the ulster was not cut up nor were old Josey and the coach sold.

Mother and daughter hoped something might turn up, that the greatest of holidays could be fittingly observed. But on the afternoon of the day before Christmas Mrs. Lawson and the little ones gave up all idea of Christmas gifts—Winifred alone held out.

It grew dark early that afternoon. As Mrs. Lawson was lighting the lamp and busying herself about the kitchen, Winifred crept up to the attic.

There on a peg hung the great ulster, beside it hung the familiar old cap, and on the floor were the high rubber boots.

Winifred thrust her arms into the sleeves of the ulster. Her father had been a small man and she was large for her age. The garment was a perfect fit. She tossed the cap on her head. In a jiffy the rubber boots were on her feet. She crept clumsily downstairs and noiselessly out of the front door. Coming to the barn she pulled out the old coach and nervously hitched old Josey to it.

An hour later Mrs. Lawson called:

"Winnie! Winnie! Is that you?"

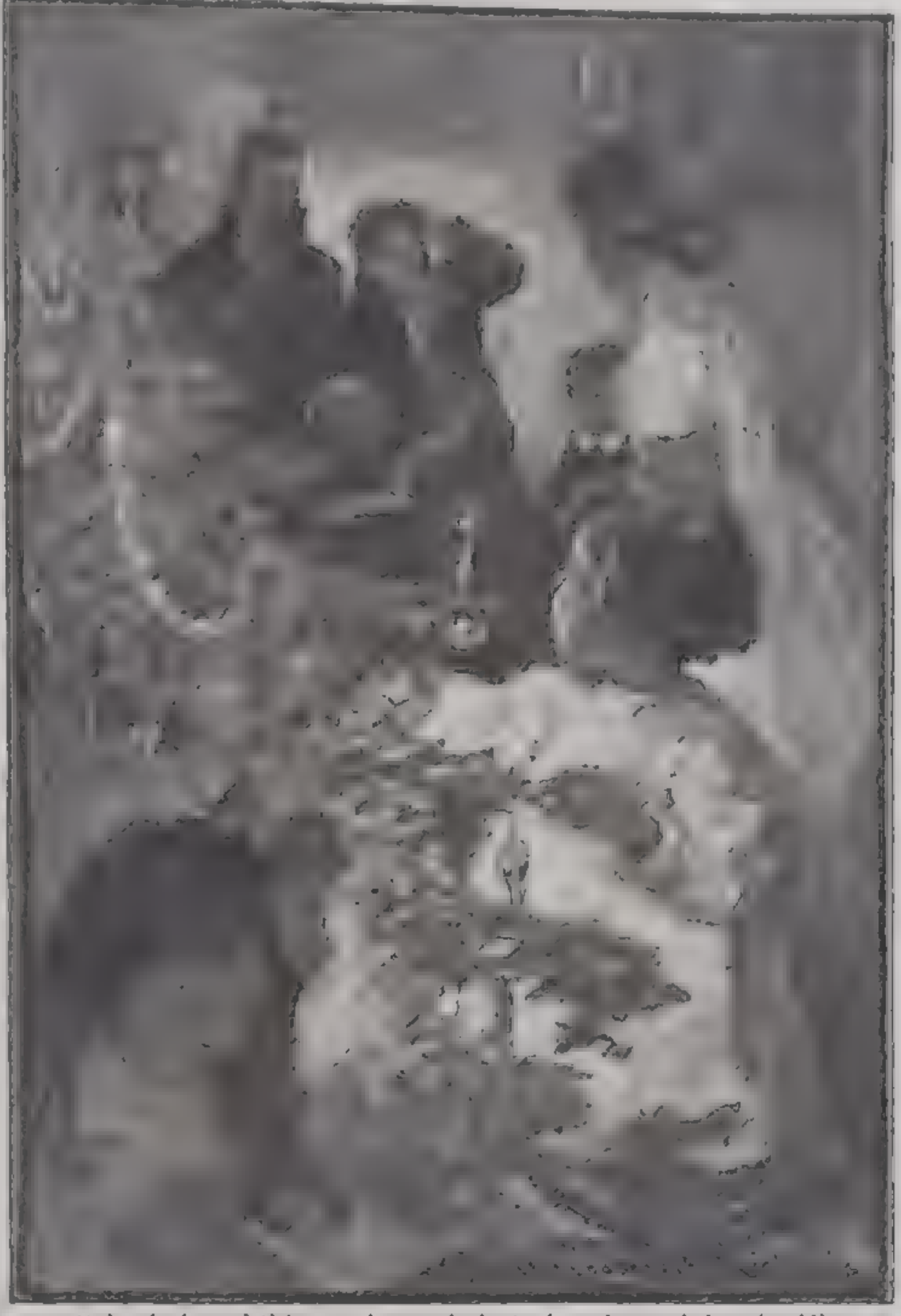
Winifred drove the old coach close to the kitchen door.

"Yes, mother dear," she replied, "it is I."

"But, Winnie, child, where have you been all this time? Oh, Winnie, how I have worried about you!"

Winifred's teeth chattered from the cold. "Oh, get something on your head, mother, and then help me to—to— There, mother, there is the Christmas-tree," she panted, coming up the steps and placing an evergreen in the kitchen. "And wait a minute."

Winifred ran back to the coach and began taking out bundle after bundle and handing them to her trembling mother.



"And the children clapped their hands and laughed"

Last of all came a rocking-horse with flowing mane and tail.

"That's for Eddie," Winifred said. "Oh, won't he be the happiest child!"

"What does it all mean, Winnie? When I saw the coach drive in I all but fainted," said Winifred's mother. "You did look so like your father! But where does all this come from, Winnie?"

Winifred flung off the ulster. "Oh, mother dear, it all came to me in the loft after you told me to put away father's coat. I slipped the ulster on and it made me feel just like a man, and 'A man I'll be to-night,' I said to myself. It was cold driving to the depot. And wasn't it cold and blustery standing there! But in ten minutes the Pacific Express came in. The first passenger out was a tall man. He saw me on the coach, and asked me to drive him to 1230 Franklin Avenue. When we got to 1230 I jumped down and opened the coach door. My passenger got out and looked at me. I was shivering from the cold and from fright. He saw it and said I must come in and get warm. Oh, mother dear, that was the grandest house I ever saw. I was so overcome I couldn't talk. So he unbuttoned my coat, and when he began to take it off he cried out 'Why, it's a *girl!*'

"Then the whole family came. Then he took off my cap and my hair fell down, and the children clapped their hands and laughed and I—well I started to cry. I just couldn't help it. Then they asked me how it was I was driving the coach. And I told them the truth, mother.

"When I. was warm and had lots of good things to eat, the gentleman's daughter put on her wraps, and she and her father hurried out to the coach and told me to drive to Manderson's. They bought all these things and had them sent out to the coach. Then they got in and I drove them home. The gentleman gave me this money. They wished me a Merry Christmas, and told me to hurry home to you, mother dear, and here I am."

Winifred flung her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her.

"I am so sorry you worried, dear, but do let's hurry and trim the tree and look at the things and sort them out and arrange them and—"

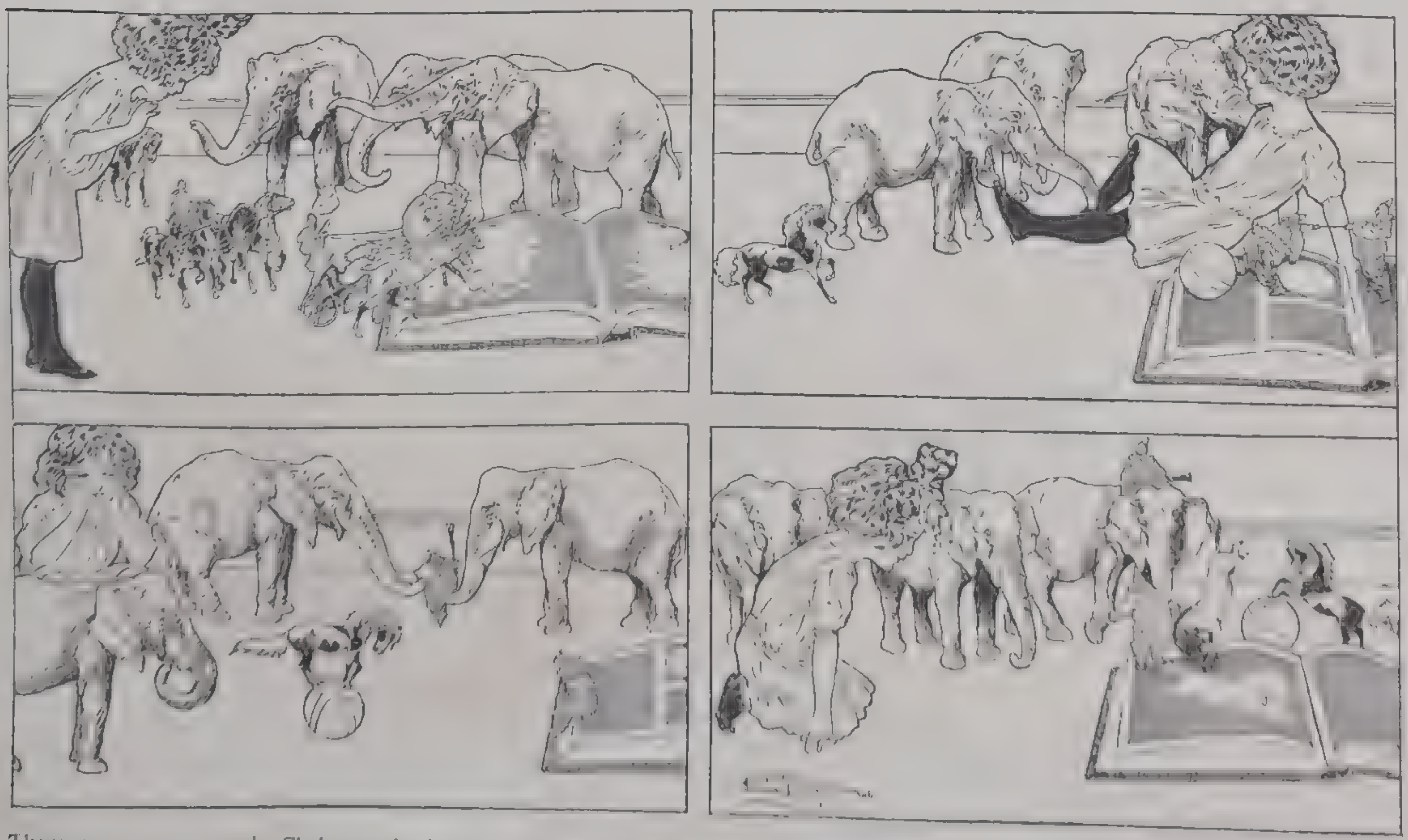
Winifred all but lost her breath in the excitement of it all.

"Oh, mother," she said at last, "I'm forgetting old Josey."

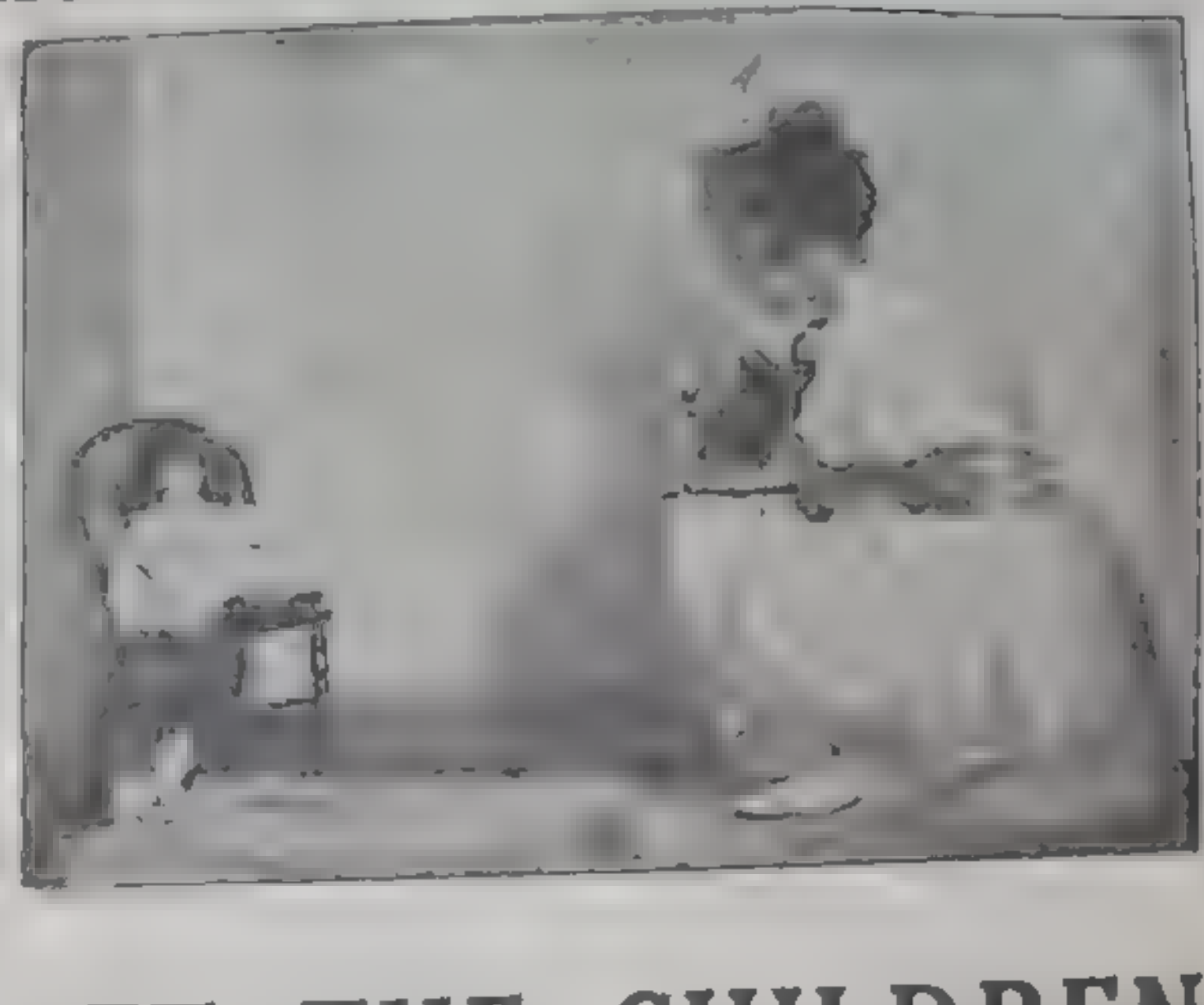
When the old horse was comfortable in her stall, Winifred patted her lovingly. "Merry Christmas, Josey!" she said softly. "We are going to have a Merry Christmas after all!"

When Winifred at last fell to sleep, it was to dream of lovely rooms and Christmas-trees and kind and loving faces, and Josey and the old Christmas coach.

THE MAGIC CHRISTMAS BOOK



There once was a magic Christmas book,
  And a little girl aged five,
And the pictures rose from the painted page,
  Yes, rose and became alive
And walked about; but when day was done
  They would come again and creep
Each one to his painted place again,
  And be closed in the book to sleep;
For they knew the child was so gentle, not one,
  Not the shyest had any fear—
But they'd lie quite still on the painted page
  If any one else came near.
How lovely if we were so gentle, too,
  Like the little girl of five,
That our toys and our animal Christmas books,
  Like hers, dared become alive!



LET THE CHILDREN

KODAK

There's nothing in which a girl or boy takes greater delight than picture taking.

And you will be surprised to find what good pictures even a child of seven or eight can make with a Brownie or a Kodak. Especially interesting is their work when there are two or more children in the family. The pictures they make of each other not only furnish fun for them, but are cherished by father and mother long after the youngsters have outgrown childish ways. Such pictures may not always be perfect technically, but they appeal to *you* because they are so delightfully natural. You will still want the more formal studio pictures to send to uncle and aunt and the grandparents, and for yourself too, but you will always take real delight in the pictures that Helen has made of Tom, as with his water-soaked red mittens he puts the last artistic touches on the snow man.

And photography is educational; it teaches observation; shows the young mind that it's worth while to do things well—and nowadays it's not expensive. The Brownie Cameras at one to twelve dollars, a very, very good one for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures costs only two dollars, and Kodaks from five dollars up, offer a wide variety for all tastes and purses.

There's no dark-room required for loading, unloading, developing or finishing. Even the children can finish the pictures by our tank system if their inclination runs that way. If not, or when school duties prevent, they can readily have some one else "do the rest" after they have "pressed the button."

Put "KODAK" on That Christmas List.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

A Real
CHRISTMAS
Suggestion

Can you think of any more acceptable Christmas gift than a box of really fine writing paper? Writing paper is something one uses constantly and one is, therefore, constantly reminded of the giver.

Crane's Linen Lawn in Holiday Boxes

Crane's Linen Lawn has been put up in unusually artistic boxes to be used as gifts for Christmas and other occasions. The boxes are made in several sizes, holding different assortments of Crane's Linen Lawn, and are of different tints, harmonizing with the tints of the paper. Nothing so beautiful in the way of holiday boxes of writing paper has ever been produced before.

Ask Your Dealer

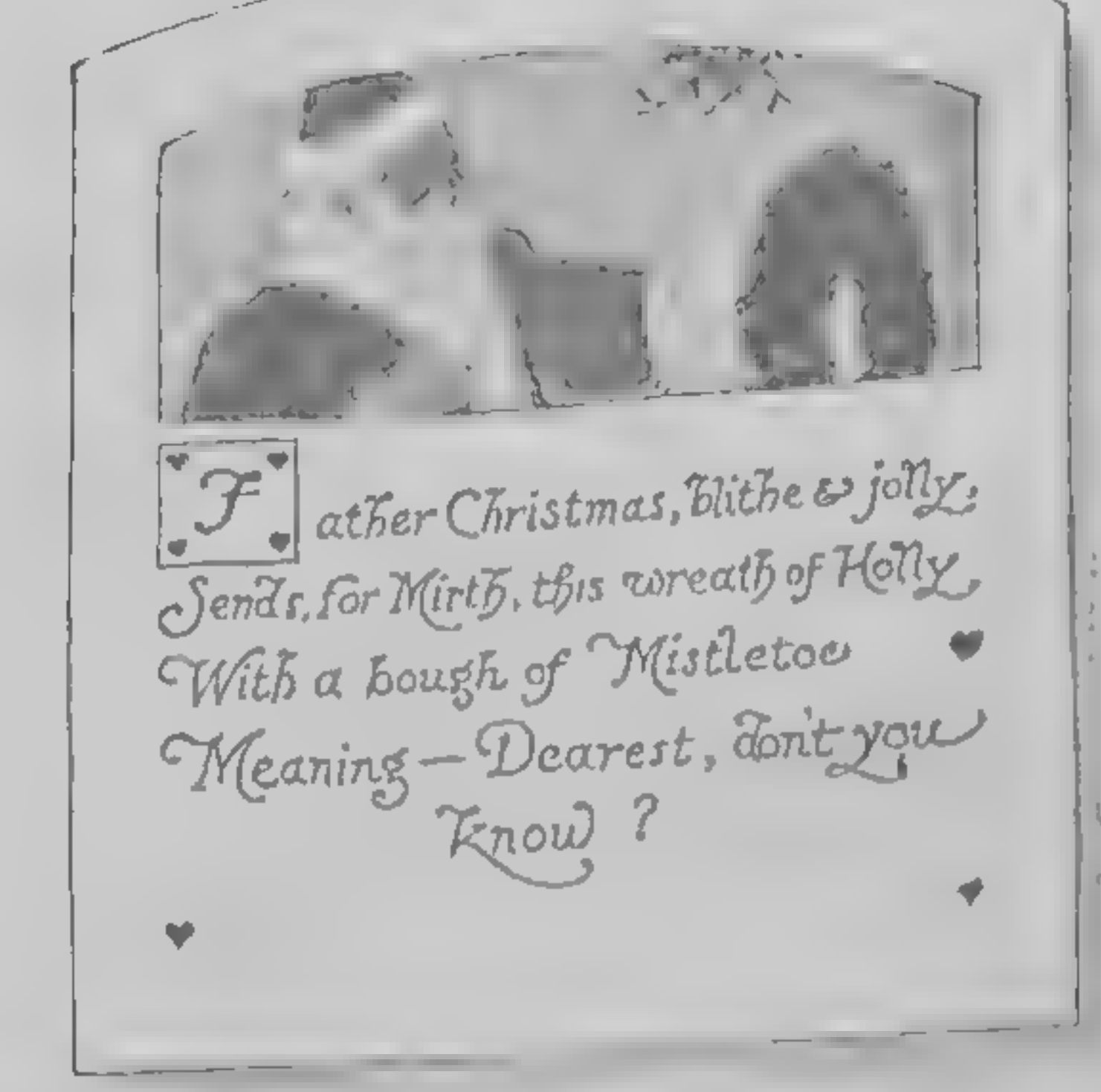
These holiday boxes of Crane's Linen Lawn can be procured at most stores where good stationery is sold. Prices—75 cents, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00, according to size and quantity of paper. They offer in an unusual degree the combination of a beautiful and useful present. Ask to see them and be sure they are the "Crane" boxes. If your stationer cannot supply you, write us and we will give you the name of a stationer who will.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
New York Pittsfield, Mass.

CHRISTMAS RHYMES

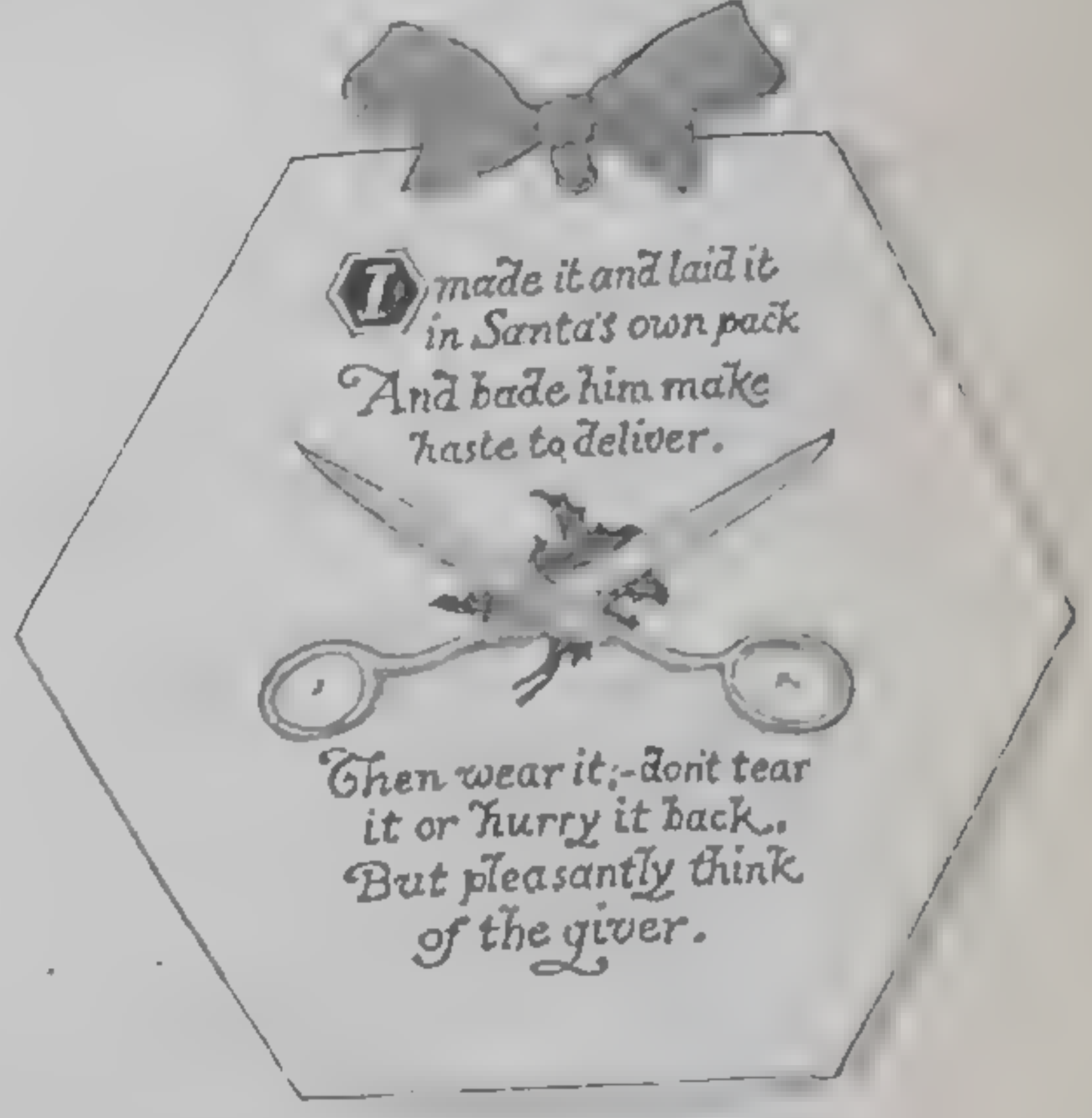
FOR CARDS AND INVITATIONS

VERSES BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN



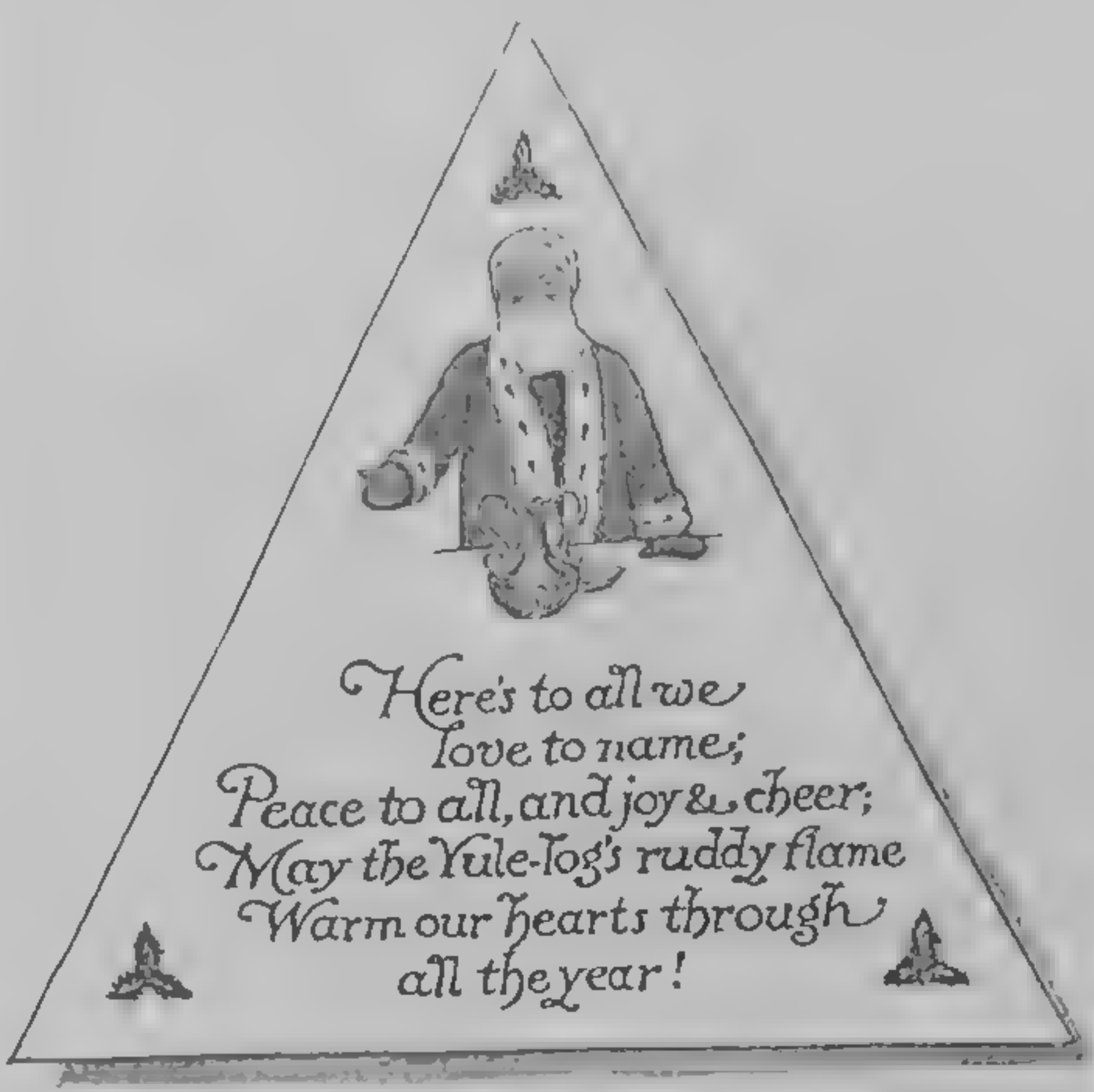
Father Christmas, blithe & jolly,
Sends, for Mirth, this wreath of Holly,
With a bough of Mistletoe
Meaning—Dearest, don't you know?

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS GREETING TO ACCOMPANY ANY GIFT, BUT WHICH WOULD BE ESPECIALLY APPROPRIATE IF SENT WITH A BOX OF HOLIDAY GREENERY—HOLLY AND MISTLETOE



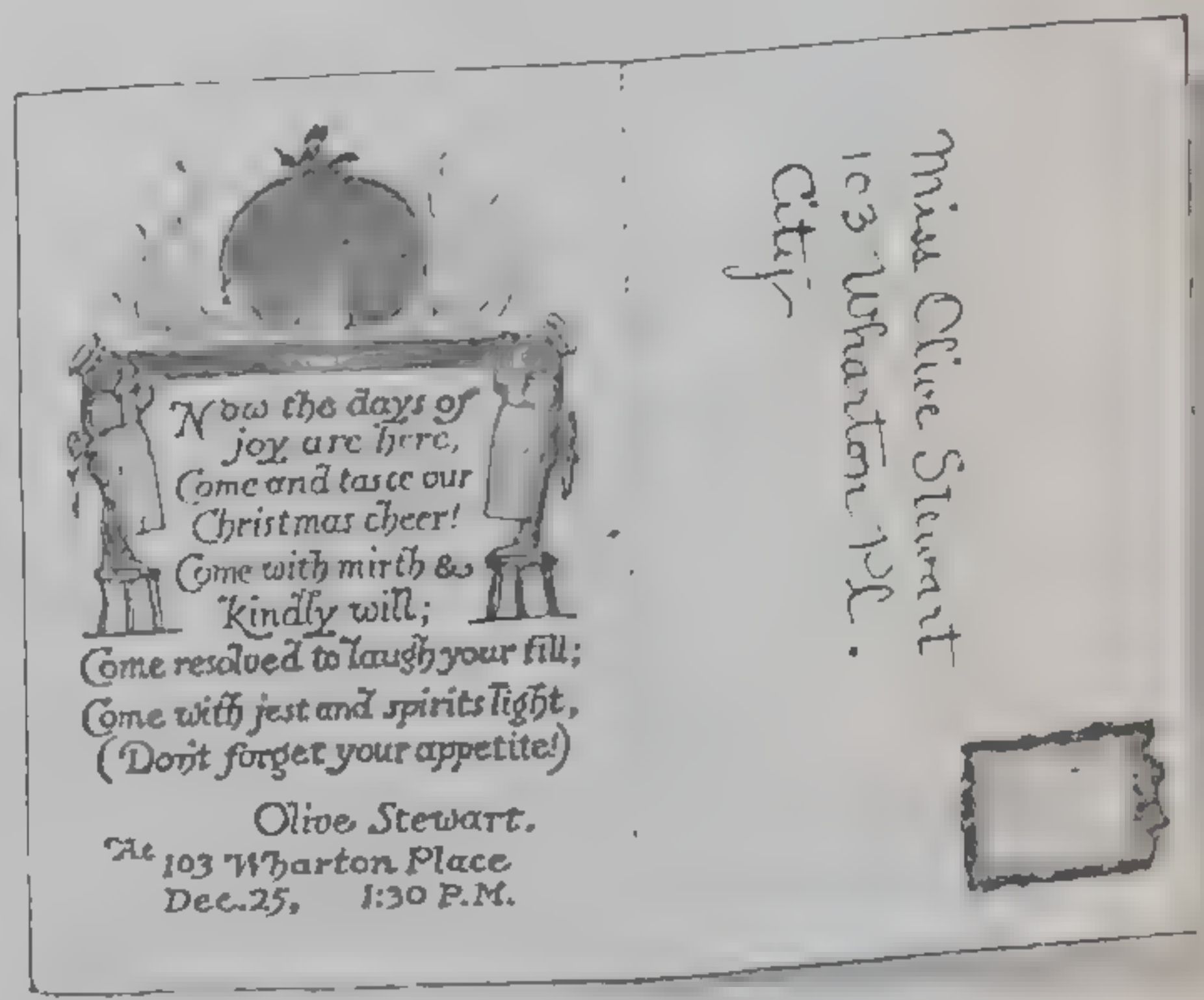
I made it and laid it
in Santa's own pack
And bade him make
haste to deliver.
Then wear it;—don't tear
it or hurry it back,
But pleasantly think
of the giver.

THIS CARD IS TO BE CUT FROM WATER-COLOR PAPER, LETTERED AND DECORATED, THEN TIED WITH SCARLET RIBBONS TO A PERSONAL GIFT OF FINE NEEDLEWORK WHICH HAS BEEN MADE AT HOME



Here's to all we
love to name;
Peace to all, and joy & cheer;
May the Yule-log's ruddy flame
Warm our hearts through
all the year!

A CHRISTMAS TOAST WHICH MAY BE USED IN MANY WAYS. IT MAY BE PAINTED ON A THREE-CORNERED CARD, LIKE THE DESIGN, AND SENT WITH A GIFT; IT MAY BE LETTERED ON A POST-CARD AND SENT AS A GREETING, AND IT MAY BE MEMORIZED TO SERVE AS THE FIRST TOAST AT THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

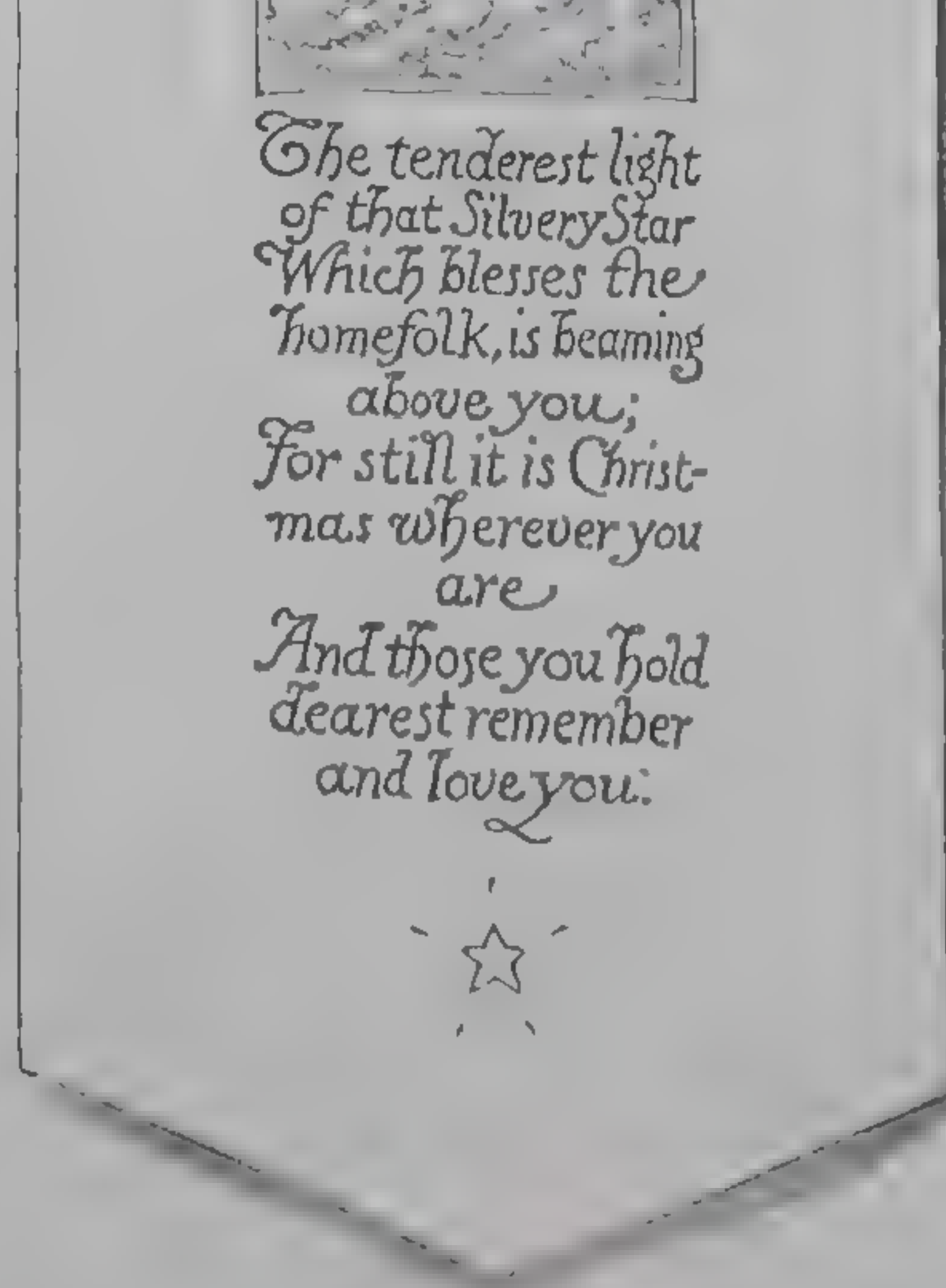


Now the days of
joy are here,
Come and taste our
Christmas cheer!
Come with mirth &
kindly will;
Come resolved to laugh your fill;
Come with jest and spirits light,
(Don't forget your appetite!)

Olive Stewart.
At 103 Wharton Place
Dec. 25, 1:30 P.M.

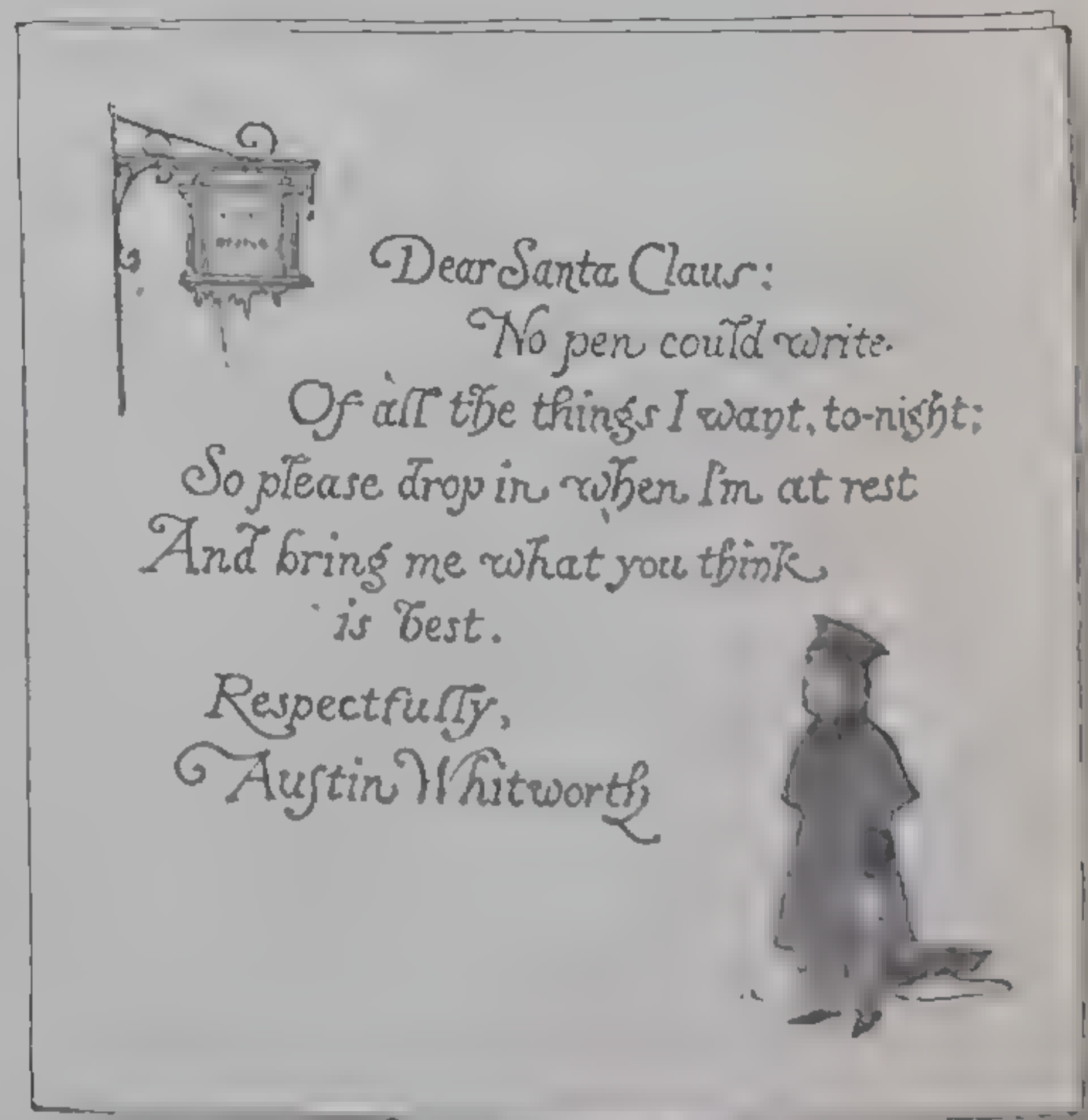
Miss Olive Stewart
103 Wharton Pl.
City

HERE IS AN INVITATION TO A CHRISTMAS-DINNER-PARTY PAINTED AND LETTERED ON A RETURN POST-CARD. IF THIS SEEMS TOO INFORMAL A WAY TO SEND THE INVITATION, THE RHYME AND THE LITTLE PICTURE OF THE BLAZING PLUM-PUDDING CARRIED BY TWO WHITE-CAPPED COOKS MAY BE PAINTED ON A SHEET OF NOTE-PAPER OR A SQUARE OF WATER-COLOR PAPER AND MAILED IN AN ENVELOPE. THERE IS A WREATH OF HOLLY PAINTED ABOUT THE PLACE FOR THE STAMP ON THE POST-CARD AND THIS DECORATION MIGHT ALSO BE USED ON THE ENVELOPE. THOSE WHO CANNOT PAINT MIGHT USE THE VERSE AND DECORATE THE CARD WITH A CHRISTMAS SEAL. ANOTHER USE FOR THIS LITTLE RHYME WOULD BE AS A PLACE-CARD FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER OR SUPPER TABLE. IN THAT CASE THE NAME AND ADDRESS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CARD WOULD BE LEFT OFF, AND THE DATE, "DECEMBER 25, 1909," WOULD BE LETTERED ON IN PLACE OF THEM. A GILT EDGE MIGHT BE ADDED IF DESIRED



The tenderest light
of that Silvery Star
Which blesses the
homefolk, is beaming
above you;
For still it is Christmas
wherever you
are
And those you hold
dearest remember
and love you.

A CARD TO BE SENT AS A GREETING TO ONE WHO IS FAR FROM HOME. TO GIVE THE PERSONAL TOUCH A KODAK PICTURE OF THE HOME-PLACE MIGHT REPLACE THE PAINTED SCENE



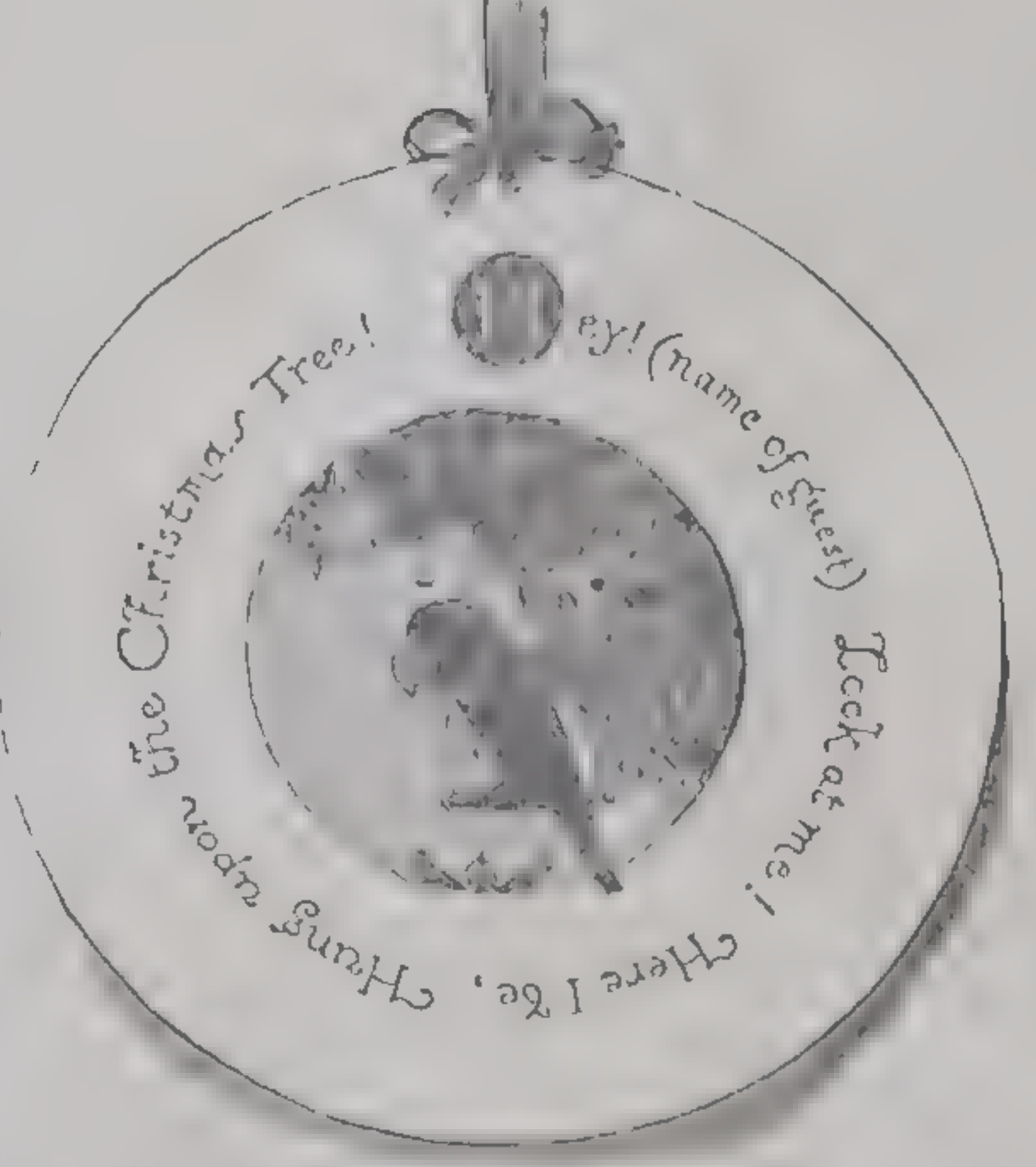
Dear Santa Claus:
No pen could write
Of all the things I want, to-night;
So please drop in when I'm at rest
And bring me what you think
is best.
Respectfully,
Austin Whitworth

TO THE CHILDREN WHO BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS THIS LITTLE VERSE WILL ESPECIALLY APPEAL. IT MUST BE VERY NEATLY COPIED BY EACH CHILD AND PINNED TO THE TOE OF HIS STOCKING AT BEDTIME ON CHRISTMAS EVE. CARDS LIKE THESE MIGHT SERVE AS FAVORS OR SOUVENIRS FOR A CHILDREN'S PARTY TO BE GIVEN ON THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

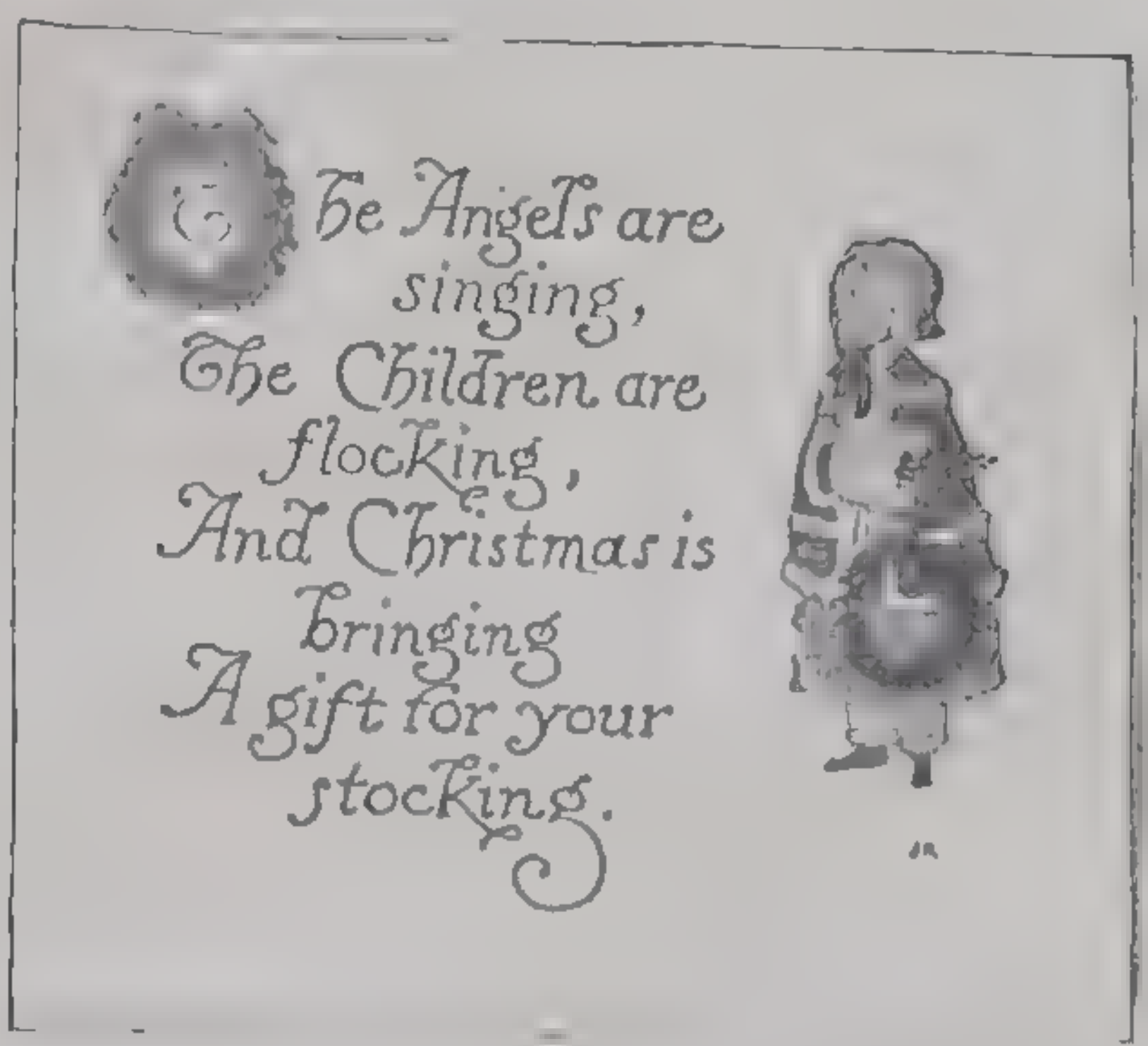
CHRISTMAS RHYMES

FOR CARDS AND INVITATIONS

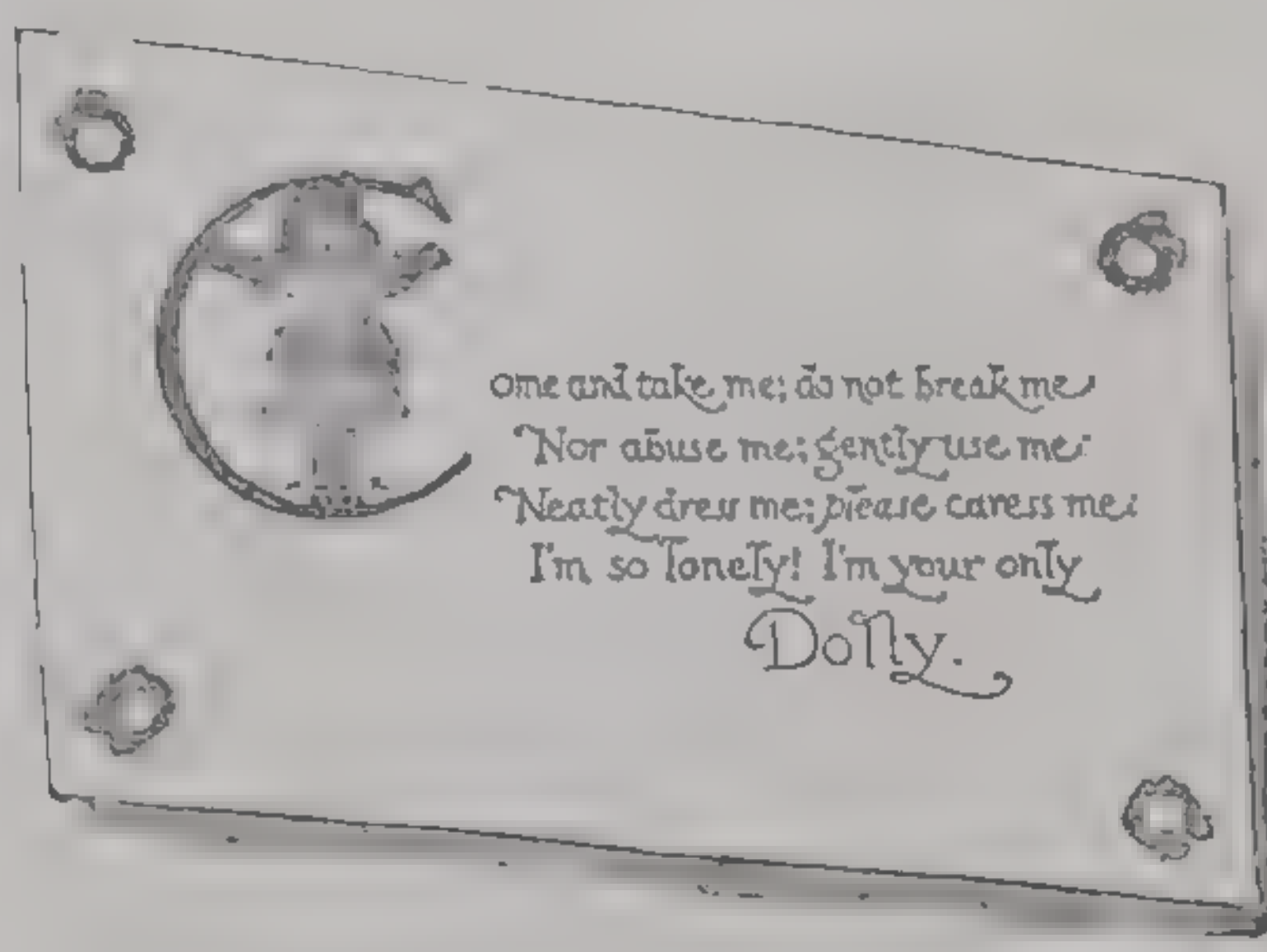
DESIGNS BY JOHN RAE


Hey! (name of guest) Look at me! Here I be, Hung upon the Christmas Tree!

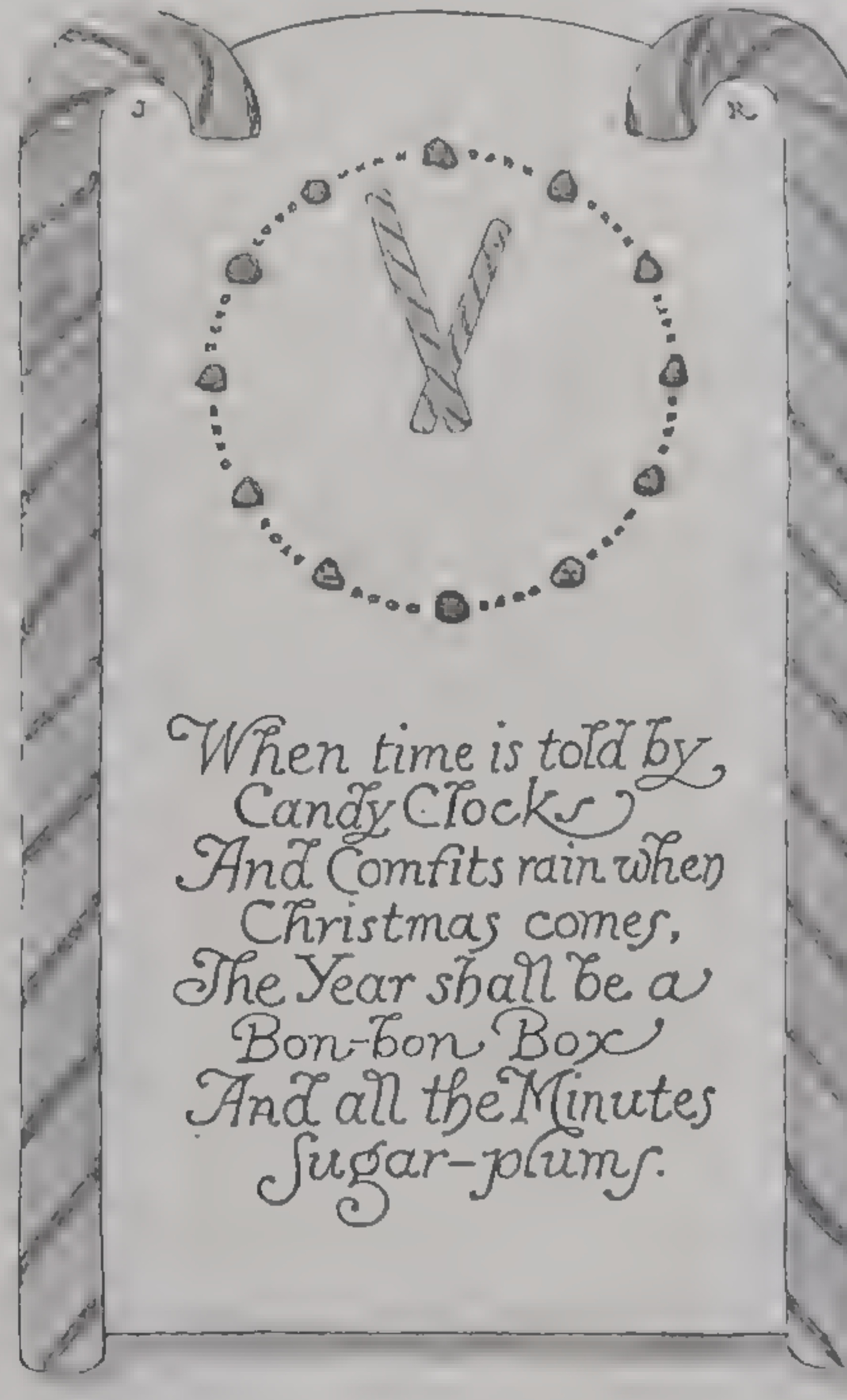
SOMETIMES AT A CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS-TREE PARTY WHERE MANY SMALL GIFTS ARE TO BE GIVEN, A SPECIAL INSCRIPTION IS DESIRED. THIS ROUND CARD WITH A TALKATIVE PARROT IN THE CENTER AND THE GAY RHYME RUNNING ABOUT IT SHOULD BE TIED TO THE CHRISTMAS PACKAGE WITH RIBBON AND HUNG ON THE TREE. EACH CHILD'S NAME SHOULD BE ON THE CARD WITH HIS GIFT AND HE CAN FIND IT HIMSELF


The Angels are singing,
The Children are flocking,
And Christmas is bringing
A gift for your stocking.

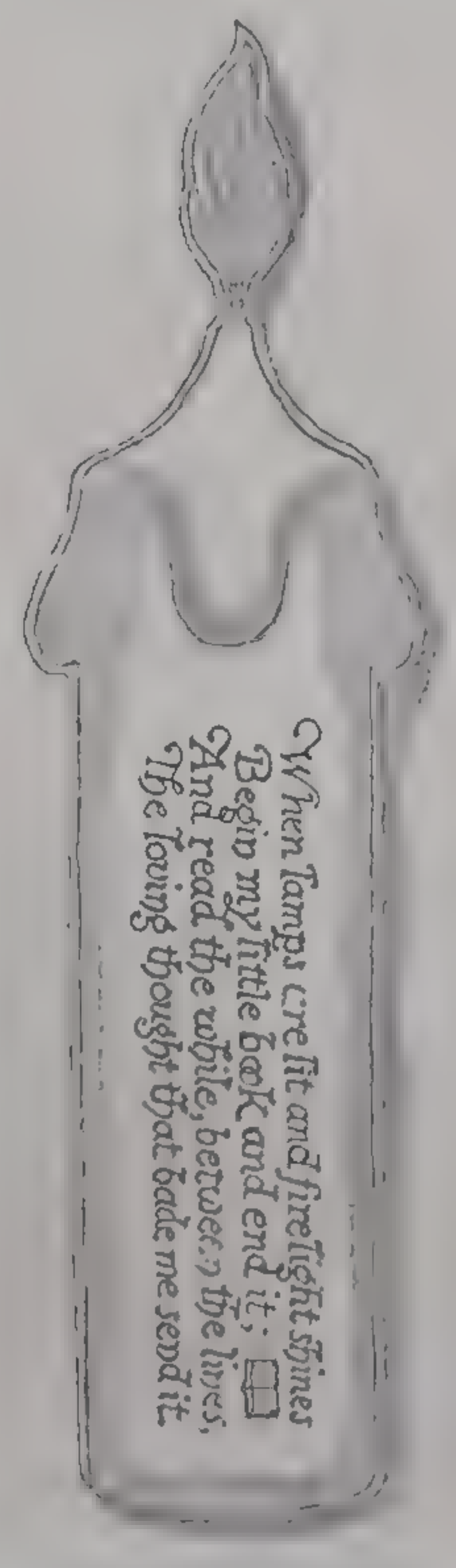
A CARD TO GO WITH ANY PRESENT, BUT MOST APPROPRIATE, PERHAPS, WITH A PRESENT FOR A CHILD. THE DESIGN OF THE QUAINT LITTLE GIRL CARRYING A CHRISTMAS WREATH SHOULD BE PAINTED IN WATERCOLOR IN CLEAR FLAT COLOR. THE HOLLY WREATH WHICH ENCIRCLES THE INITIAL AT THE BEGINNING OF THE VERSE IS TIED AT THE TOP WITH A SCARLET BOW


Come and take me; do not break me
Nor abuse me; gently use me
Neatly dress me; please caress me
I'm so lonely! I'm your only
Dolly.

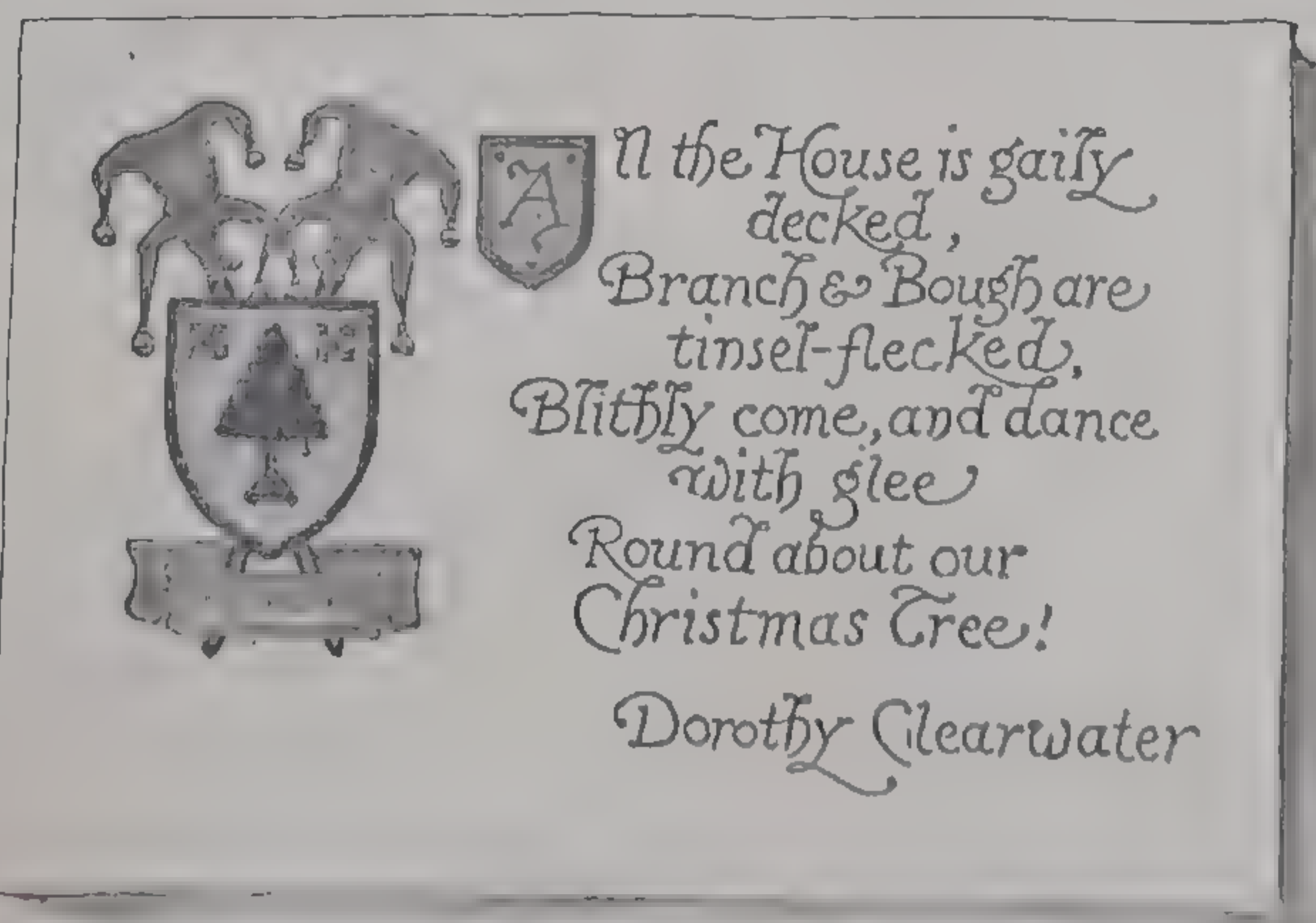
IF THERE IS A DOLL TO HANG ON YOUR CHRISTMAS-TREE, TIE TO HER WAIST THIS CARD. THE MOST CARELESS LITTLE GIRL WOULD BE SURE TO HEED THE APPEAL AND "PLAY GENTLY," AND THE MESSAGE FROM DOLLY WILL MAKE HER SEEM LIKE A REAL LIVE PLAYMATE


When time is told by Candy Clocks
And Comfits rain when Christmas comes,
The Year shall be a Bon-bon Box
And all the Minutes Sugar-plums.

TO ACCOMPANY THE BOX OF CHRISTMAS SWEETS, SEND THIS CARD. AT EACH SIDE OF THE DESIGN ARE PINK-AND-WHITE-STRIPED CANDY CANES. TWELVE CHOCOLATE DROPS MARK THE HOURS, WITH TINY BONBONS BETWEEN, WHILE THE HANDS OF THE CANDY CLOCK ARE OLD-FASHIONED PEPPERMINT STICKS. THE VERSE IS LETTERED IN QUAINT SCRIPT


When lamps are lit and firelight shines
Begin my little book and end it;
And read the while, between the lines,
The loving thought that bade me send it.

JUST THE RIGHT PERSONAL TOUCH IS ADDED TO THE GIFT OF A BOOK IF THIS BOOK-MARK IS SHUT IN ITS PAGES


All the House is gaily decked,
Branch & Bough are tinsel-flecked,
Blithly come, and dance with glee
Round about our Christmas Tree!
Dorothy Clearwater

A DESIGN FOR AN ORIGINAL INVITATION TO A CHRISTMAS DANCE OR TO A CHRISTMAS-TREE PARTY. THE DRAWING SHOWS A CHRISTMAS-TREE LADEN WITH GIFTS, WHILE BEHIND ARE TWO FOOLS' BAUBLES FOR CARE-FREE GAIETY. BENEATH IS A RIBBON BEARING THE GREETING "MERRY CHRISTMAS." PAINT ON A CARD AND INCLOSE IN AN ENVELOPE FASTENED WITH A CHRISTMAS SEAL

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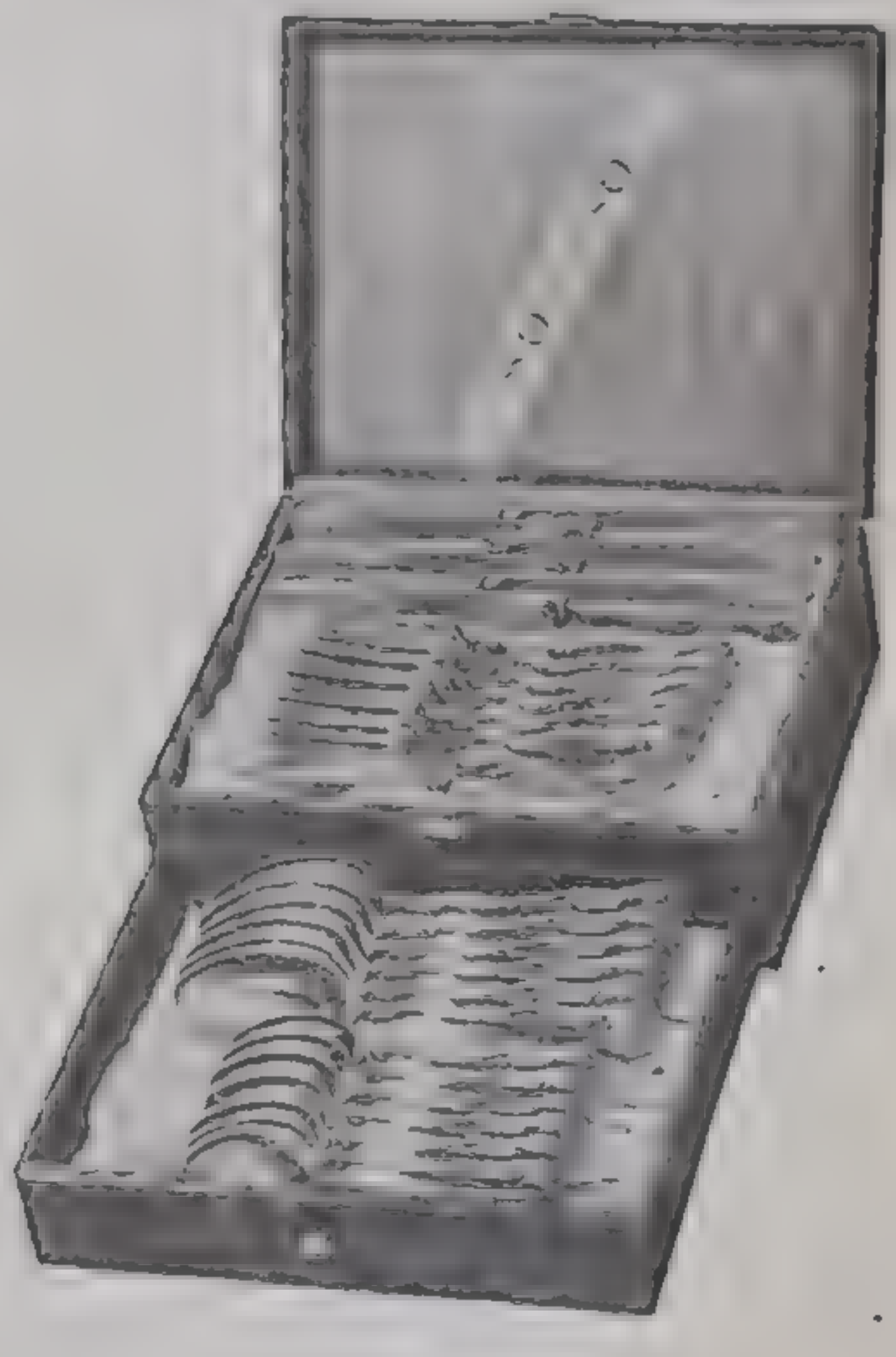

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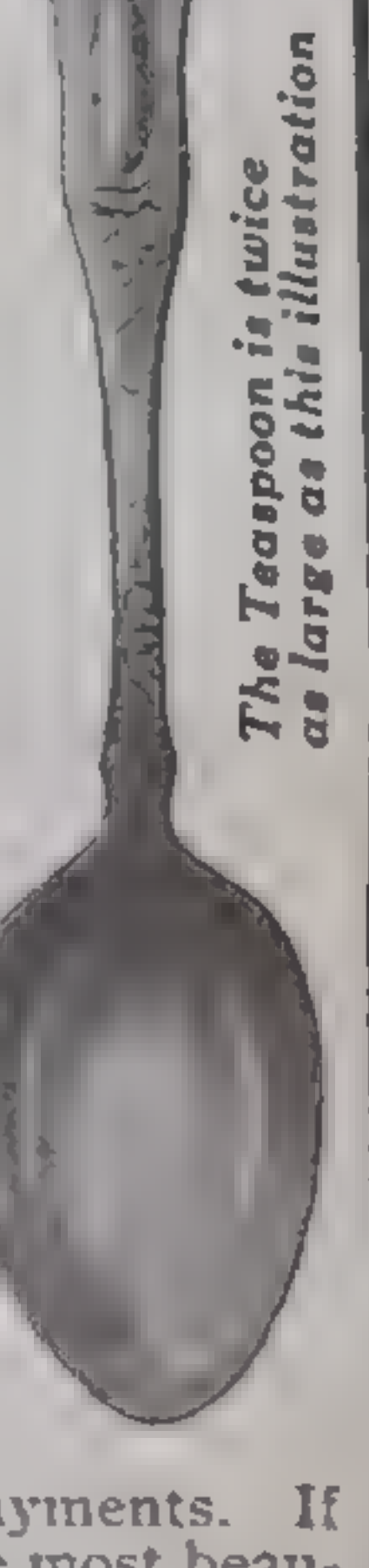

The Teaspoon is twice as large as this illustration

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We will send you this complete chest of 26 pieces, all genuine Rogers A1 silverware, direct to your home, no matter how far distant you live, charges prepaid, for free examination and trial. If you decide to keep the set, send us $1.00 in 10 days and $1.00 a week thereafter for eleven (11) weeks. You can enjoy the full use of it while paying us a little each week, and you will never notice the small payments. If you do not think that it is the most beautiful set of silverware, and the best value that you have ever seen, simply return it at our expense. We will willingly and gladly take all the risk, and if you do not care to keep it, it will not cost you one cent. When we send you the set, we will also tell you about a very simple plan we have so that you can have this complete chest of silverware absolutely free, simply by doing a little advertising for us among your neighbors.

The only way to let you actually realize that the Rogers silverware is the best in the world is to let you try it. The entire 26 pieces, consisting of 6 table knives, 6 table forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell, are put up in a heavy chest, handsomely covered with moire and richly lined throughout. It is made with a drawer so that when the contents of the chest are shown, it makes a beautiful display that will be admired by all. This complete family combination set of silverware is good enough for the best home.

Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it now, and we will immediately send you the complete chest of 26 pieces of Rogers silverware, express prepaid.

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Please send me at once, express charges prepaid, for free trial, the chest of 26 pieces of genuine 1881 Rogers A1 silverware in the "Beverly" pattern. If satisfactory, I will remit $1.00 in 10 days and $1.00 per week thereafter for eleven (11) weeks. If not satisfactory, I will return the set at once at your expense. Also tell me how I can get this set free.

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Street..

Town .... State ....

MRS. SANGSTER'S HOME PAGE

THE CHRISTMAS CRYSTAL

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

FROM my childhood I have been enamored of the crystal. I like to hold in my hand a bit of gleaming glass, turning it about to catch the sunlight and watching its iridescent sparkle. A dewdrop shining on a rose-petal has the same clear luster, and a diamond in the tiara of a queen is no brighter. To me the crystal symbolizes strength, simplicity and sincerity. The theosophist, coming to our practical West from the dim, mysterious East, asks his devotee to peer into the magic depths of a lucent crystal. Sometimes the man who looks therein sees nothing at all; sometimes he sees visions and dreams dreams. The child sees more than his world-wearied elders, and the elders see little, if amid their losses on the journey they have met with life's greatest loss and have parted with the heart of the child.

Shall we one and all, dear friends, try what we can discover if we gaze into the pure depths of the Christmas Crystal? It is star-shaped and silvery and unflawed for it keeps through the ages the radiance of the Star that long ago flamed in the Eastern sky, leading three desert kings across waste and wild until they found and worshiped a Babe in a manger.

In the center of the Christmas Crystal we behold a mother and a child. If Christmas is to bring to us its divine message and its profound meaning we must see within it once more womanhood glorified and childhood exalted.

A Personal Confession

It is half a pity we cannot begin our preparation for Christmas in June or July. I determine year after year that I will do this, and I have in my mind a picture of myself choosing Christmas presents in midsummer when the shops are not crowded. I resolve that I will then consider the dear ones of whom I think in the Christmas-tide, and I say to myself "when next Christmas comes you shall have leisure to peer into the Crystal, to write verses, to have a good time as a spectator and incur not so much as the slightest fatigue." I am a bit regretful to tell you that I have never yet been able to keep these resolutions. During the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas I am as hurried as you are, and up to the very last evening when it is time to hang up the stockings and fill them from top to toe, to garland the Christmas tree and hang gifts upon its branches, to send letters and telegrams carrying Christmas wishes to friends far and near, I have hardly an hour in which to sit still, look on and fold my hands.

All this I know to be wrong, yet I do not apologize for the failure, and I do not defend it. Perhaps, on the whole, the Christmas cup is sweeter when we drink it at one deep draft. I confess that the Christmas crowd in the thronged streets, the Christmas markets wreathed with evergreen and fragrant with cedar and pine, the Christmas holly and mistletoe are so charming, so delightful and so comforting against the background of wintry snow and sleet, that I would not like to miss a feature of the scene.

Christmas is the coronation of December, and December is the culmination of the year. I hardly think that our gaiety would be so great and our pleasure so perfect if we started our Christmasing under a summer sky. There are, however, certain obligations that we ought not to forget, certain acts of thoughtful kindness that would make Christmas happier for our toiling brothers and sisters, and it is in order for us to remind ourselves of these if, possibly, they have been overlooked.

Tired Folk

You and I know by experience that there is an immense difference between being healthfully tired and tired to the point of exhaustion. There is positive satisfaction in sitting down after a full day's work and resting with a certainty that to-morrow morning we shall be able to commence another day with gladness. When something attempted, something done has earned a night's repose we are not objects of compassion. To be so utterly fagged in body and mind that sleep although profound brings little refreshment; to have an aching back, a throbbing head and burning feet because for ten days or more one has toiled from eight in the morning until eleven at night with only slight intermissions for luncheon and fresh air, is to reach the limit of human endurance. Large numbers of those whose business it is to serve the public have no agreeable anticipations of Christmas. They regard its annual return with dread and dismay. Express messengers, porters and drivers of delivery-wagons, post-office officials, and most of all salespeople in retail shops, feel the pressure of Christmas as an almost crushing weight.

A little forethought and planning on the part of most purchasers would minimize the labor that is unfairly increased in the holiday season. We need not commence the selection of Christmas presents in June. On the other hand, we need not defer the final choice until the week before Christmas. In the opening of December the majority of those who purchase Christmas gifts can, if they wish, accomplish the task. Every small article and many of the larger bundles can be carried home personally, thus lessening the congestion that keeps delivery-agents of all degrees toiling through sleepless nights. I cannot bear to think of the youthful cash girls and boys who are employed as messengers in the large department shops for, though not really beyond childhood they are not sharers in childhood's joy. As for young women and older ones who stand behind counters waiting upon customers hour after hour until their nerves are ajar and their faces haggard, I have not words to voice my sympathy with them. Many of them have homes at a long distance from business, and therefore are obliged to take a hard journey at each end of the day, feeling as weary in the morning as they were at midnight.

What can Merry Christmas mean to girls with wan cheeks and dull eyes, when driven by the exigencies of the happy season as if they were slaves under the whip of a heartless master? Would not our Christmas joy be far greater if we realized the duty of making life easier for those who constantly minister to us? In the one item of parcels sent by mail, of letters and picture-postals, it is within our power to change the entire situation for people who make no complaint, but whose overburdened condition should appeal to every thoughtful woman and man.

Christmas at the Neighborhood Settlement

When Christmas comes to a Settlement House in the tenement district of a large city, whoever has ears to hear may catch a faint echo of the song the shepherds heard in the midnight long ago. The Neighborhood Settlement is the center of friendliness and good-will in a quarter of the town where families are closely packed and conveniences for social enjoyment are comparatively few. When young men and young women who are sweethearts are compelled to walk up and down the street because they literally have no other place in which they may converse, when father and mother and a half dozen children find shelter in four or five little rooms, possibly accommodating a boarder or two in the narrow space, to eke out a starvation income, we who have ample homes and plenty of elbow-room do not fully grasp the situation.

The Settlement workers living among and loving their neighbors, understanding how brave they are, observing day by day their unselfishness, their willingness to make sacrifices for one another and their real goodness extend to them a hospitality untinged by condescension. The young men and girls enrolled in Settlement clubs and classes regard the Settlement House as belonging to them, and in a very sweet sense, their own home. When Christmas returns there is a tree for the children, and their little faces glow with delight when dolls and toys, the gifts of more fortunate children, are put into their hands. I hope your child has had the privilege of sending a doll to the child of poverty. The toil-worn mothers and fathers, often foreigners who speak little English, find themselves remembered at the Settlement with gifts that they prize, and as for the young people the reception-rooms open to them, the pianos on which they may play, the garlands of evergreen and the flowers, afford them an opportunity, in pure and safe surroundings, for the social intercourse they crave. Many of these young people, however poor in money, have come from a land where music is a universal solace, and many of them can play and sing. A visit to a Neighborhood Settlement during Christmas week will give an added flavor to the house-party or the family reunion in the avenue mansion.

Christmas in the Sunday-School

The Sunday-school is the center to which children and young people converge in our villages, towns and farming communities. Weeks before Christmas teachers and scholars count the days until its arrival. Christmas hymns are practiced and Christmas recitations learned and the program before the Christmas service is carefully planned. Frequently, a school has its sacred service on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day, following it a day or two later with an evening of mirth and jollity.

The motive underlying Christmas is one of sacrifice, of giving rather than of getting, of spending rather than of hoarding. Wherever the children receive presents at Christmas at the Sunday-school celebration they should have the privilege of giving presents to others. No matter how poor a child may be he or she can usually contrive a tiny gift, if it be only an orange or an apple, at this time, and a number of children combining may in this way add to the comfort of a poor family. In schools where most of the children come from well-to-do families, they should have the pleasure of sending from their Christmas tree tokens of good-will to others, and this ought to be the chief feature of the evening, gifts between themselves and their teachers being secondary.

Seek for the Desolate

There are desolate as well as destitute people who ought at Christmas to be cheered by the sympathy and companionship of those whose lives are unshadowed. Perhaps it may be the most beautiful house in the nighborhood from which, since last the Christmas joy encircled the world, husband or wife, son or daughter has been removed by death. We can think of homes which have been bereaved by fatal illness or accident, homes in which we would hesitate to say "Merry Christmas." The joyous greeting would be out of place, we fancy, addressed to a woman whose arms were empty and whose mourning garments symbolized woe. Yet, though we may not say anything that savors of mirth in such a presence, we may still go to the desolate with an overflowing sympathy that shall mean a blessed relief in the hour of deepest distress. It is cowardly to stay away from the friend who is desolate because of a fear that her gloom shall enfold us or that our sunshine shall fail to dissipate its darkness. Always on this earth of ours there are those whose cry is "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." When Christmas comes they may take into their hearts the consolation that no one can rob them of their wealth of happy memories. In the past they have had tenderness, love and faith, and no one can deprive them of the serene consciousness that their life has been enriched. We may wish a Blessed Christmas to those who are not just now able to have a Merry Christmas.

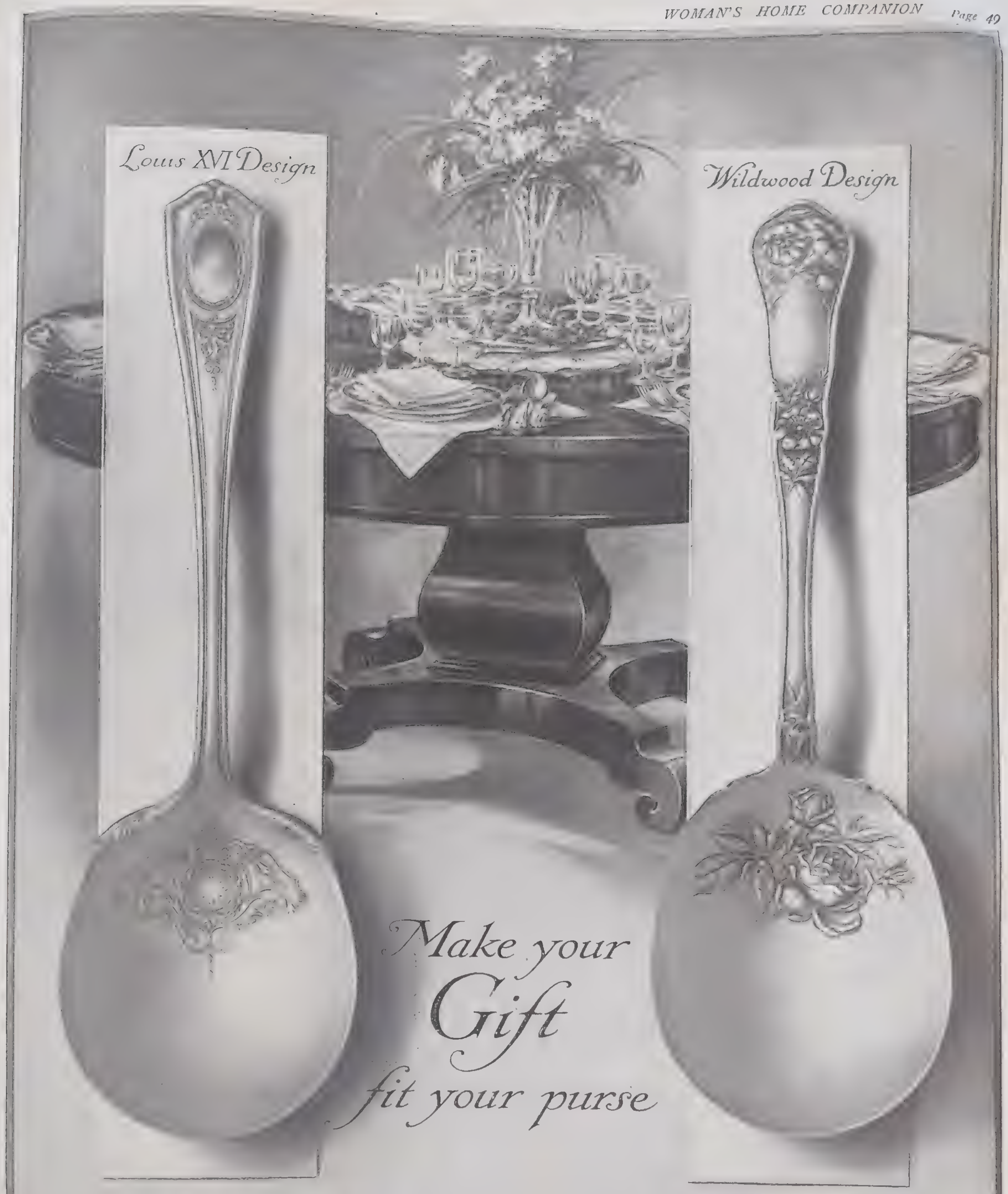
Things to Do

One thing to do is to make every child we know as happy as we can. Gifts of clothing and shoes and similar necessities will make some children happiest. Others would prefer books, skates, tools, tickets for a concert, dolls and other presents that contribute to pastime and play. Let us make the children happy. Let us think of friends in Homes for old people, homes that begin with a capital H, let us take thought for the shut-ins, for those who are spending Christmas in a hospital ward, for children in the blind asylums and in institutions for the deaf, and for men and women who by reason of their demerit are passing slow years behind iron bars. Christmas is for everybody, and Christ means that nobody shall be left out of its beatitude. Let us read Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and Phillips Brooks' exquisite hymn before the bells in the church tower chime for midnight.

One and all, my friends, I wish you a Merry Christmas. How better can I end this talk than by quoting some lines from Bishop Brooks?

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend on us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!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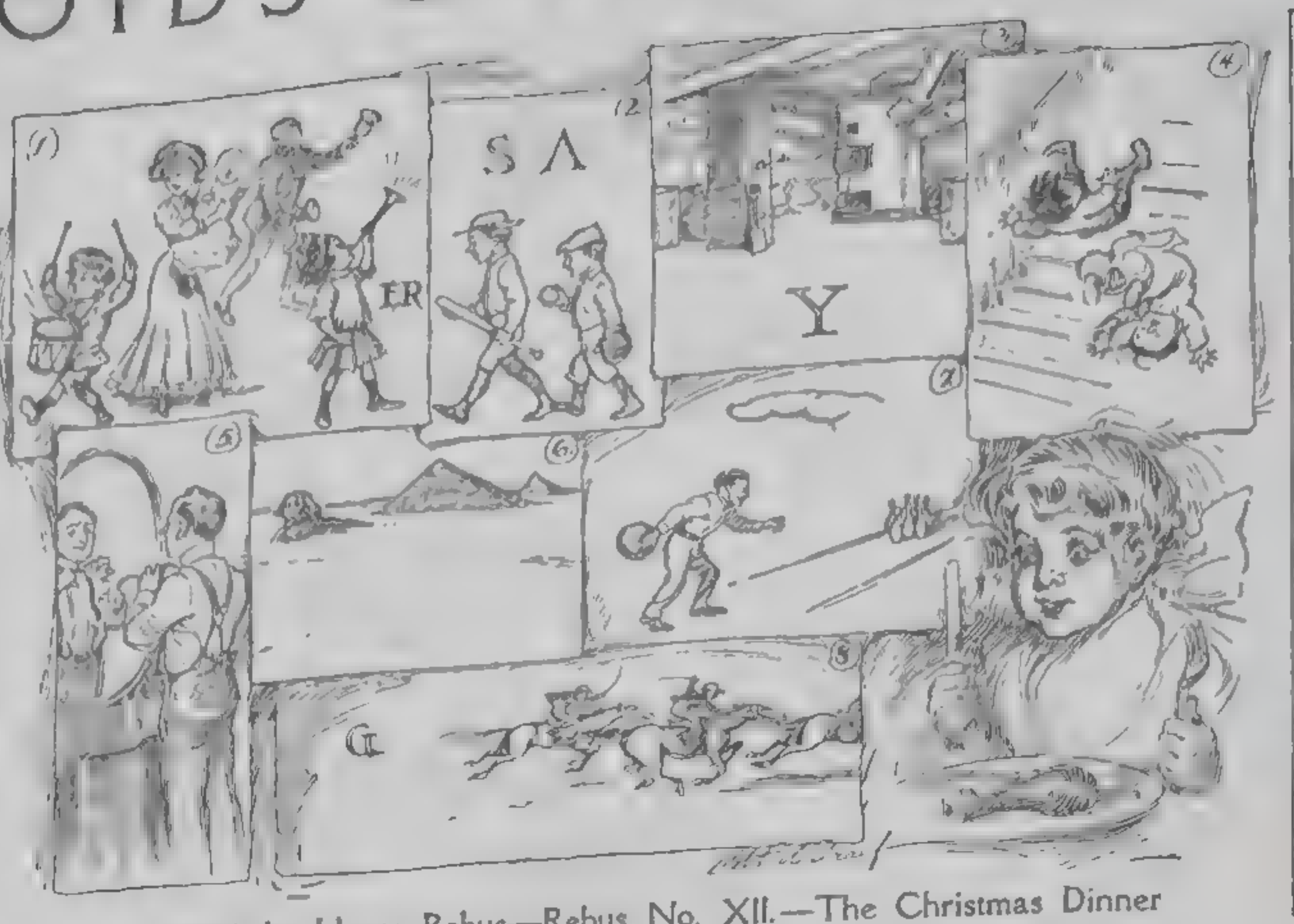
SAM LOYD'S OWN PUZZLE PAGE

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE —REBUS No. XII.—THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

The puzzle-artist last month, you remember, got us into the dining-room on the pretext of the Thanksgiving dinner, and it certainly looks as if he had enjoyed himself so much that he came right back again for his Christmas dinner.

Here he has drawn for us eight pictures representing some of the things which we are sure to see on the dinner-table on Christmas Day.

He says that the picture of the small boy in the corner, while it is not a puzzle-picture, represents just the way he used to feel when he was a boy and they gave him a plateful of goodies with a big turkey drumstick well to the front of it and a dessert of mince-pie and plum-pudding in prospect.



All Around the House Rebus—Rebus No. XII.—The Christmas Dinner

DIRECTIONS FOR SENDING ANSWERS

The competition for this month closes on December 20th

Write your name distinctly, in ink, on only one side of the paper.

Address all communications to Sam Loyd's Own Puzzle Page, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

MONTHLY PRIZE OFFER

$10.00 will be awarded the best set of answers to the puzzles on this page.

$1.00 each will be given to the twenty next best sets of answers.

One hundred copies of Our Puzzle Book will be distributed among those whose answers are worthy of honorable mention.

A Christmas Puzzle

Monsieur and Madame Plaster of Paris desiring to present their daughter with a timely Christmas present went ——— to the jewelry firm of Pichot and Cie to ——— a watch.

Can you place the same word in each of the above blank spaces so as to make the sentence read properly?

A Floral Bouquet

1. Oh tell me the flower that is queen of them all.
2. And the flower dedicated to brides.
3. The flower that stands up so stately and tall.
4. And one that's a color besides.
5. The flower that's a parent, loving and fond.
6. The flower that's just made to kiss.
7. The flower that's a weapon from over beyond.
8. One worn by a dainty young miss.
9. Though flower with eyes so snapping and bright.
10. The flower that soothes the sad heart.
11. The flower that blooms only at night.
12. The one that we say when we part.
13. The one that Br'er Fox draws on as he walks.
14. The one that the chanticleers use.
15. The one that on smoking and whisky e'er talks.
16. The one that's the dropping of dews.
17. The flowers that ring as they wave in the breeze.
18. The flowers that tell you the time.
19. The flowers that bloom on tropical trees.
20. And the flower of morning sublime.
21. The flower that Johnnie can use when he writes.
22. The flower you wear in your hat.
23. The flower that blossoms on bright moonlight nights.
24. And the one that's the end of a cat.
25. The vine you blow on to make a loud noise.
26. And the one that blooms close to the ground.
27. The one that's unpleasant when thrown by small boys.
28. And the ones that in sweetness abound.
29. The one Joseph's brethren were tending of old.
30. And the one that does preach night and day.
31. The one that makes you think of the cold.
32. And the one that's a dude, blithe and gay.
33. One borne by those disappointed in love.
34. One a boon to the bachelor lone.
35. Some often fall from the heavens above.
36. Some like precious metal has shone.
37. The ones that are now called bachelor girls.
38. And what they'd all do if they could.

The Director's Puzzle

Chauncy got off a clever little mathematical gem at a recent directors' meeting.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the present income from the earnings of the road would pay six per cent upon the entire stock issue, but as there is four million dollars of preferred stock upon which we pay seven and one half per cent interest, we are therefore only able to pay five per cent interest upon the common stock."

Tell the amount of common stock.

The Church-Fair Puzzle

The children down at Four Corners had made up their minds to have a Christmas-tree at the Church Fair to raise funds for the Sunday-school.

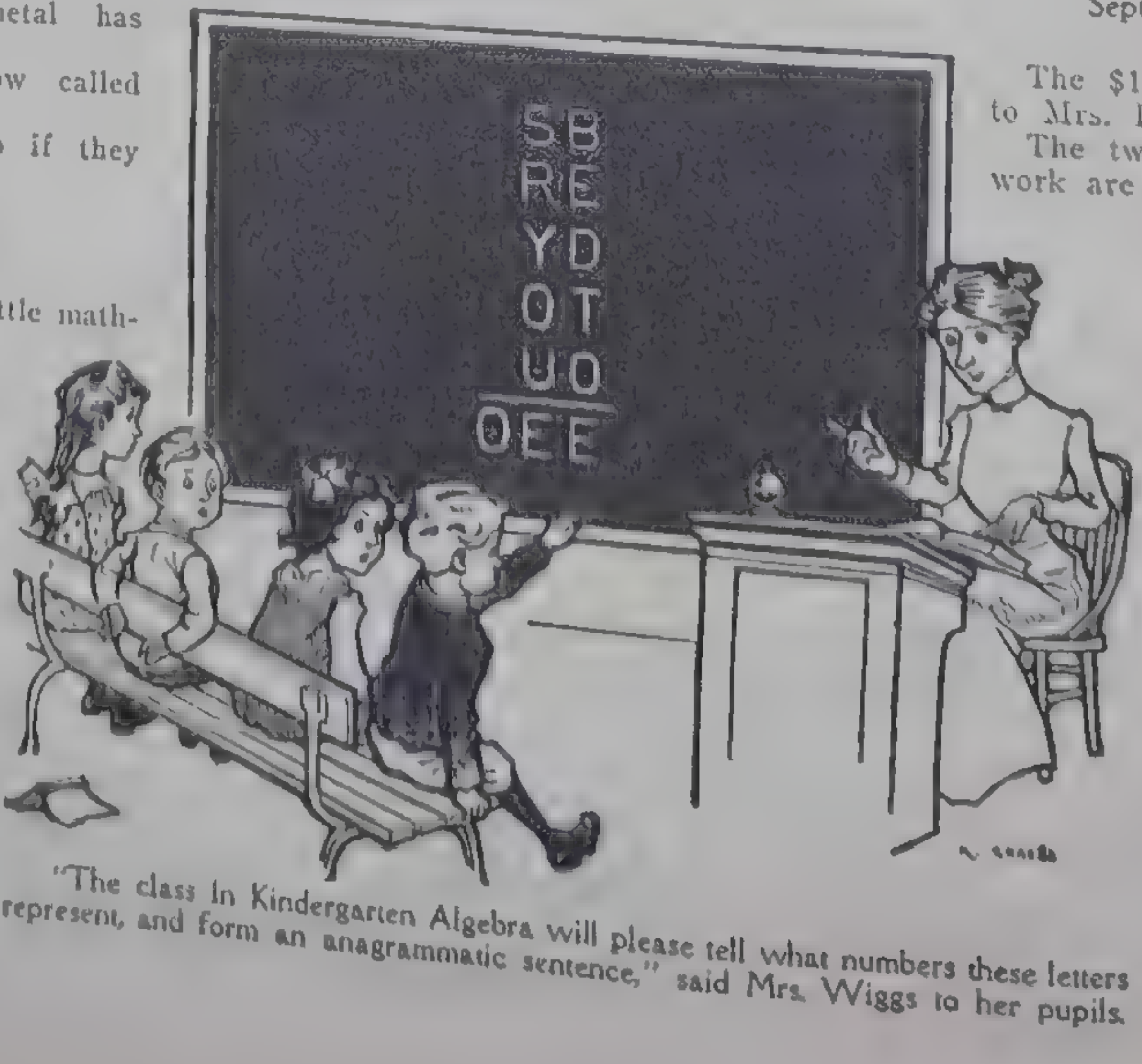
The tree was very handsome when it was all trimmed with strings and strings of pop-corn and cranberries, gold stars and balls and garlands of tinsel. There were just forty packages to sell and these, wrapped in green paper and tied with red ribbons, were hung about on the lower branches. Johnny Jones and Tommy Robinson were appointed to act as salesmen, with Jennie Jones and Dolly Robinson to help them.

This is the way the forty packages were priced: $.03, $.06, $.09, $.12, $.18, $.27, $.33, $.39, $.42, $.45, $.51, $.54, $.61, $.63, $.72, $.78, $.84, $.87, $.93, $.99, $1.05, $1.29, $1.50, $1.62, $1.91, $1.92, $2.25, $2.37, $2.64, $2.73, $2.97, $3.06, $3.12, $3.18, $3.48, $3.80, $3.93, $4.05, $4.35 and $4.50.

The fair had hardly opened when in came Deacon Jones, and when he caught sight of the Christmas-tree he came over to it and said to the little salesfolk:

"Hello, boys and girls! If you'll select the fewest possible number of articles on the tree that may be bought for exactly $5.00, I'll buy them."

He drew out a crisp new bill and held it out to Tommy Jones. It was a pretty difficult moment, because they had made such funny prices for everything. However, the children rose to the occasion and in five minutes they had figured it out—only they had to charge him double price for one package. Now which was the package for which they charged double price? And how many packages did he purchase?



"The class in Kindergarten Algebra will please tell what numbers these letters represent, and form an anagrammatic sentence," said Mrs. Wiggs to her pupils.

The Noah's Ark Puzzle

Little Harry, Kitty and Jane received, among other things, a Noah's Ark from their Christmas-tree, and having divided the animals to their satisfaction, went into the horse-trading business as follows: Says Harry to Kitty, "I'll give you six pigs for a horse, then you will have twice as many animals as I."

Says Kittie to Jane, "I'll give you fourteen sheepies for one hossie, then you'll have three times as many animals as me."

"Oh, no," says Kitty to Jane; "I'll give you four cows for a hoss, then you'll have six times as many animals as I."

From these interesting facts, can you tell just how many animals there were in that Noah's Ark?

Queer Geography

1. What is, comically speaking, the chief river in the world?
2. What river in Germany might one kiss?
3. Where are travelers always intoxicated?
4. Where is a good place to get dyeing done?
5. To what city in France would you go to find a girl?
6. To what other city would you go to marry her?
7. What islands are best to have with you on a picnic?
8. What river in Europe reminds you of the beds in a country tavern?

Answers to October Puzzles

All Around the House—Rebus No. X. —The Cellar: 1, whitewash; 2, cordwood; 3, hanging shelves; 4, furnace; 5, barrels; 6, smoke-pipe.

Accidental Burials: Ermine, monkey, beaver, zebra, ostriches, weasel, roc, eel, baboon, orang-outang and ass.

In Buried Animals we find hen, rook, doe, ant, nag, doe, hen, rat, ass, man, ape and roe.

Answer to Grocers and Druggists Puzzle: The connecting link between the weights is that 7,000 grains weigh one pound Avoirdupois, while a pound Troy weighs only 5,760 grains, so 175 pounds Troy weighs the same as 144 pounds Avoirdupois.

There are two possible triangles with the same area as circumference, 6, 8 and 10 feet on the three sides, or 5, 13 and 17.

September Prize-Winners

The $10.00 honor prize is awarded to Mrs. Lumina Smyth, Kansas.

The twenty $1.00 prizes for clever work are given to the following solvers: Mrs. Galland, New Jersey; Miss A. E. Case, Nebraska; Mrs. V. R. Henry, Ohio; Miss M. L. Chaney, Pennsylvania; Miss I. Atwood, North Dakota; F. D. Lord, Massachusetts; Mrs. C. W. Osgood, New Hampshire, Mrs. R. Y. Heckel, Virginia; Miss A. E. Perry, Georgia; E. L. Patcher, New York; E. V. McLoughlin, New York; E. L. Lane, Massachusetts; M. Street, Connecticut; Miss J. Simmons, Texas; Miss F. M. Housh, California; E. L. Snow, Massachusetts; Mrs. H. S. Strozies, Georgia; Mrs. C. Smith, Florida; A. D. Putnam, New Jersey, and E. Pings, Colorado.

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The Baldwin Piano

the ear of the cultured public, the allegiance of the artist and *the greatest* of great awards.

Of a de Pachmann interpretation of the Chopin Mazourkas on the Baldwin Piano Mr. Henry Krehbiel wrote—

"A tone that seems to overflow the keyboard; yet I have heard it sink to a whisper."

If YOU have not already heard the Baldwin Piano you may very conveniently do so. Baldwin salesrooms are in every American city of importance. A request to the nearest agent will bring the catalogue and full details.

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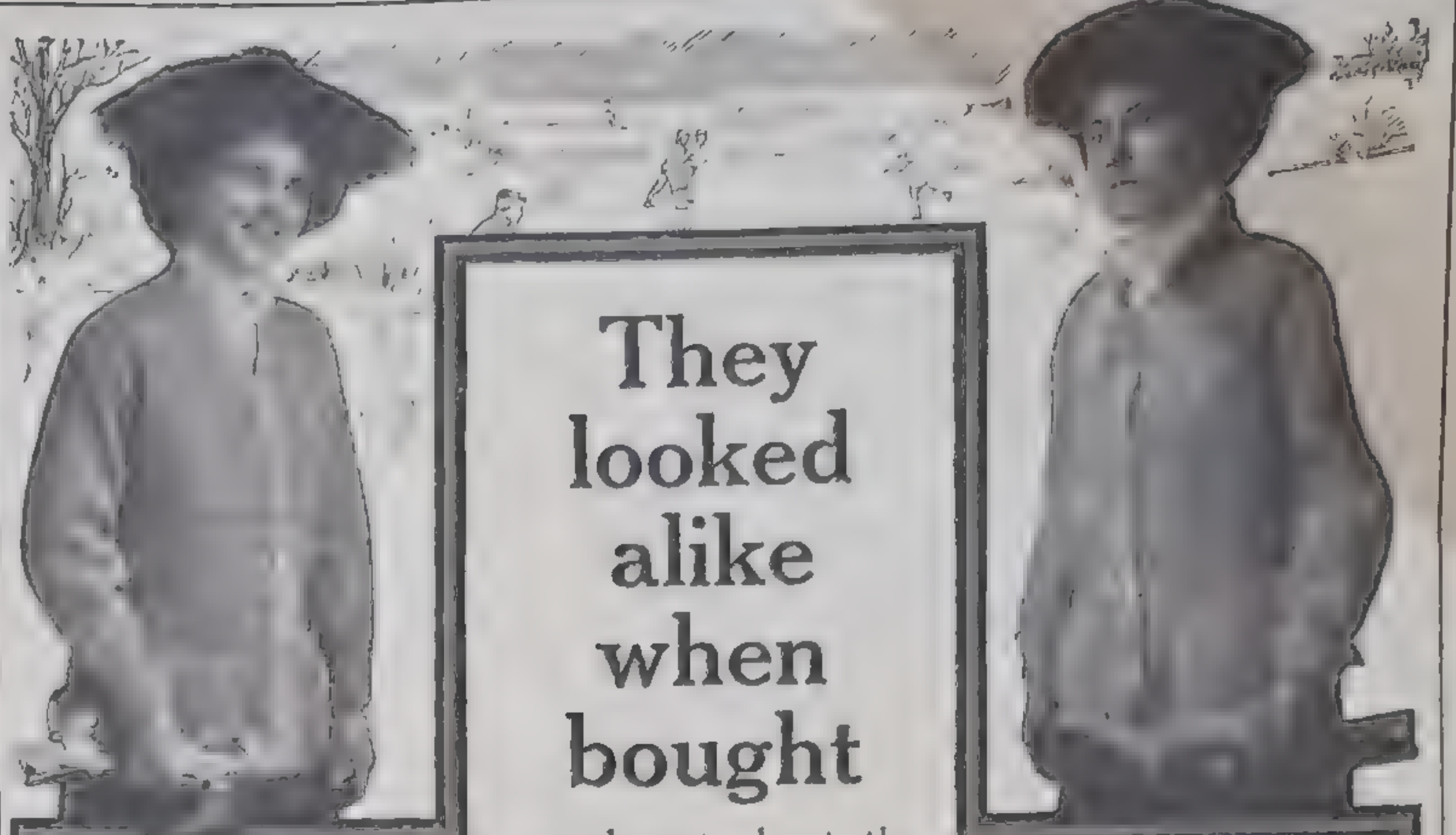

They looked alike when bought

—and cost about the same. But look at them now, after a few months' wear. No doubt about which you'd prefer now—and you can be just as sure right at the start.

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are beautiful and perfect fitting when you buy them, and, what is more important, they retain their beauty and shape.

Only the finest, softest yarn is used—it is necessary to have our own yarn mill to get it as fine and soft and even as we want it—and *Mohawk Sweaters and Caps* hold their shape because they are *knit to shape* on exclusive patented machines, while ordinary knit goods are only pulled and stretched into shape.

Add to the other *Mohawk* qualities, stylishness and durability and the fact that prices are no more than you pay for ordinary knit goods which quickly lose their shape and good looks, and you can clearly see the advantages of getting *Mohawk Knit Goods* and the importance of looking for the *Mohawk "Indian"* label, whenever you buy

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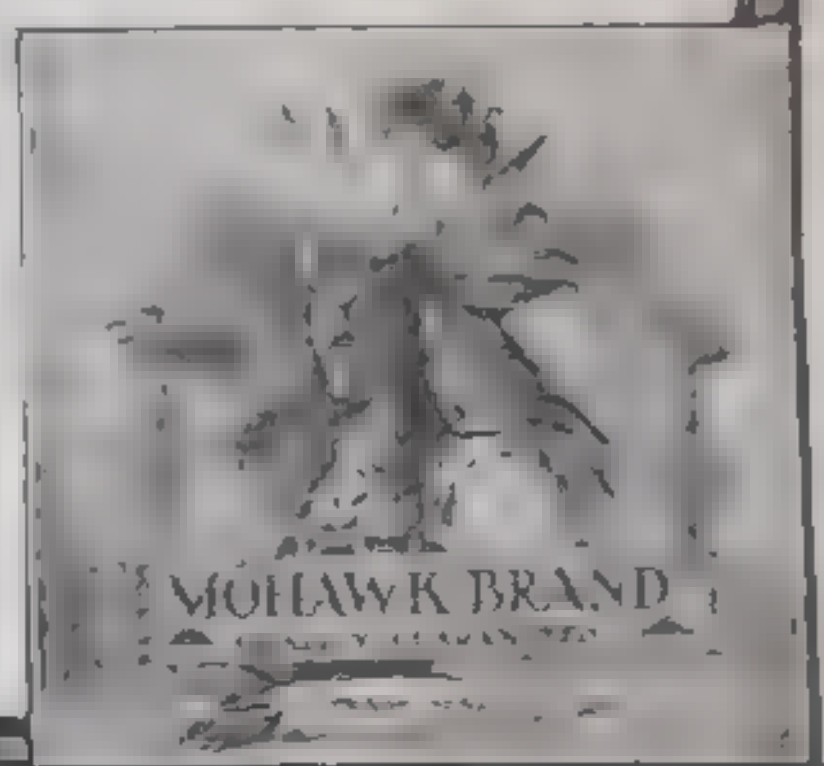
Toques **Yales** **Scotch Caps** **Cloth Caps**

All styles and colors for men, women and children, and every article guaranteed.

Ask your dealer for *Mohawk Knit Goods*—and look for the *Mohawk "Indian"* label on every sweater and cap. If he hasn't them, write us and we'll see that you get them.

Write anyway for our illustrated booklet, *"Real Beauty in Knit Goods"*.



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for your year's periodicals, you should see our large free catalogue, containing a list of 3000 Magazines, Newspapers and Club Offers

It is the handsomest, most complete magazine guide ever published (forty-four pages), and YOU cannot afford to be without it. We have the largest business in our line in the world, and are known everywhere.

The name HANSON is the stamp of reliability and promptness in the magazine world, and this catalogue for 1910, FREE for the asking, is sure to interest you. A postal card brings it to your door.

Send us your name and address TO-DAY, we'll do the rest.

J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency
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A LIVING FROM POULTRY

$1,500.00 From 60 Hens In Ten Months On a City Lot 50 Feet Square

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new **PHILO SYSTEM** is adopted.

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

TWO POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

OUR SIX-MONTHS-OLD PULLETS ARE LAYING AT THE RATE OF 24 EGGS EACH PER MONTH

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, the PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy to understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL

[illegible] secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

CHICKEN FEED AT 15 CENTS A BUSHEL

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply, any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

OUR NEW BROODER SAVES 2 CENTS ON EACH CHICKEN

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

TESTIMONIALS

Bellefontaine, Ohio, June 7, '09

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I just want to tell you of the success I have had with the Philo System. In January, 1909, I purchased one of your Philo System books and I commenced to hatch chickens. On the third day of February, 1909, I succeeded in hatching ten chicks. I put them in one of your fireless brooders and we had [illegible] weather. We succeeded in bringing through nine—one got killed by accident. On June 1, one of the pullets laid her first egg, and the most remarkable thing is, she has laid every day since up to the present time.

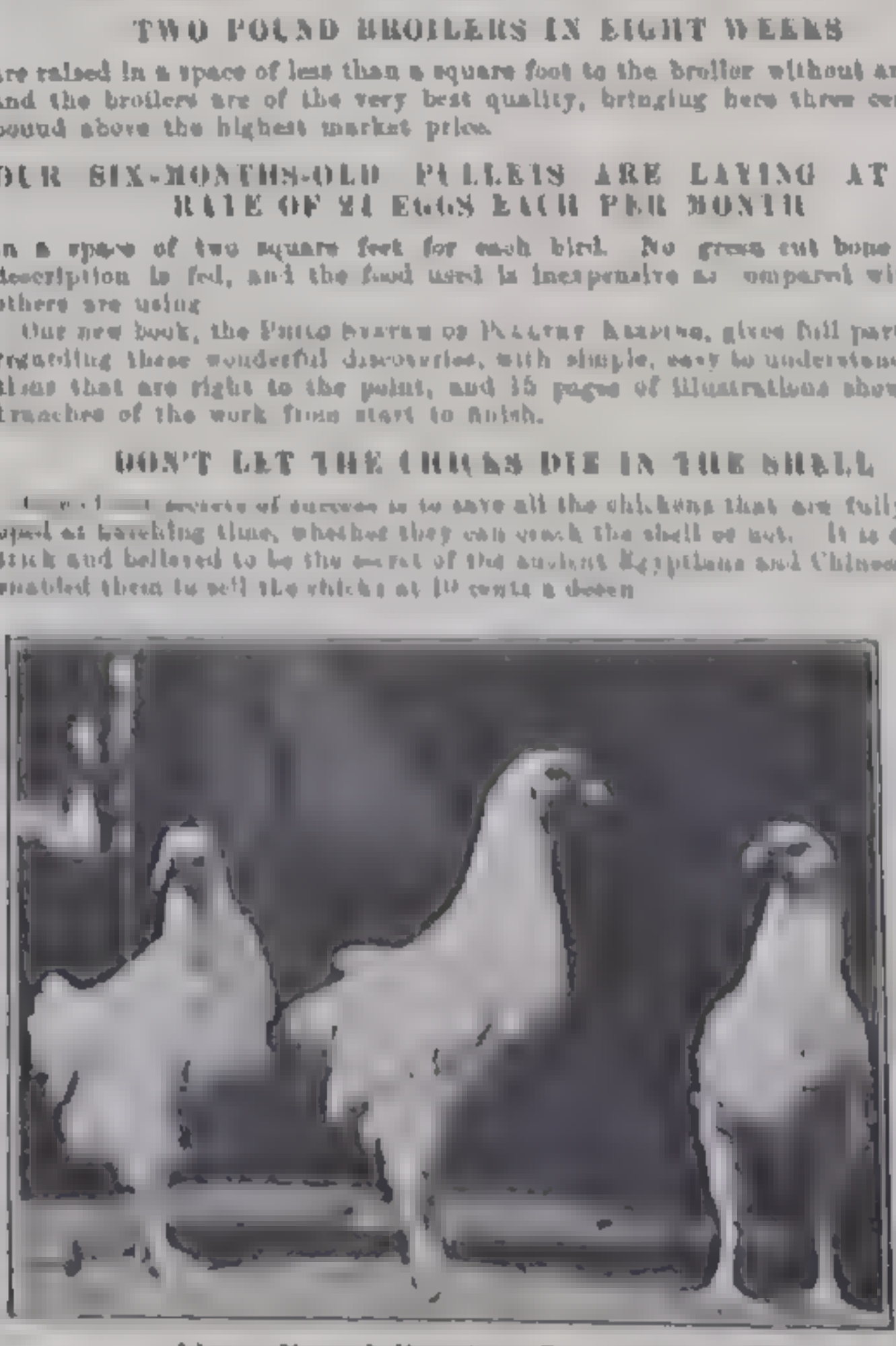
Yours truly, R. S. LaRue.

906 S. Clinton St., Baltimore, Md., May 23, 1909

E. R. Philo, Publisher, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have embarked in the poultry business on a small scale (Philo System) and am having the best of success so far, sixty-eight per cent of eggs hatched by hens, all chicks alive and healthy at this writing, they are now three weeks old. Mr. Philo is a public benefactor and I don't believe his system can be improved upon, and as I am now looking for more yard room, having but 15x30 where I am now.

Yours truly,
C. H. Leach.



Three Pound Roosters Ten Weeks Old

South Britain, Conn., Apr. 14, 1909

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have followed your system as close as I could, the result is a complete success. If there can be any [illegible] your brooder is [illegible] I had with your system was last December. I hatched 17 chicks under two hens, put them as [illegible] hatched in one of your brooders [illegible] doors and at the age of three months I sold them at 35c a pound. They then averaged 2½ lbs. each, and the man I sold them to said they were the finest he ever saw, and he wants all I can spare this season.

Yours truly,
A. E. Nelson.

Cokato, Minn., June 7, 1909

Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—You certainly have the greatest system the world has ever known. I [illegible] with poultry, but I know you have the system that brings the real profits.

Yours,
Jesse Underwood.

Brockport, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1909

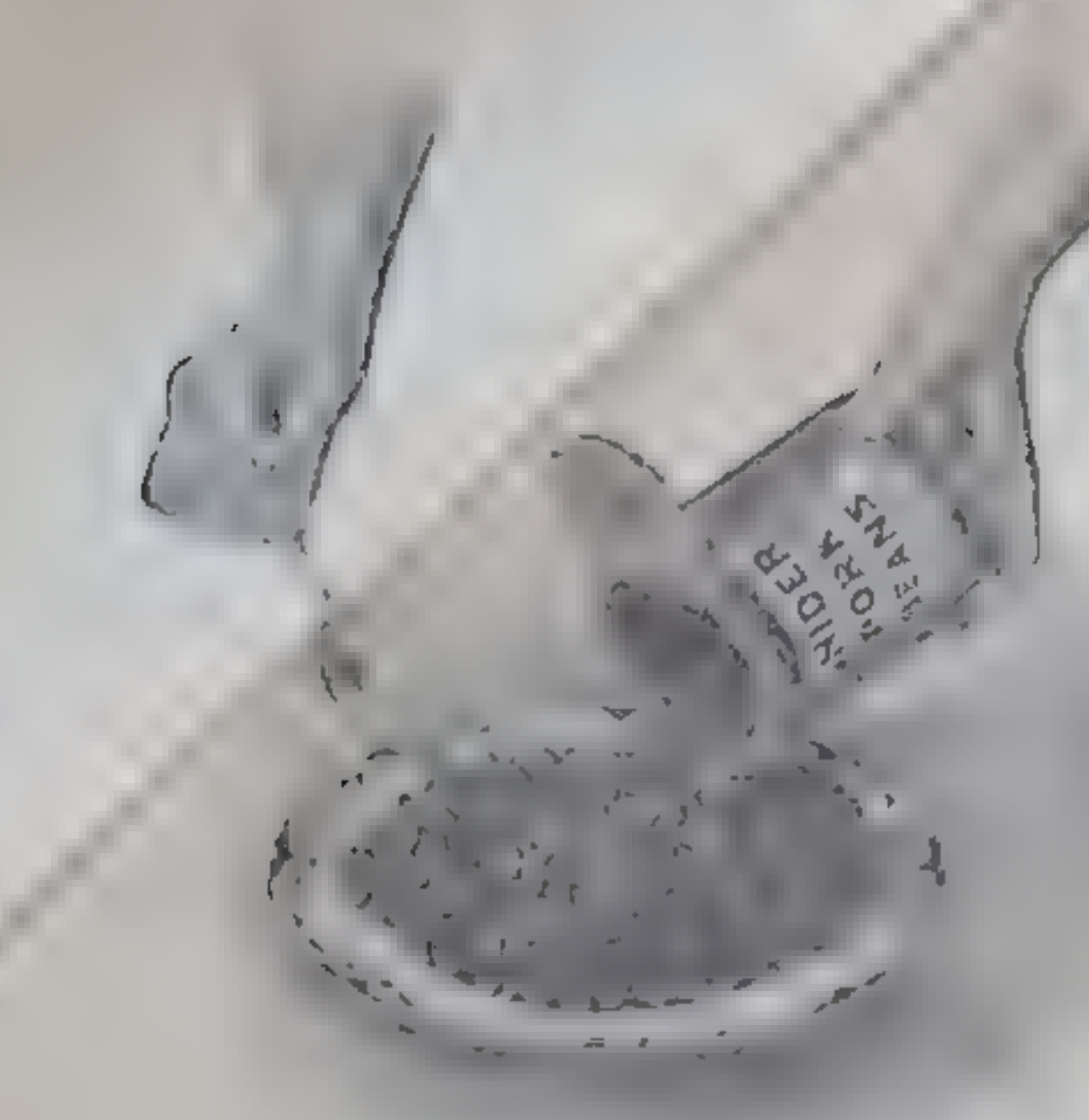
Mr. E. R. Philo, Elmira, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I have had perfect success brooding chickens your way. I think your method will raise stronger, healthier chicks than the old way of using lamps and besides it saves so much work and risk.

Yours respectfully,
M. S. [illegible]

Send $1.00 direct to the publisher and a copy of the latest revised edition of the book will be sent you by return mail.

E. R. PHILO, Publisher
51 Third St. **Elmira, N. Y.**



A Revelation to Many

Scientific dietetics and practical experience prove:

That beans—when properly cooked—contain more nourishment than any other vegetable—

More than Meat.

That beans contain a large amount of "protein"—the body-building, tissue-forming element in food—

A large amount of "carbohydrates" and "fat"—the heat-and energy-making elements.

But, beans—as ordinarily cooked—also contain an irritating, annoying element which causes gas and discomfort.

Snider Pork & Beans

are free from all irritating elements.

The scientific **"Snider-Process"** of cooking, removes these irritating elements—

Keeps them whole, yet mellow and porous, and makes every single bean delicious and perfectly digestible, with all the rich food elements retained.

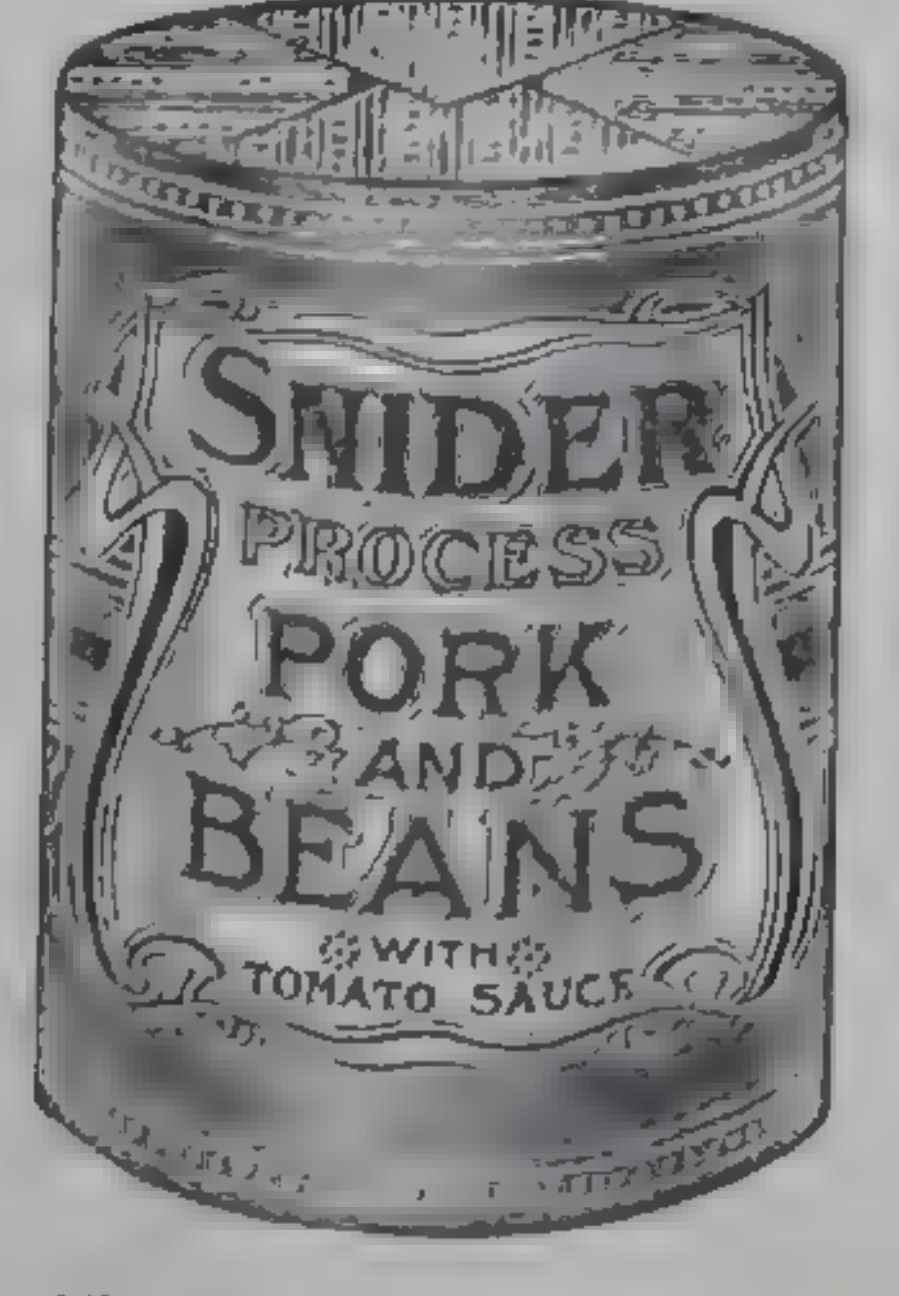
"It's the Process"

Only the choicest of materials are used, and in all the process they are not touched by human hands.

The appetizing **Tomato Sauce** which is blended through and through every bean in the can is made from the famous **Snider Tomato Catsup,** and imparts a mild, sweet, spicy zest—delightful beyond description.

If you like good things try **Snider Chili Sauce, Snider Oyster Cocktail Sauce,** and **Snider Salad Dressing.** They create appetite—an aid to good digestion.

Snider Pork & Beans and all Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.



"The Mark of Guaranteed Quality"

Upon receipt of **2 Snider Pork & Beans** labels, we will send you one of our beautiful 50-piece picture puzzles.

Address Dept. 15.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

WITH RED AND GREEN DECORATIONS AND DISHES

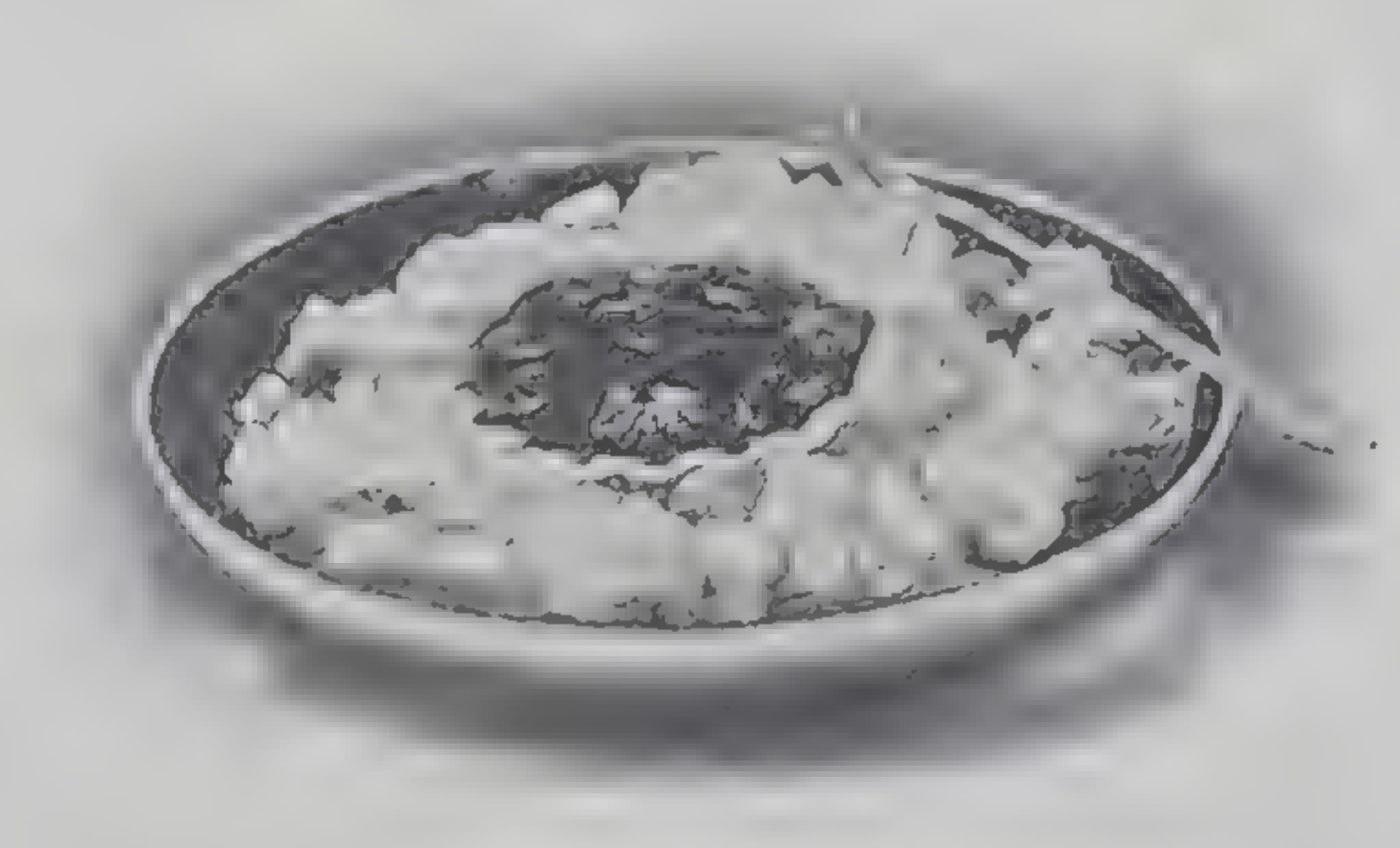
BY FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

In preparing for a Christmas dinner it is well to have the table decorations accord with the spirit of the day, and of course holly and mistletoe seem almost indispensable, while evergreen and laurel may be used to advantage.

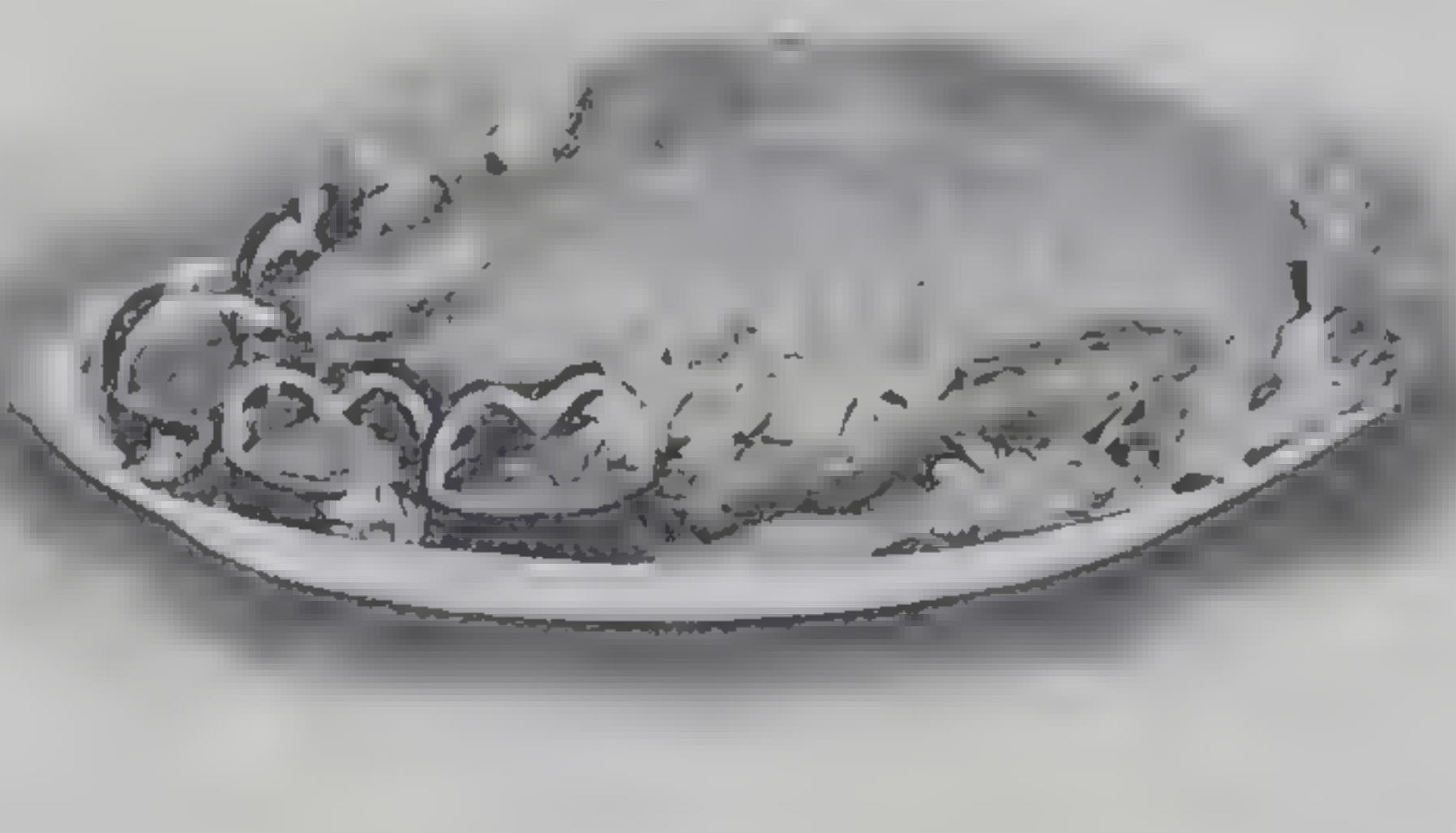
The color-scheme of red and green may be carried out in the dishes to be served as far as is practical, and to this end why not attempt the following menu with such variations as are consistent with your help and means:

CHRISTMAS-DINNER MENU

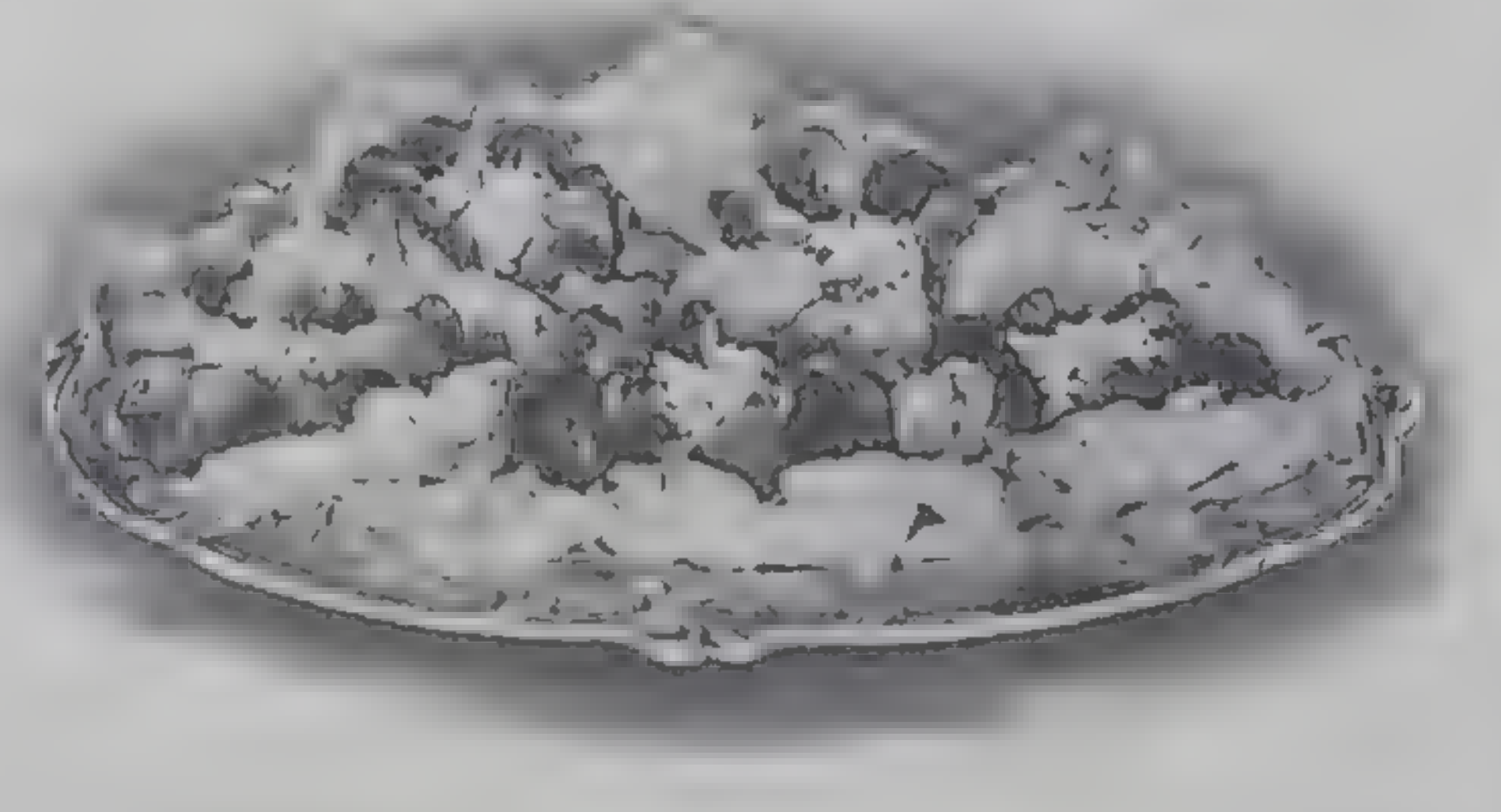
Salted Nuts
Sardine-Cocktail
Stuffed Olives
Dressed Cucumbers
Baked Halibut Slices
Apple Baskets
Roast Goose
Huntington Cauliflower
Brabrant Potatoes
Traymore Timbales
Butter Thins
Poinsettia Salad
Christmas Wreaths
Sterling Sauce
English Fruit-Pudding
Bonbons
Manhattan Frozen Pudding
Roquefort Cheese
Café Noir
Toasted Crackers



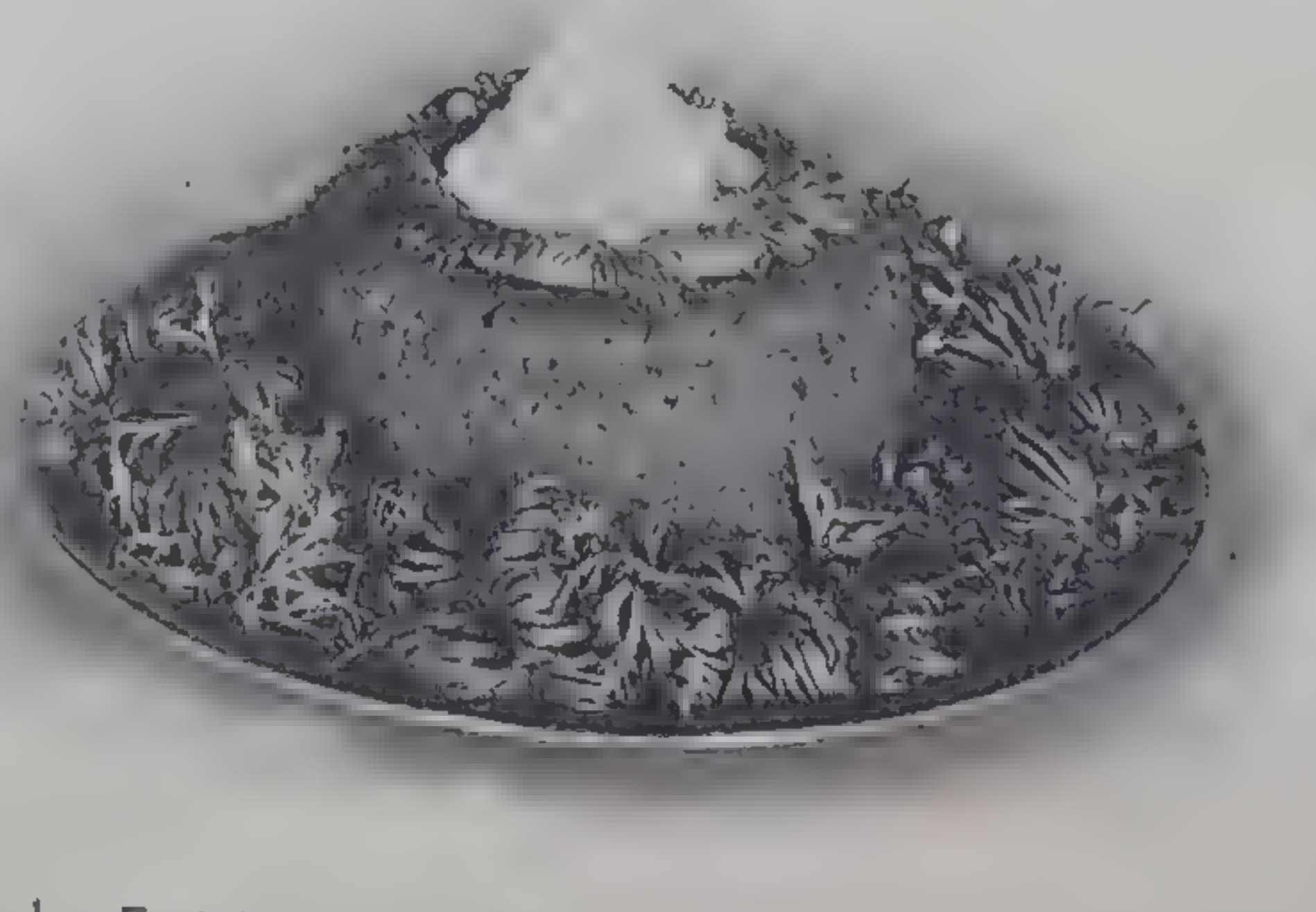
Serve the Sardine-Cocktail in scallop shells on crushed ice



The Roast Goose is garnished with Apple Baskets and celery



Poinsettia Salad carries out the red and green color-scheme



The hot English Fruit-Pudding has Sterling Sauce in the center

Sardine-Cocktail: Skin and bone one small box of sardines and separate into small pieces. Mix one half of a cupful of tomato-catchup, two teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce, one half of a teaspoonful of tobasco sauce, and the juice of one lemon; then season with salt, add sardines, chill thoroughly, and serve in small shells on a plate of crushed ice. This same cocktail may be served in cocktail glasses.

Tomato-Consommé: Wipe three and one half pounds of lean beef, cut from round, with a cheese-cloth wrung out of cold water, and cut the meat into one-inch cubes. Put one half of the meat cubes in a soup-kettle with two pounds of marrow-bone, one quart can of tomatoes, and two quarts of cold water. Brown the remaining meat cubes in a hot frying-pan with some of the marrow from the bone, and turn into the kettle. Cover, and heat slowly to the boiling-point, and cook at a temperature just below the boiling-point for five hours. Cook two tablespoonfuls of lean raw ham finely chopped with two tablespoonfuls of butter for five minutes; then add to the soup with one third of a cupful each of carrot, turnip, onion and celery cut in small pieces, one sprig of parsley, one half of a bay-leaf, one teaspoonful of peppercorns and one tablespoonful of salt. Bring to the boiling-point again, and let simmer for one and one half hours. Strain, cool quickly, remove fat, and clear. The clearing of soup is not as generally understood as it should be. The process is simple enough: Beat the white of one egg slightly, and break shell in small pieces. Add to four cupfuls of stock, place on front of range and stir constantly until the boiling-point is reached, then let boil two minutes. Set on back of the range where it may simmer twenty minutes. Remove scum and strain soup through a double thickness of cheese-cloth placed over a fine strainer.

Browned Soup Rings make a suitable accompaniment for a Christmas soup, as they suggest wreaths. Cut stale bread into one-third-inch slices, and shape with a round cutter. Spread with butter, and with a smaller round cutter shape into rings as wide as they are thick. Sprinkle sparingly with grated cheese and salt, put in a dripping-pan and bake until delicately browned.

The fish course and the entrée may be omitted in our Christmas dinner except those who care to entertain elaborately.

For Baked Halibut Slices wipe two slices of halibut weighing one pound each, with a piece of cheese-cloth wrung out of cold water. Put in a buttered granite pan, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add three slices of carrot, two slices of onion, a sprig of parsley, a bit of bay-leaf, six peppercorns and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice; then pour over one and one half cupfuls of boiling water. Bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven, basting every five minutes with the liquor in the pan. Remove to a hot serving-dish, remove skin and bones, and cut each fillet in halves. Cover with one fourth of a pound of mushroom caps sautéd in butter five minutes. Pour over the following sauce: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the liquor remaining in the pan of which there should be one cupful. Strain, and add slowly the yolk of one egg, slightly beaten and diluted with one fourth of a cupful of cream. Serve with this fish course dressed cucumbers.

The Roast Goose still remains the pièce de résistance for the Christmas dinner. Singe, remove pin-feathers, wash and thoroughly scrub a goose in hot soap-suds; then remove inside contents. Wash in cold water and wipe. Stuff, truss, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and lay six thin strips of fat salt pork over the breast. Place on rack in dripping-pan, put in hot oven and bake two hours, basting every fifteen minutes with the fat in the pan. Remove pork the last half hour of the cooking. Place on a hot platter, remove string and skewers, and garnish with celery-tips and apple baskets. For the goose stuffing, force eight medium-sized boiled potatoes through a potato-ricer. Add one cupful of cream, one third of a cupful of melted butter and three eggs well beaten. Season with salt and pepper.

For Apple Baskets, shape apples in the form of baskets as shown in the illustration and fill with the following sauce: Wipe, pare, core and cut eight apples in eighths. Put in stew-pan and add one cupful of sweet cider, one half of a cupful of maple syrup, two slices of lemon, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter and a few gratings of nutmeg. Cook until apples are soft, remove lemon slices, and force mixture through a sieve.

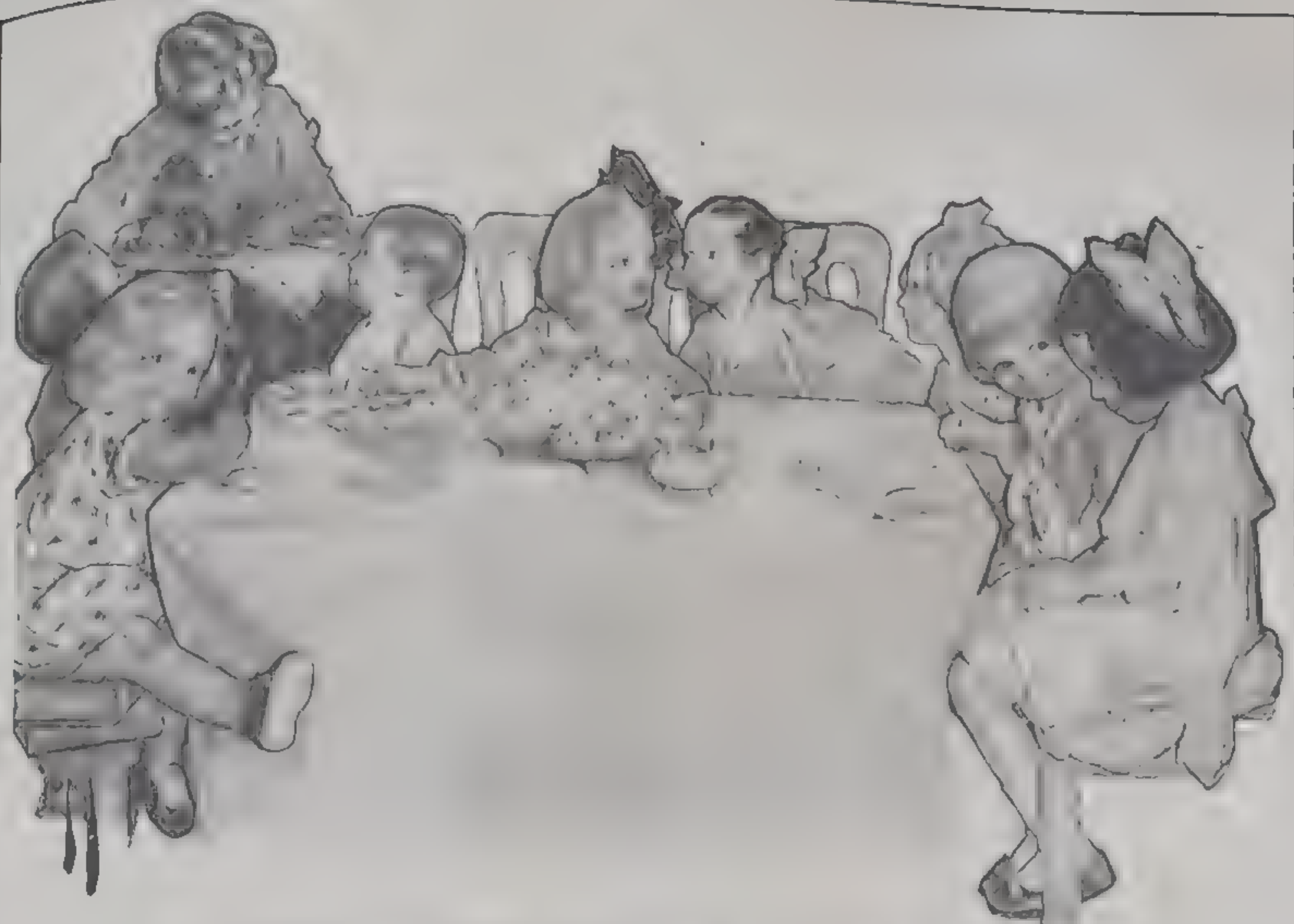
Brabrant Potatoes: Force eight medium-sized boiled potatoes through a potato-ricer, and add four and one half tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one half teaspoonfuls of salt, one half of a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley, one half of a cupful of hot rich milk, and paprika to taste. Beat with a fork until creamy, reheat and pile lightly on a hot dish.

Onions, as well as cauliflower, are desirable vegetable accompaniments to goose and Huntington Cauliflower is particularly desirable on account of the decided flavor of its sauce. Select a medium-sized firm cauliflower, remove leaves, cut off stalk, and soak one hour, head down, in cold water to cover. Cook, head up, thirty minutes or until soft in boiling salted water to cover. Drain, separate into flowerets, and pour over the following: Mix one and one half teaspoonfuls of mustard, one and one fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful powdered sugar and one eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper; then add two eggs slightly beaten, one half of a cupful of vinegar and one fourth of a cupful of olive-oil. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Strain, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one half of a tablespoonful of curry-powder and one half of a teaspoonful of onion-juice.

Traymore Timbales are an appropriate entrée for the Christmas dinner. Line slightly-buttered tin molds with canned pimentoes, and fill with chicken forcemeat. Set in a pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper, and bake until firm. Remove from molds to a hot serving-dish, insert a sprig of parsley in each, and serve with brown sauce. For the chicken forcemeat, cook two tablespoonfuls of butter, one fourth of a cupful of stale bread-crumbs and two thirds of a cupful of milk five minutes. Add one cupful of cold cooked chicken forced through a sieve and two eggs slightly beaten. Season with salt and pepper.

For the Brown Sauce cook two tablespoonfuls of butter with one slice of onion and one slice of carrot until butter is well browned. Remove vegetables and add three tablespoonfuls of flour, one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of pepper, and continue the browning; pour on, stirring constantly, one cupful of brown stock and bring to a boil. [CONCLUDED ON PAGE 81]

NOTE—In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring-cups divided into thirds and quarters are used, also tea and table measuring-spoons.



The Birthday Party.

Nan is six years old. Mamma and Bobbie are giving her a party. And what a dinner Mamma has prepared! Just now she is serving a Jell-O course, and there is no mistaking the children's approval. They all like

JELL-O

because it is delicious and beautiful. It is so pure, wholesome and nutritious that it is better for them than any other kind of dessert.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute. Simply add boiling water and let cool.

THE DELICIOUS DESSERT
JELL-O
LEMON
10¢
THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.

Seven delicious flavors: Lemon, Strawberry, Orange, Raspberry, Peach, Chocolate and Cherry.

All grocers sell Jell-O, 10 cents a package.

The beautiful new Jell-O Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," will be sent free to all who ask for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
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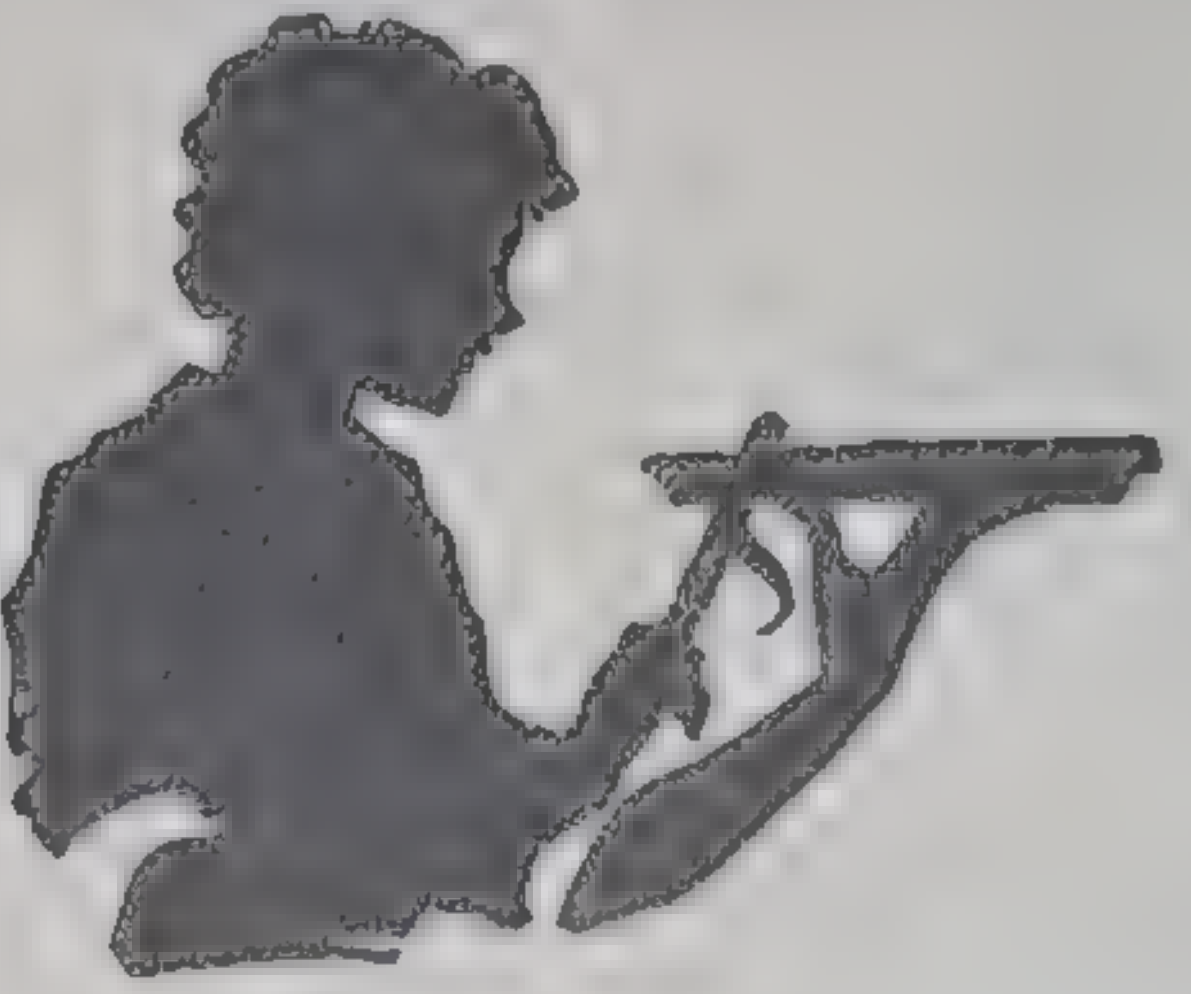

In a modern, sun-lit, kitchen-clean factory, inspected and approved by Uncle Sam's Federal Food Inspector, we are making better mince meat than you can make—and we ought to—it's our business and has been for twenty-five years.

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"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

has revived mince pie—the most wholesome and most appetizing of all desserts—in millions of American homes. Its economy, its convenience, and above all, its goodness have lifted the mince pie out of the once-in-a-long-while class and established it as a frequent, all-the-year-round dessert. Let there be a revival in your home.

Our own food laws were 22 years old when the United States Food Law was passed

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Two-pie package 10c.—everywhere
Six-pie package 25c. east of the 100th meridian

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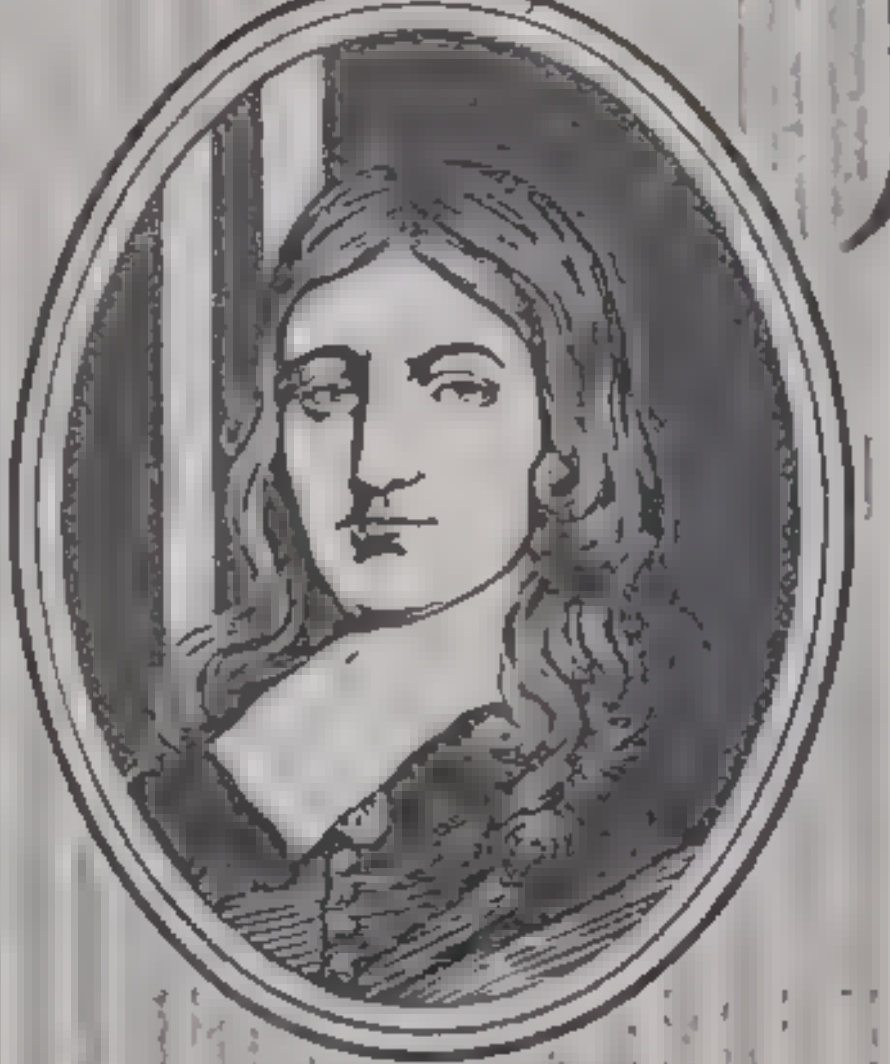


John Milton's Prophetic Vision

was rich in anticipations and foretold many things; amongst others, Lowney's Chocolates:

"from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams."

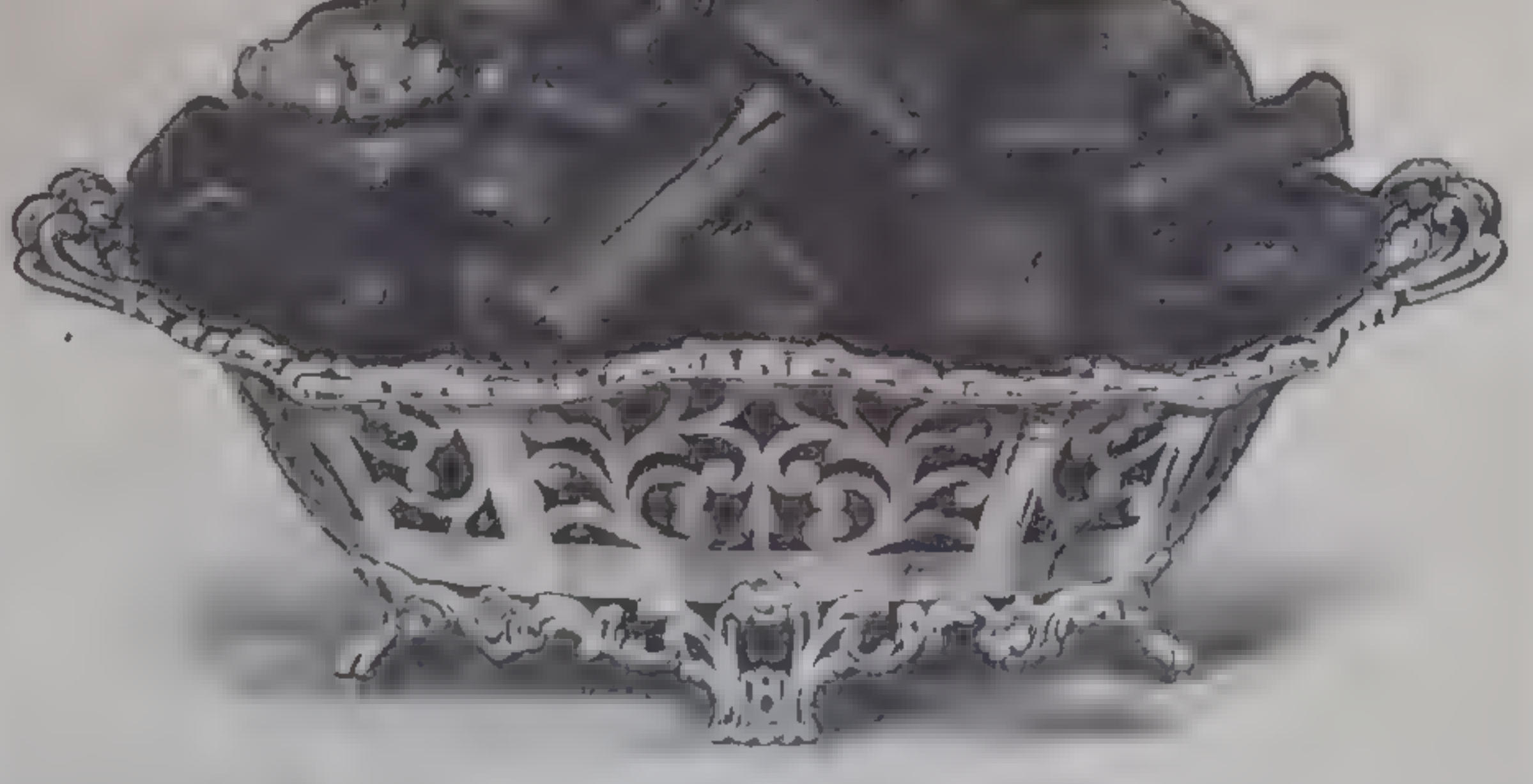
Again he describes

LOWNEY'S

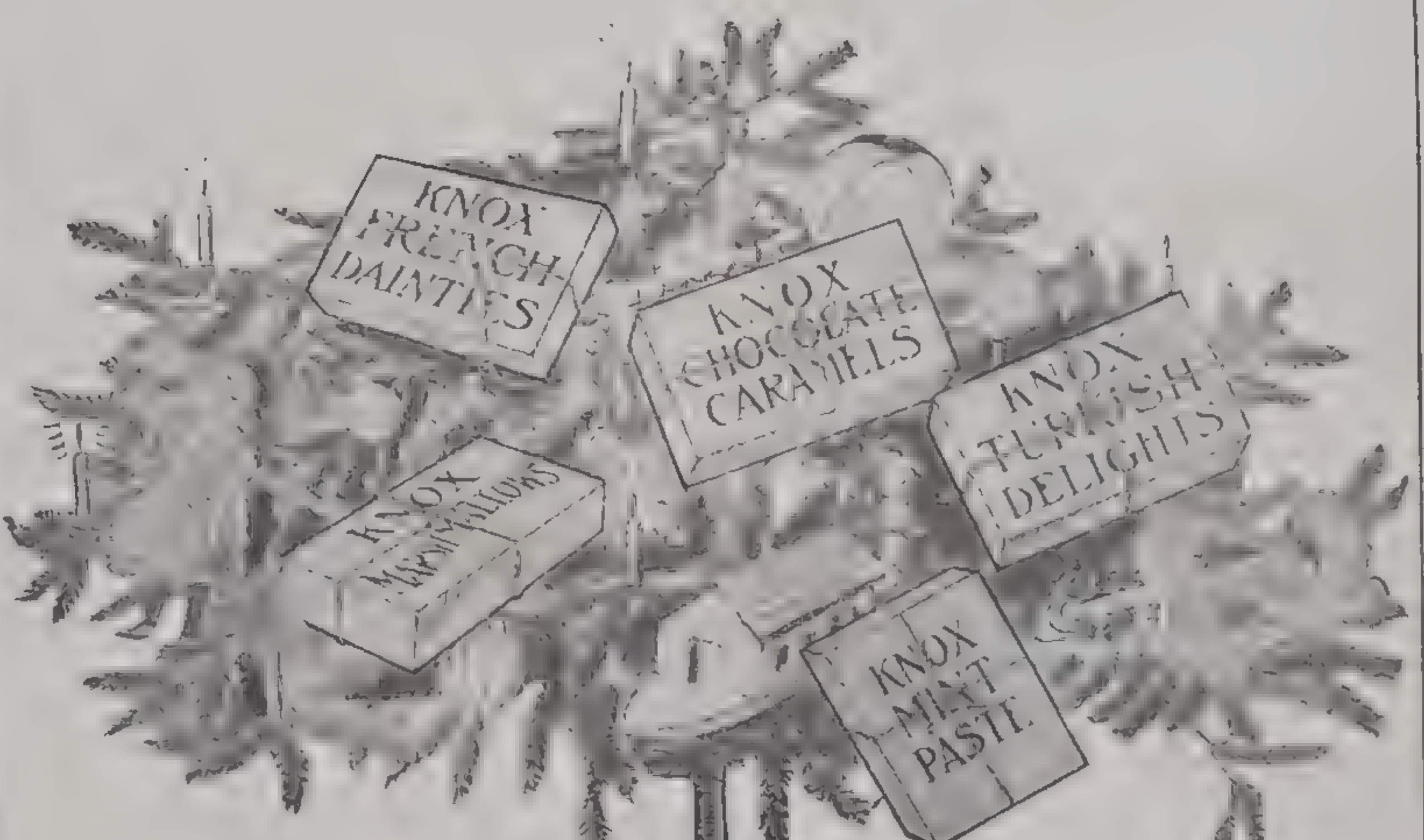
Chocolate Bon-Bons

"on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change."

Two centuries beforehand the great poet had a foretaste of the delicious natural flavors in a box of **Lowney's Chocolates.**



The Walter M. Lowney Co., Boston. Cocoa—Chocolate—Bon-Bons.



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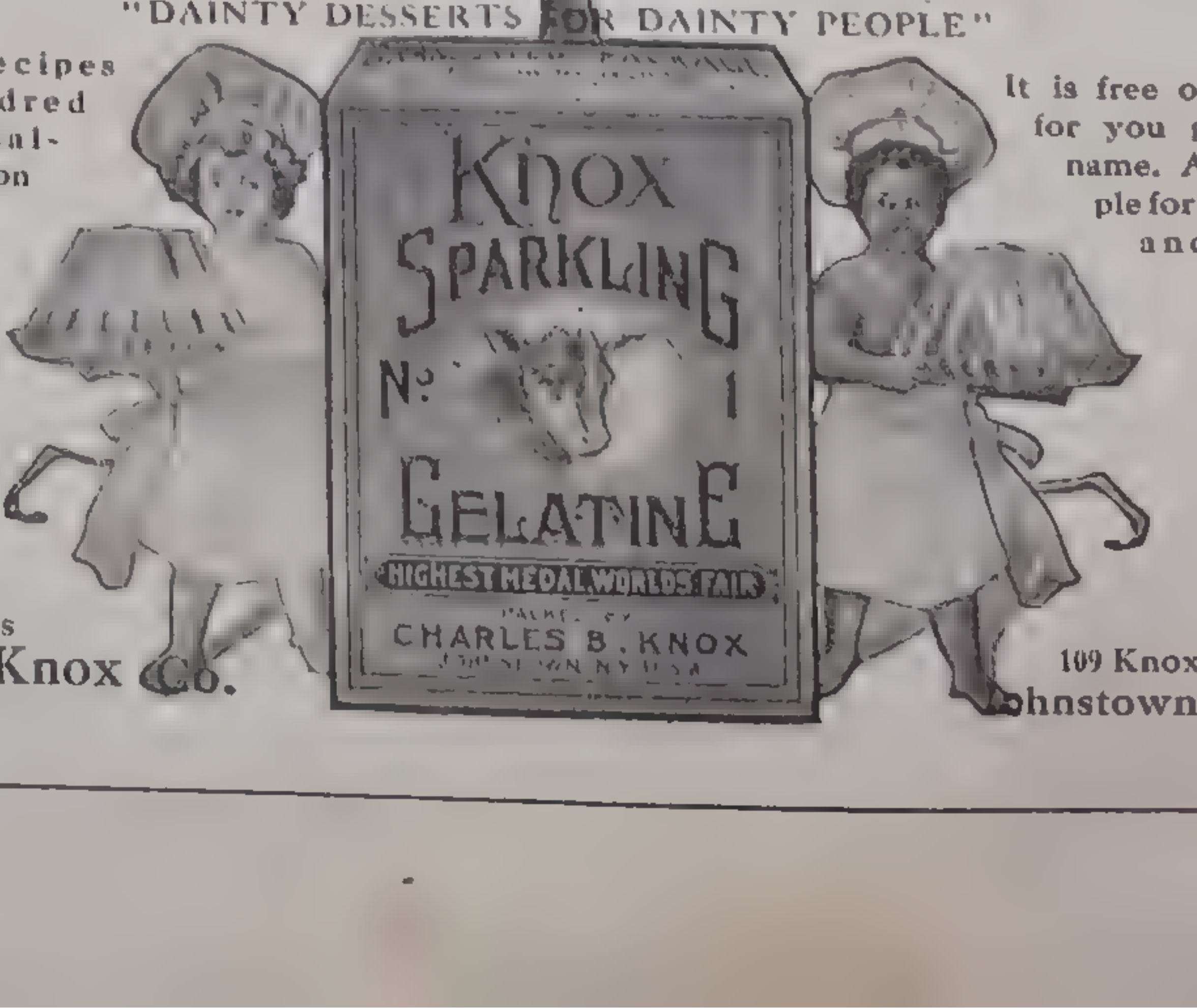
Gelatine Candies

If your Xmas candies have been coarse grained and mealy, you can make them velvety and creamy by using KNOX Sparkling Gelatine.

Send for our Recipe Book, and make Knox Turkish Delights, Mint Paste, French Dainties, Marshmallows and Chocolate Caramels in *your own home.*

"DAINTY DESSERTS FOR DAINTY PEOPLE"

Contains recipes for a hundred desserts and salads in addition to the candies.



It is free on request for you grocer's name. A pint sample for a 2c. stamp and grocer's name.

Address
Chas. B. Knox Co.
109 Knox Avenue
ohnstown, N. Y.

There is nothing in the food chopping line that cannot be *best* accomplished by the use of the

"Enterprise" Meat and Food Chopper

No kitchen is complete without this useful utensil. Strong and simple in construction. Won't rust, break or get out of order. You can chop meats, fish, fruits, bread, greens, crackers, vegetables, etc.

The "ENTERPRISE" Meat and Food Chopper differs from any ordinary food chopper. It does not grind or tear the food, but actually *cuts* it into small bits. The cutting parts consist of a perforated steel plate and a steel knife with *four sharp blades*. These blades revolve against the inside surface of the plate and will not let anything past without cutting it.

Sold by Hardware Dealers, Housefurnishing and General Stores

Made in 45 sizes and styles for hand, steam and electric power. No. 5, Small Family Size, $1.75; No. 10, Large Family Size, $2.50.

Write for the "*Enterprising Housekeeper*," containing over 200 special recipes and kitchen helps. Sent to any address for 4c in stamps.

No. 5, $1.75

No. 10 $2.50

The Enterprise Mfg. Co. of Pa.
Dept. 5, Philadelphia

Windowphanie

A thin, translucent material which makes stained glass out of plain glass. Easily applied by anyone. Costs little. Practically indestructible. Great variety of designs appropriate for doors, transoms, windows in houses, churches, hotels, etc. Write for free samples and colored catalog. Dealers wanted.

M. W. MALZ, 19 E. 14th St., New York

Agents Wanted to Sell

Sells on Sight

Big territory. $25 to $75 a week. We pay freight. Sample 25c

PACIFIC PINLESS CLOTHES LINE

Sales Dept. 507 Lumber Ex. Bldg., Portland, Oregon

Don't Throw it Away

USE MENDETS

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 104 Amsterdam, N. Y.

Make Your Own Table Syrup

By simply dissolving White sugar in water and adding a few drops of

Mapleine

Here is the Recipe—Try It.

Dissolve 2 lbs. of white sugar in four pints of hot water. When thoroughly dissolved add one ounce of Mapleine and strain through a damp cloth. This makes one gallon of delicious table syrup at a total cost of only [illegible]

Mapleine is a pure, wholesome [illegible] things that Mapleine makes.

Crescent Mfg. Co.
Seattle, Wash.

THE EXCHANGE

A DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD NEWS

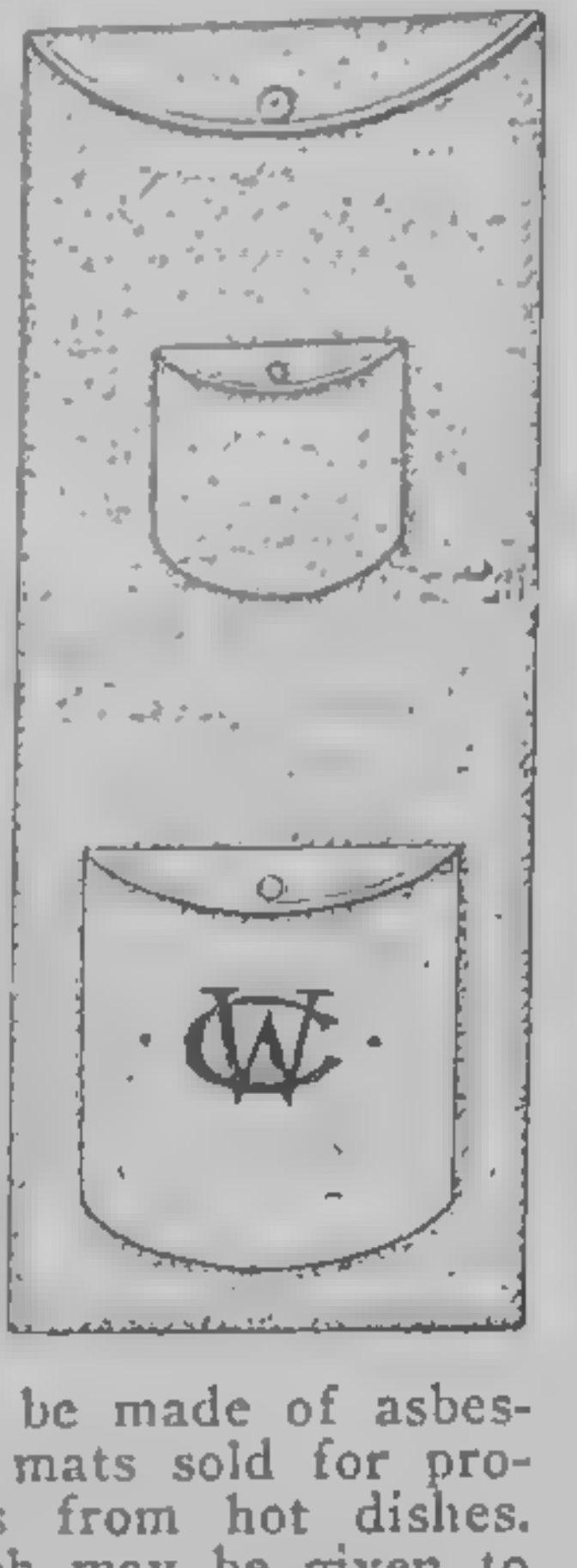
EDITOR'S NOTE—The Exchange offers to the readers of Woman's Home Companion help in every housekeeping problem, in the useful items from our friends all over the country. It offers the following prizes each month: $5.00 for the best original item of general interest and helpfulness; $3.00 for the second best. $5.00 for the best description of an original home-made household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch; $3.00 for the second best. All other contributions published are paid for at the rate of $1.00 each. This month's competition closes December 20th. Accepted items are published three months after receipt. Thus the accepted items in the November contest will not be published before February, and so on. Contributions must be written in ink on one side of the paper, and must contain not more than three hundred words (preferably less). *No contributions will be returned.* Address "THE EXCHANGE," care of Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

Cork in a Bottle

When a cork has fallen inside a bottle, if enough strong ammonia to float the cork is poured into the bottle, and allowed to stand a few days, it will break or eat up the cork, so that it can be easily extracted. *A. B. C., Massachusetts.*

Handy Little Ironing-Board

For the foundation of this little ironing-board, take a piece of smooth pine board about two and one half feet long and twelve inches wide. Face it with felt—half a yard of double-width felt will be enough. Then make one or two white slips to cover it. These should be of heavy white muslin, and may be buttoned on at one end. A cover of some dark material should be provided to keep the white muslin slip clean, and if the board is for a gift, it may be as handsome as you choose—holland bound with red or blue braid, or butcher's-linen in some dark shade being selected. On the outside of this cover, which closes with a flap, buttoned down at one end, pockets are placed for the accommodation of the iron-holder, a stick of wax, or for the stand, which may be made of asbestos, like many of the mats sold for protecting polished tables from hot dishes. A dainty finishing-touch may be given to the pockets by embroidering on them the owner's initial. A ribbon or tape hanger may be attached for hanging up the board when not in use. This should match the initials. *Mrs. S. J. H., Wisconsin.*



A Handy Household Help

While visiting a friend lately I noticed many labor-saving contrivances in her house. The best of all was a small door about eight by ten inches on the outside of the house, opening into the under part of her pantry, which was inclosed, and the inner door could be bolted when necessary. If she wished to go out, she could leave her orders there, and food of all kinds could be put there by the tradesmen without giving the housemother the trouble of waiting on the back door or of letting tradespeople and delivery-boys into her kitchen. *Housekeeper.*

To Clean Manicure File

If our manicure file seems smooth and fails to do its work properly, use a needle and go through each little groove on file. The file will then be as sharp as it was when new. *E. B., Missouri.*

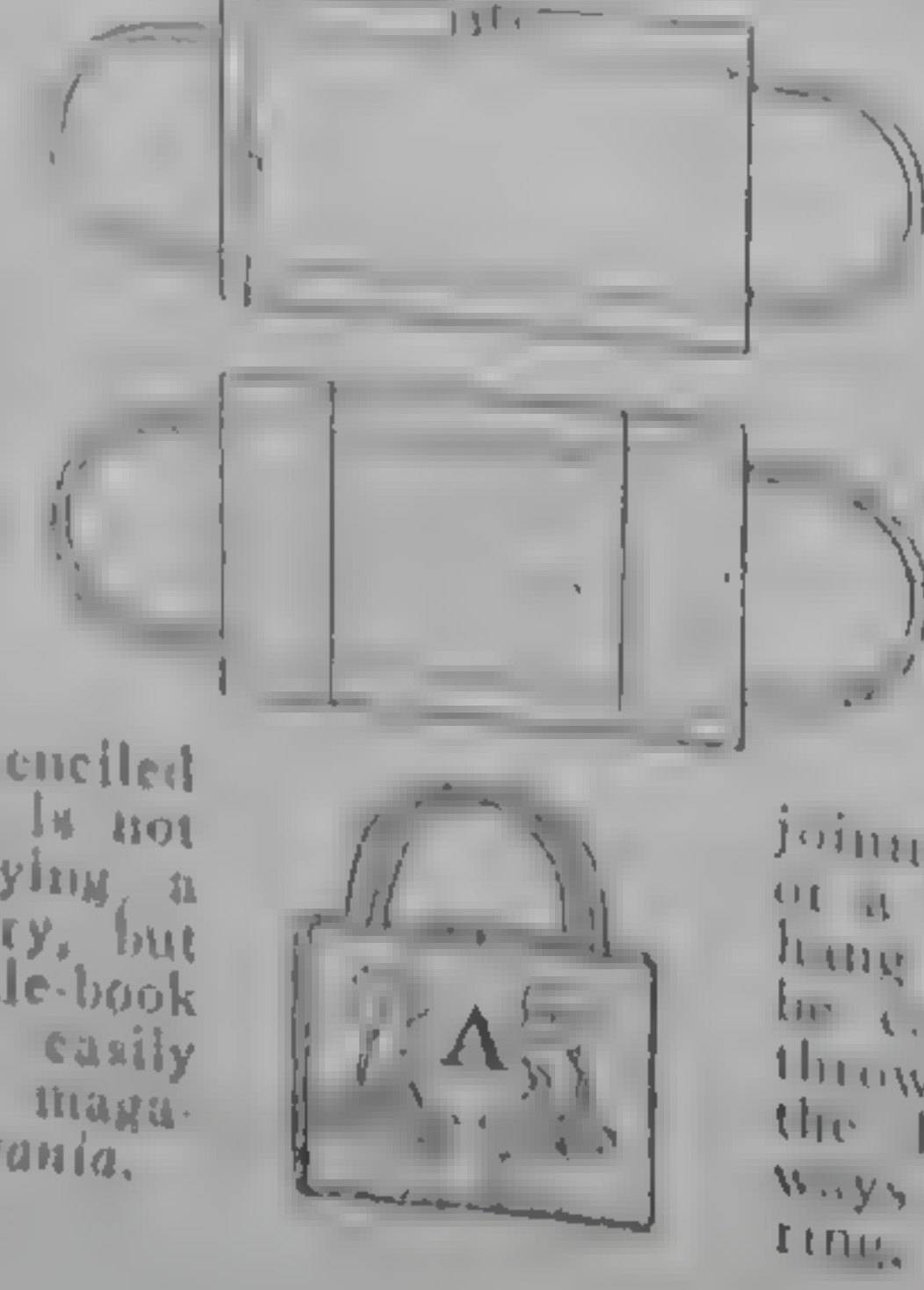
A Luncheon Decoration

At a dainty club luncheon the centerpiece was a large old-fashioned poke-bonnet filled to overflowing with pink roses. In each plate stood a grape-fruit glass with a pink rose tied to its stem by a large bow of pink gauze ribbon. The name-card was pinned to the bow with a little pink-coral rose stick-pin, the souvenir of the feast. Any flower could be used instead of the roses. It is an especially pretty scheme where one desires to use a class or club flower as a table decoration. *E. M., Washington, D. C.*

Attractive Book-Holder

Take a firm piece of natural-colored linen thirteen and one half by nine inches. Baste hems in the two long sides and turn edges of short sides. Two narrow strips wrapped around heavy twine ten and one half inches long are sewed to the short ends for handles. Cut two pieces nine by two and three fourths inches for pockets, stitch hems in one of the long sides and turn the other edges in. Baste these pockets on the long piece and stitch all the way around as shown by the dotted line in the illustration.

A spray of holly or other conventional design and the initials may be embroidered or stenciled on the front. This holder is not only convenient for carrying a book to the club or library, but is also handy for a guide-book when traveling. It may easily be made larger to hold a magazine. *E. M. B., Pennsylvania.*



Sheath for Crochet-Hook

The fine sharp-pointed crochet-hook used in making Irish crochet may be a formidable instrument of torture, as I have discovered by a painful experience. I now have a sheath, which is the end of a quill about an inch and a half in length. Into this I insert the hook when not in use. In this way work may be carried in the usual work-bag without the slightest danger. *M. C. F., Ohio.*

Inexpensive Candle-Shades

At the five-and-ten-cent store may be found Japanese candle-shades made with black lacquer frames and (generally) red Japanese paper. Tear out the paper, and replace with panels of grass-cloth, silk, satin or even paper, which may be decorated with some artistic design, if preferred. This is an excellent way to follow out the color-scheme of table decorations for dinner or luncheon in the candle-shades. *Mrs. L. M. S., New York.*

Decoration for a Christmas or New Year Table

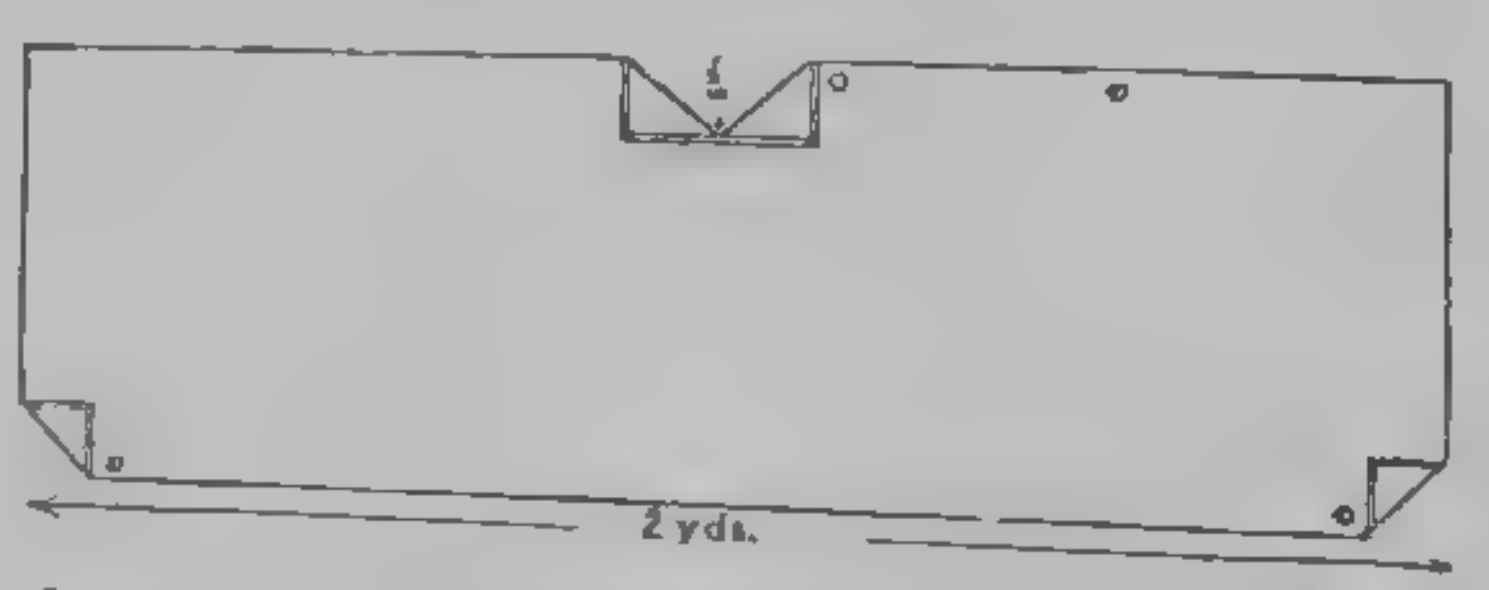
For individual place-favors, fashion as many small baskets as necessary from screen wire. Cover these with lichens, and line with scarlet crêpe paper. Sprays of holly should be tied to the handles with red ribbons. In each of these miniature flower-pots place a small cedar-tree, not over a foot high, and decorate it with tinsel and fresh wintergreen-berries. A few tiny red and white candles may also be added and a little souvenir gift tied with red ribbon to one of the branches. *T. C. C., Wisconsin.*

To Separate Postage-Stamps

If stamps have become glued together, do not soak in water. Instead, lay a thin paper over them, and run a hot iron over it. They will come apart easily and the mucilage will all be right there instead of soaked off. *Mrs. M. O'B., Oklahoma.*

Negligée for Invalid

A little wrap most convenient and comfortable for a patient sitting up in bed may be made as illustrated from two yards of flannel. A straight slit six inches deep is cut in the middle of one side, the corners being turned back for the neck, and the ones farthest from it for cuffs. All edges should be bound or pinked and the fastenings may be of ribbon to match the binding, if used, or it may be fastened with buttons and buttonholes. It may be prettily embroidered if desired. *Miss M. A., New York.*



Treating Sweater Necks

If the neck of a sweater becomes stretched too wide from wearing, do not sew up or cut out any of it; simply dip neck part in clear warm water, wring out lightly, and hang up to dry. The neck will, when dry, have resumed its original shape and size. *C. D. C., Nebraska.*

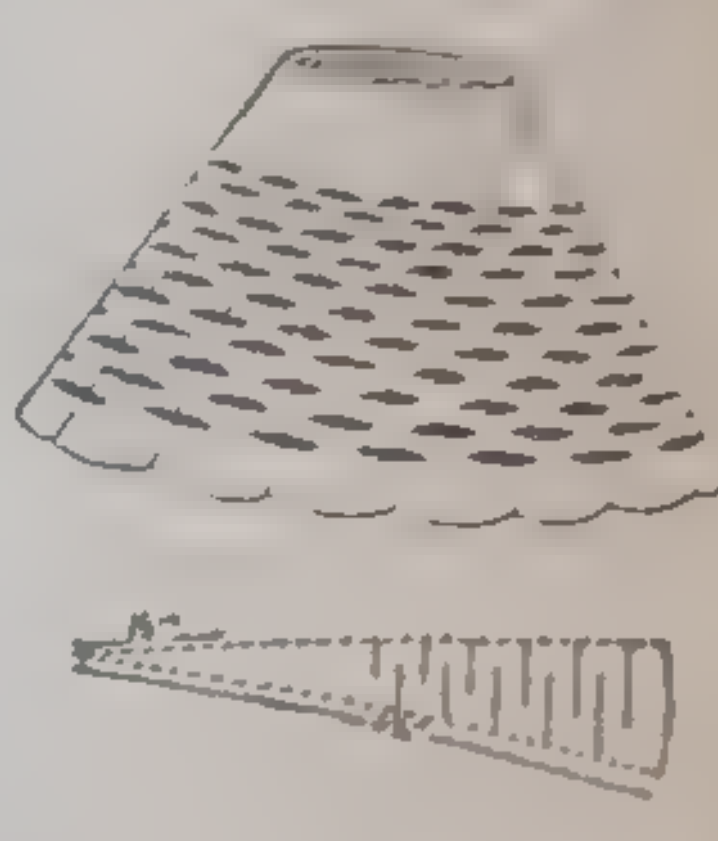
Two Clever Christmas Ideas

For an engaged friend, a set of half a dozen monograms stamped on a piece of fine linen will be much appreciated. They should be embroidered in white, delicate blue and pink. Place these monogram medallions on three inch squares of linen, edged with lace or insertion and ready to be set into any of the dainty trousseau garments. They will look as if they had been worked on the whole cloth and will add greatly to the effect of the lingerie.

For children up to five years of age the bean bag still has its charms. Make the bags of the ordinary size out of plain denim, blue, green and red and a Santa Claus head or other decoration may be sketched on each bag. Cover a small hoop with turkey-red muslin. The edges of a two-inch width strip should be turned in and wound around the hoop. At the joining tie a bow of the material or a red ribbon, leaving a loop to hang the hoop up by. A bell may be caught in with the bow. In throwing the bean bags through the hoop, the principal fun always consists in making the bell ring. *T. C. C., Wisconsin.*

Another Candle-Shade Idea

Very beautiful candle-shades are made from ordinary tissue paper, which can be had in very many tints at a cent a sheet or less. Cut off an eight-inch square, and fold through the center five times (making thirty-two folds), as if for cutting a circle. Trim at the outer end, which will make your piece about three and three fourths inches long; then cut off seven eighths of an inch of the small end. Then, alternately from one edge and then the other, cut slits in your paper just as if you were going to cut it off in slices, but be sure to stop about an eighth of an inch from the opposite side, these slits to be about an eighth of an inch apart. Open it out and you will have a beautiful, lacy piece of tissue, made after the principle of expanded metal, like the paper-doll skirts you used to make when you were small. The beauty of the idea is that a great variety of combinations can be produced. Place as many as five or six over your little mica candle-shade protector, and the result is exquisite. Pull the meshes apart to give the most lacy effect. They are very light and may be lifted away by drafts, so a little ring of beads just fitting around the metal ring of the holder will keep them down. If a little less than three quarters of an inch is cut from the center, they will fit over an electric bulb. *"Ajam."*



Christmas Giving by the Children

A little while before Christmas, there always comes a call to a little family of children for worn-out toys to give to the poor. It is the practice of a wise mother to talk it over with the children and impress them with the idea of giving, not "old throw-aways," but something which they really still love to play with. It is a lesson in a very simple sort of self-denial, but a good one for any child. *E. D. J., Massachusetts.*

To Help Children Dress Themselves

Attach tapes to the lower edge of their drawers just as the straps are fastened to leggings and gaiters. If carefully adjusted and securely sewed, little children can dress themselves without help, and even the older ones will find them such a help that they will ask for needle and thread to sew on the tape rather than dress without it. *M. B. M., Minnesota.*

When Making Apple-Salad

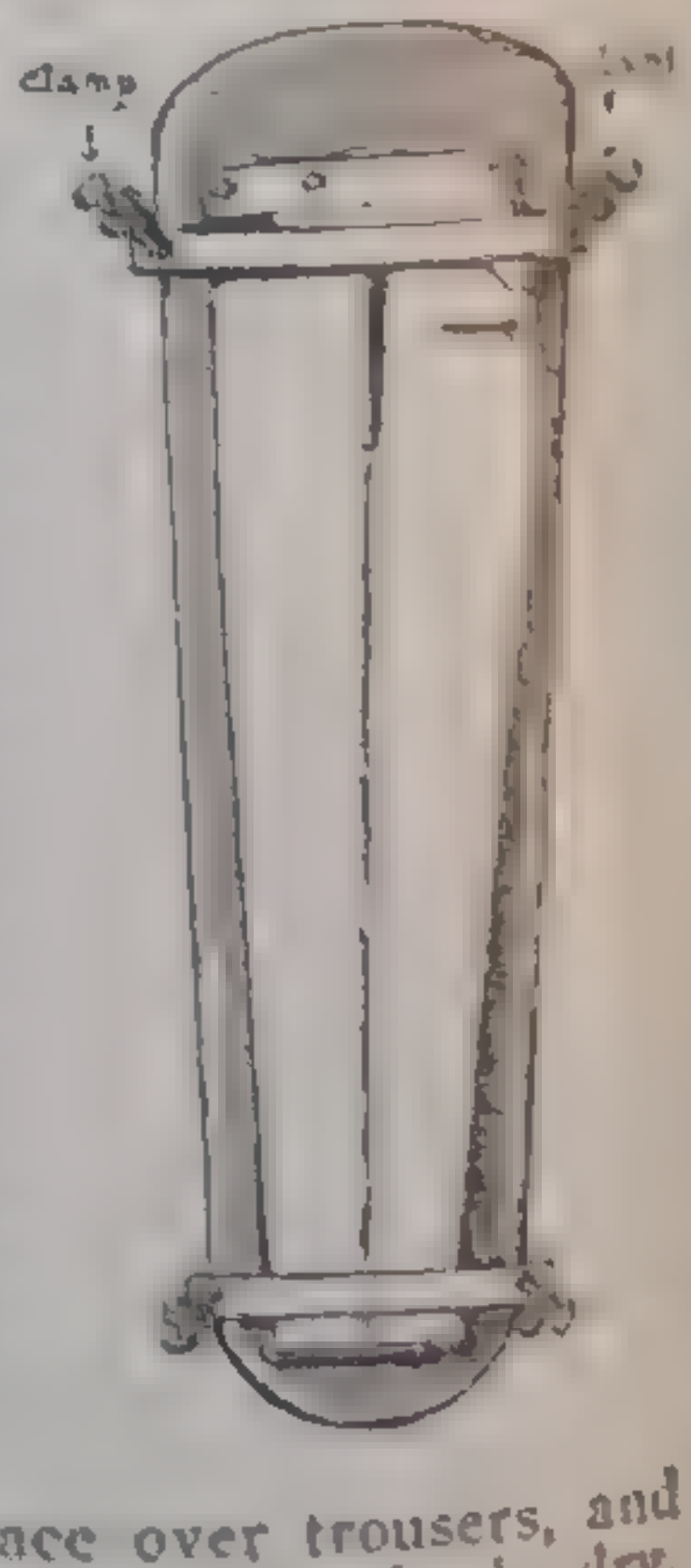
Pour over the apples as soon as cut a little lemon-juice. This blends with the salad-dressing, improving the taste, as well as keeping the apples from becoming discolored. *Mrs. M. D. M., Illinois.*

Home-Made Device for Pressing Trousers

Take a well-padded ironing-board and two other boards about two inches wide and one inch thick. Have one of these small boards long enough to extend over the large end of the ironing-board, and the other over the small end.

Take four quilt clamps, using two of them to fasten the waist of the trousers, as shown in the illustration. Place the seams in the legs directly over each other, and fasten with the other two clamps. If the trousers have been washed in water, stretch as much as possible, as they may perhaps have shrunken a trifle.

Wring a towel out of hot water, place over trousers, and iron with a hot iron until perfectly dry. Remove the trousers, and press in the same manner on the other side. Then press waistband and hems. This is both economical and easy, for the clamps are simple to adjust and the work is quickly done. *Mrs. H. W. R., New Mexico.*



For the Baby

Cut a dress-shield in two pieces, bind the raw edges, and tack under the baby's fancy bib. It will absorb the moisture and keep the little frock from getting damp. *E. M. G., Philippine Islands.*

CHRISTMAS SWEETS

THE BEST CAKES AND CANDIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

BY FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

THE good old custom of serving light refreshments to callers during the holiday season has been revived of late years, but with certain differences. Instead of a heavy collation of made dishes, ices, and so on, special sweets of various sorts with a cup of coffee, tea or chocolate are served. The following are some of the most delicious varieties of cakes and candies suitable for this purpose. Many of them would be delightful additions to the tea-table at any time.

Macaroons

To make, work together one half of a pound of almond paste and three eighths of a pound of powdered sugar on a smooth board or marble slab, then add gradually the whites of three eggs, and continue the working until the mixture is perfectly smooth. Confectioners at first use the hand ,and afterward a palette-knife which is not only of use for mixing, but keeps the board clean. Shape, using a pastry-bag and tube, on a tin sheet covered with buttered paper one inch apart, or drop mixture from tip of spoon in small piles. Macaroon mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape, but spreads in baking. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a slow oven. Remove from oven, invert paper and wet with a cloth wrung out of cold water, when macaroons will slip off easily. Some prefer to sprinkle macaroons before baking with blanched and shredded or chopped almonds and garnish the center with a candied cherry. Almond paste has been put up for some years, for family trade, in cans of about one-pound capacity, and may be procured of any first-class grocer.

Christmas Wreaths

For these, first cream one half of a cupful of butter, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one cupful of fine granulated sugar; then add one egg, slightly beaten, and one and three fourths cupfuls of flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one eighth of a teaspoonful of mace. Chill thoroughly in ice-box, toss one half of the mixture on a floured board and roll one eighth of an inch thick, shape with a doughnut-cutter; first dipped in flour, brush over with the white of an egg, sprinkle with granulated sugar and shredded cocoanut and garnish each with three small, round, red candies to imitate berries, and angelica cut in pieces to represent leaves. Place on a buttered sheet, and bake eight minutes in a slow oven.

Chocolate Nut-Sticks

First mix carefully together one cupful of fine granulated sugar, one fourth of a cupful of melted butter, one unbeaten egg, two squares unsweetened chocolate (melted), three fourths of a teaspoonful of vanilla, one half of a cupful of flour and one half of a cupful of English-walnut meats cut in pieces. Line a seven-inch-square pan with paraffin paper and spread mixture evenly in pan. Bake in a slow oven. As soon as removed from oven turn from pan, and remove paper; then cut cake in strips, using a long sharp knife. If these directions are not followed the paper will cling to cake when it will be impossible to cut it in shapely pieces.

Victoria's Cakes

For these, first cream one fourth of a pound of butter, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one half of a pound of fine granulated sugar and continue the beating for two minutes; then add the grated rind of one lemon, three fourths of a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and the yolks of four eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Mix and sift five ounces of flour with one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and one fourth of a teaspoonful of soda (scant). Beat thoroughly and add the whites of four eggs beaten until stiff. Fill buttered and floured individual tins two thirds full of mixture and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Remove from pans and frost tops with WHITE MOUNTAIN CREAM: Put one cupful of sugar and one third of a cupful of boiling water in a saucepan, and stir to prevent sugar from adhering. Heat gradually to the boiling-point, and let boil, with but little stirring, until syrup will thread when dropped from tip of spoon or tines of silver fork. Pour syrup gradually, while beating constantly, onto the beaten white of an egg, and continue the beating until of right consistency to spread, then add one teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Spread evenly on cakes with back of spoon.

Raisin Cup-Cakes

First cream carefully one half of a cupful of butter, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one cupful of sugar and continue the beating three minutes; then add two whole eggs and one egg-yolk well beaten. Mix and sift two cupfuls of flour with three teaspoonfuls (level measurements of course) of baking-powder, and add alternately with one half of a cupful of milk to first mixture; then add one cupful of raisins, seeded, cut in pieces and dredged with one tablespoonful of flour. Beat vigorously and fill buttered and floured individual tins two thirds full of the mixture. Sprinkle tops with blanched and shredded Jordan almonds and bake in a moderate oven twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Christmas Fruit-Cake

A delicious cake: Cream one pound of butter, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one pound of light brown sugar. Separate the yolks from the whites of nine eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and lemon-colored, and the whites until stiff and dry and add to first mixture; then add two tablespoonfuls of milk, three pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins seeded and cut in pieces, one pound of citron thinly sliced and cut in strips, one half of a pound of almonds blanched and shredded, and one pound of flour, mixed and sifted with two tablespoonfuls of mace, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, and one half of a teaspoonful of cloves. Put mixture in deep buttered pans (bread-pans are desirable), cover with buttered paper and steam three hours; then bake one and one half hours in a slow oven. Rich fruit-cake is always more satisfactory if some of the cooking is accomplished by steaming. This cake is so rich it may be kept for a long time.

Fedora Figs

Steam best quality bag figs until soft. Cool and make an incision in each lengthwise and stuff with one half of a marshmallow and an English-walnut meat broken in pieces. Close and serve in individual paper cases.

Philadelphia Caramels

For this confection put four tablespoonfuls of butter into kettle, and when melted add two cupfuls of Porto Rico molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, and one third of a cupful of milk. Stir until mixed, bring to the boiling-point, and add four and one half squares of unsweetened chocolate, stirring constantly until chocolate is melted. Boil until, when tried in cold water, a firm ball may be formed in the fingers. Remove from fire, add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and one cupful of English-walnut meats broken in pieces. Turn into a buttered pan, cool slightly, and mark in small squares. When nearly cold cut into cubes.

Burnt-Almond Brittle

Blanch the best quality of Jordan almonds and chop; there should be one cupful. Put in a pan and bake until delicately and evenly browned, stirring occasionally, taking great care that they do not burn; then sprinkle with one third of a teaspoonful of salt. Put two cupfuls of fine granulated sugar in a hot iron frying-pan, and stir *constantly* until melted to a syrup, taking care to keep sugar from sides of pan. Add nut-meats, and pour at once into two slightly buttered, warmed tin square cake-tins; then mark into small squares with a sharp knife, and when cold it may be easily broken into squares. If sugar is not removed from range as soon as melted it will caramelize, which is not desirable.

Stretched Molasses Candy

An old-fashioned sweet: Put one cupful of Porto Rico molasses, three cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of boiling water, and three teaspoonfuls of vinegar into a Scotch kettle or smooth graniteware saucepan. Bring to the boiling-point and add one half of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Boil until the mixture will become brittle when tried in cold water. Stir constantly during the last part of the cooking, and when nearly done add one half of a cupful of melted butter and one fourth of a teaspoonful of soda. Pour into a buttered pan. When cool enough to handle, pull until very light in color, allowing candy to come in contact with tips of fingers and thumbs, not to be squeezed in the hand. Cut in small pieces, using large shears or a sharp knife, and arrange on slightly buttered plates to cool. While pulling add one teaspoonful of vanilla, one half teaspoonful of lemon extract, a few drops of oil of peppermint or a few drops of oil of wintergreen, if you seek variety.

Chocolate Dominoes

Mix thoroughly together one half of a cupful of pecan-nut meats, one half of a cupful of English-walnut meats, one half of a cupful of figs cut in pieces, and one half of a cupful of dates (from which stones have been removed), forced through a meat-chopper or finely chopped. Add the grated rind of one orange, one tablespoonful of orange-juice, and one square of melted unsweetened chocolate. Toss on a board sprinkled with powdered sugar and roll to one third of an inch in thickness. Cut into the shape of dominoes, using a sharp knife. Spread thinly with melted unsweetened chocolate, and decorate with small pieces of blanched almonds to imitate dominoes.

Stuffed Dates

Shell and remove meats from Brazilian nuts, leaving them whole as far as possible, and with a small sharp knife cut off the brown skin. Make a cut the entire length of the dates and remove the stones. Fill cavities with the Brazilian-nut meat, and shape in original form. Roll in granulated sugar and pile in rows on a small plate covered with a doily.

Glacé Nuts

Put two cupfuls of granulated sugar, one cupful of boiling water and one eighth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar in a smooth graniteware saucepan. Stir, place on range, and heat to the boiling-point. Boil, without stirring, until the syrup begins to discolor slightly. After a few minutes' boiling, the sugar will adhere to the sides of the pan; this should be washed off with the hand, first dipped in cold water, a process not so difficult as it may appear. Have a pan of cold water near at hand, dip the hand in cold water, then quickly wash off a small part of the sugar with the tips of the fingers, and repeat until all the sugar adhering to the sides of saucepan is removed. Remove saucepan from fire, and place in a larger pan of cold water to instantly stop the boiling. Remove from cold water and place in a saucepan of hot water during the dipping. Take nuts separately on a long pin, dip in syrup to cover, remove from syrup, and place on oiled paper.

Franconia Fudge

To make this, put one fourth of a cupful of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add two cupfuls of sugar, one half of a cupful of milk and one fourth of a cupful of molasses. Heat to the boiling-point and let boil seven minutes. Add two squares of unsweetened chocolate, and stir until melted. Then let boil seven minutes more. Remove from fire, beat until creamy and add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one half of a cupful of nut meats cut in pieces. Pour at once into a buttered tin, and mark in squares. This candy is very good without either vanilla or nuts, while in their places one half of a teaspoonful of cinnamon may be used.

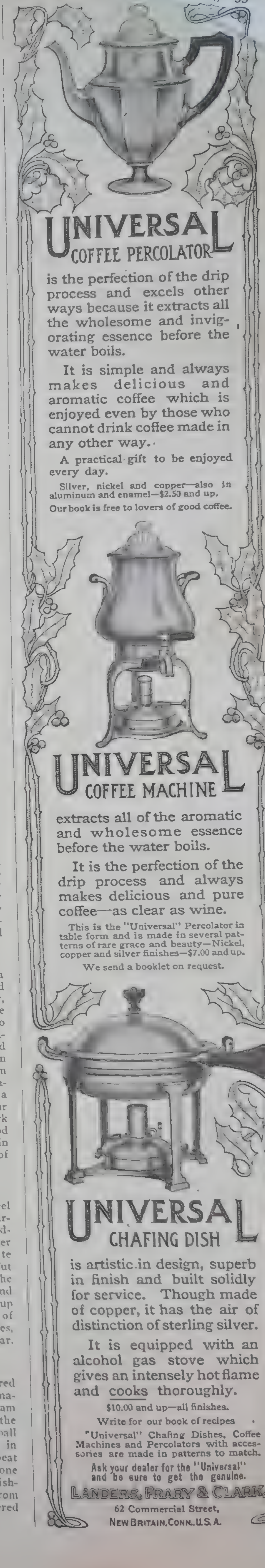
Candied Orange-Peel

Carefully remove all of the peel from four thin-skinned oranges in quarters. Cover with cold water, bring gradually to the boiling-point and let simmer until soft. Drain and remove all white portion by scraping with a spoon. Cut yellow portion in thin strips, using the scissors. Boil one cupful of sugar and one half of a cupful of water, until syrup will thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Cook strips in syrup five minutes, drain, and roll in fine granulated sugar.

Praulines

Mix together one cupful of powdered sugar, one half of a cupful of maple syrup, one fourth of a cupful of cream and a few grains of salt. Bring to the boiling-point and let boil until a soft ball may be formed, when mixture is tried in cold water. Remove from range and beat until the mixture is creamy. Add one cupful of pecan-nut meats or English-walnut meats cut in pieces. Drop from tip of spoon in oblong piles on buttered paper.

NOTE—In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring-cups divided into thirds and quarters are used, also tea and table measuring-spoons.



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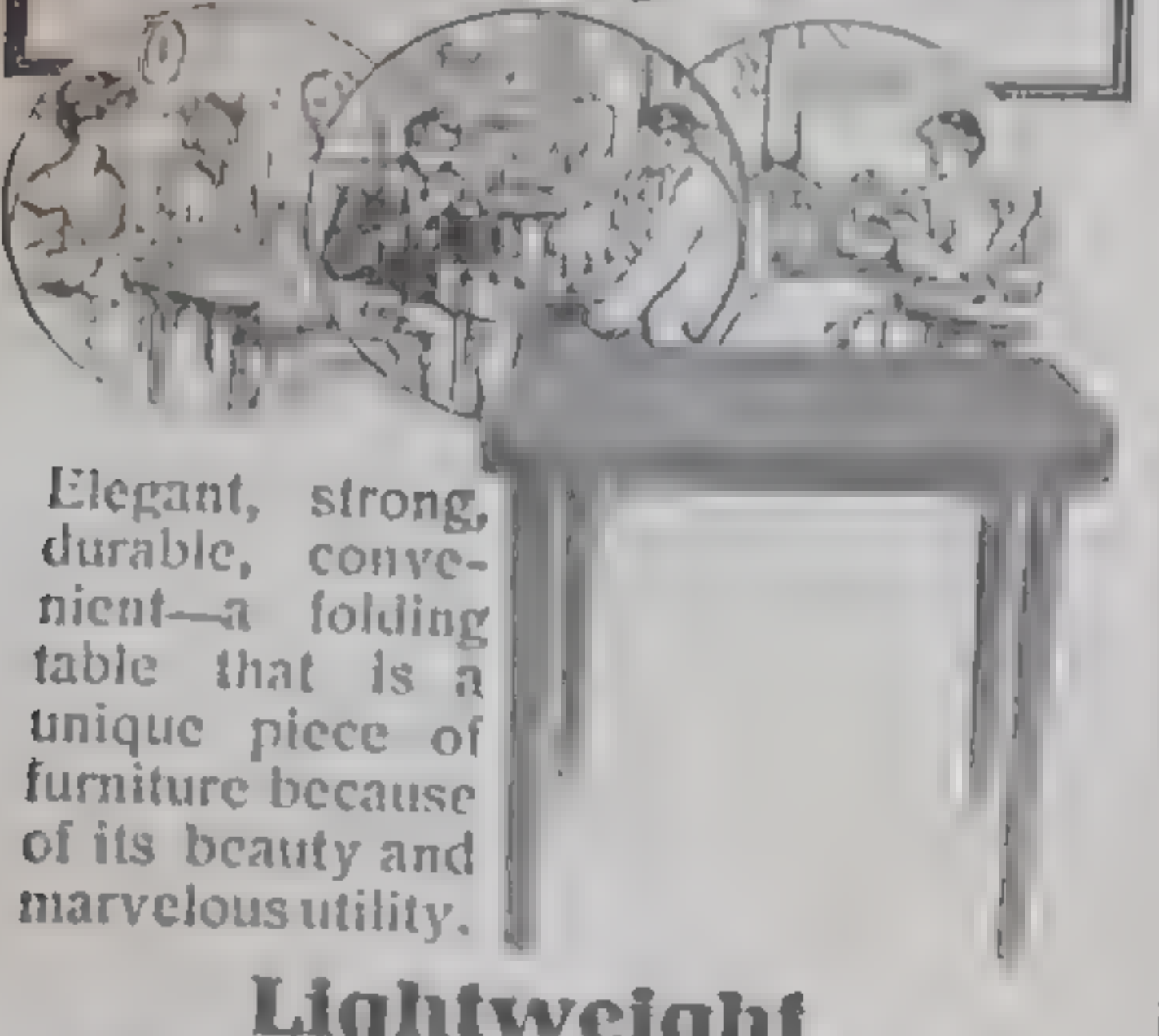

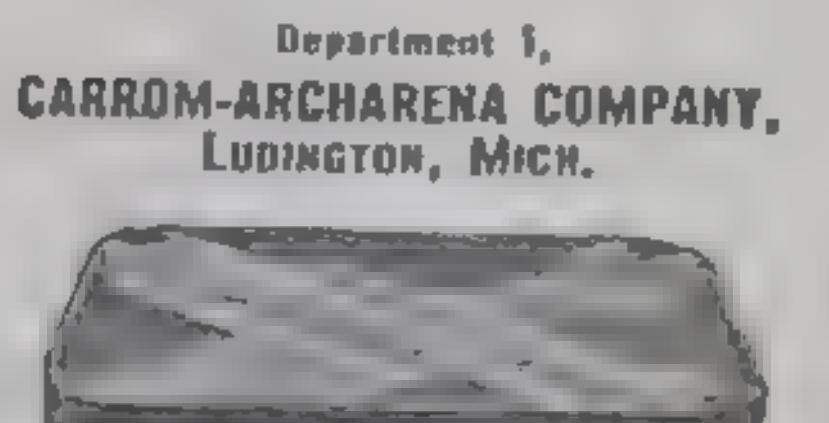

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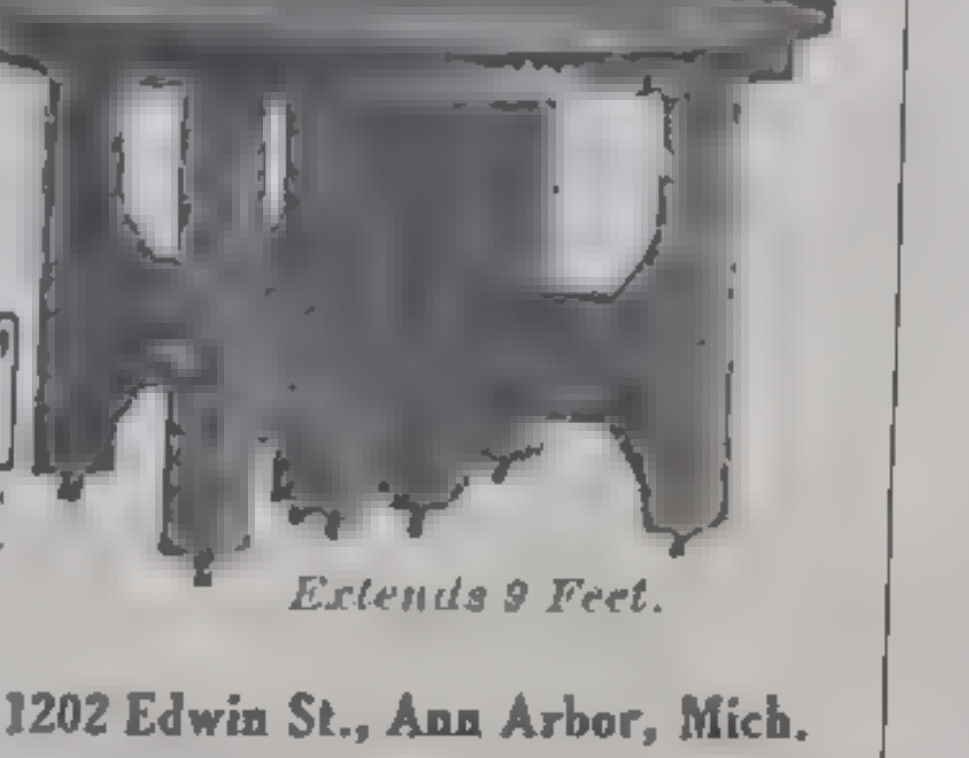

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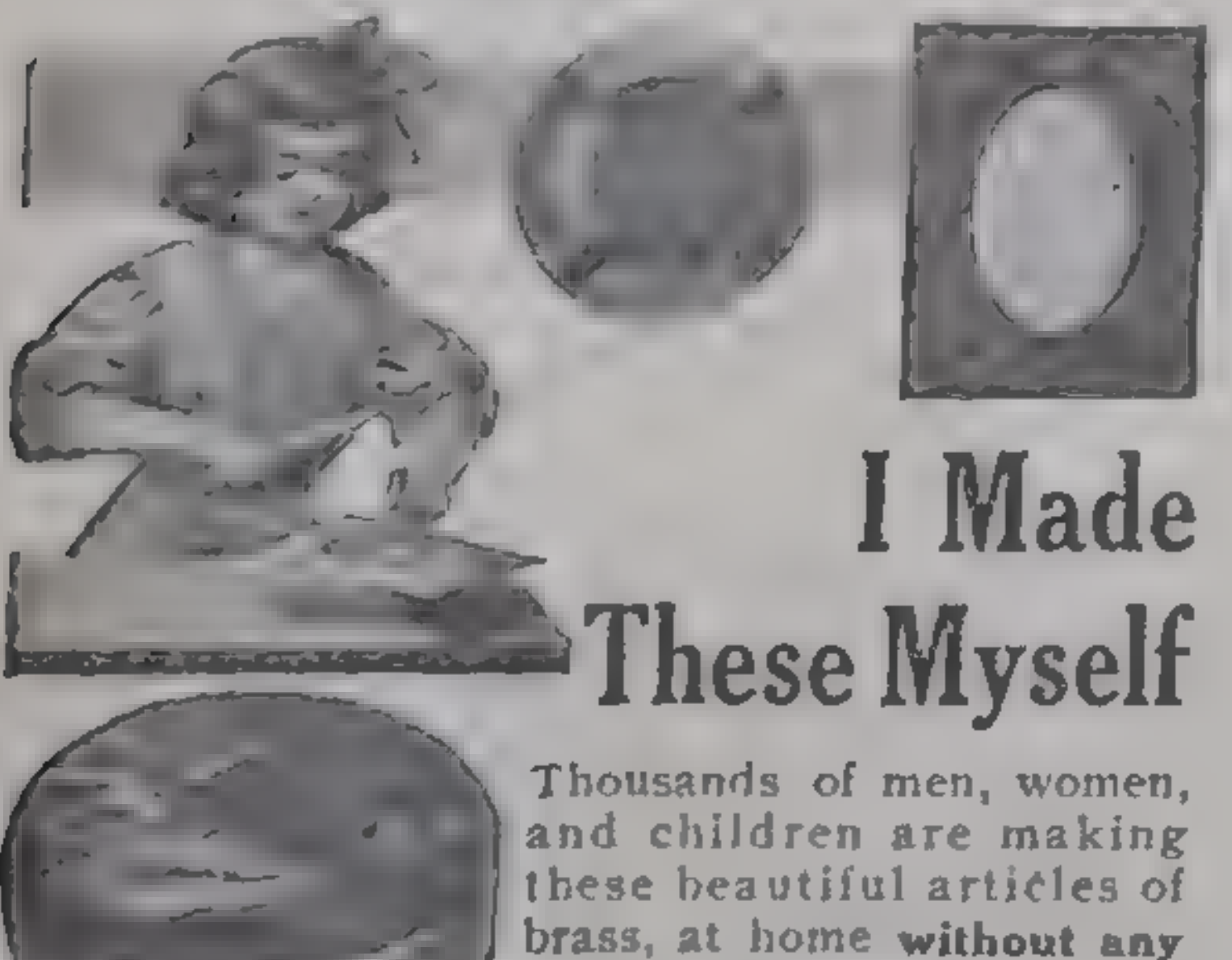
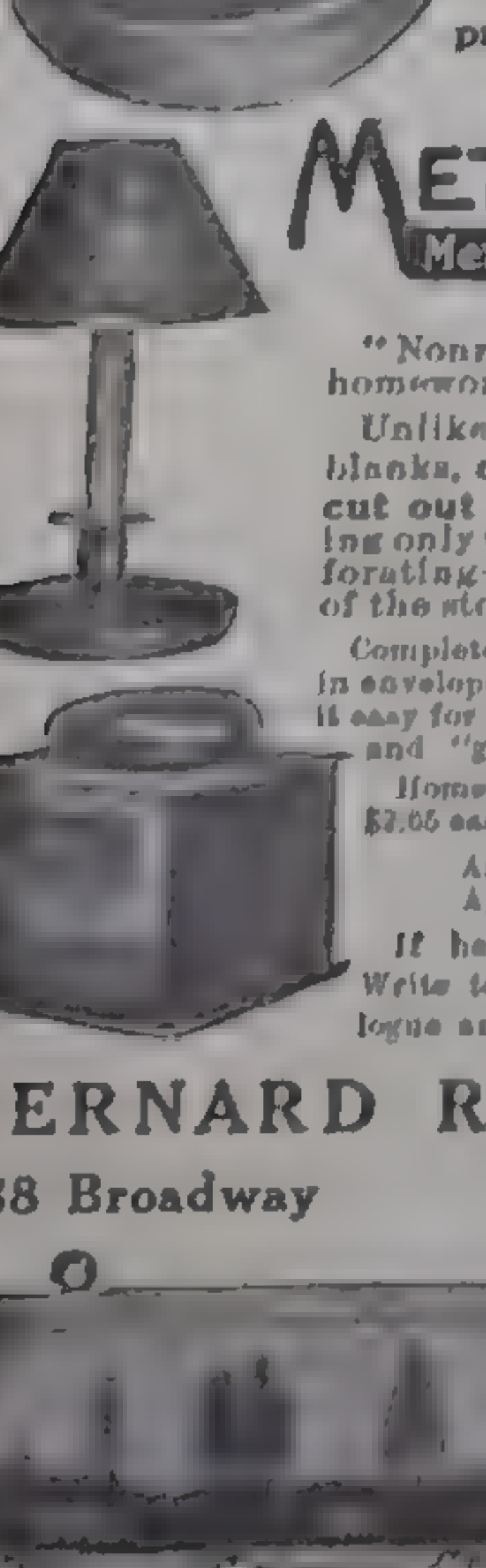

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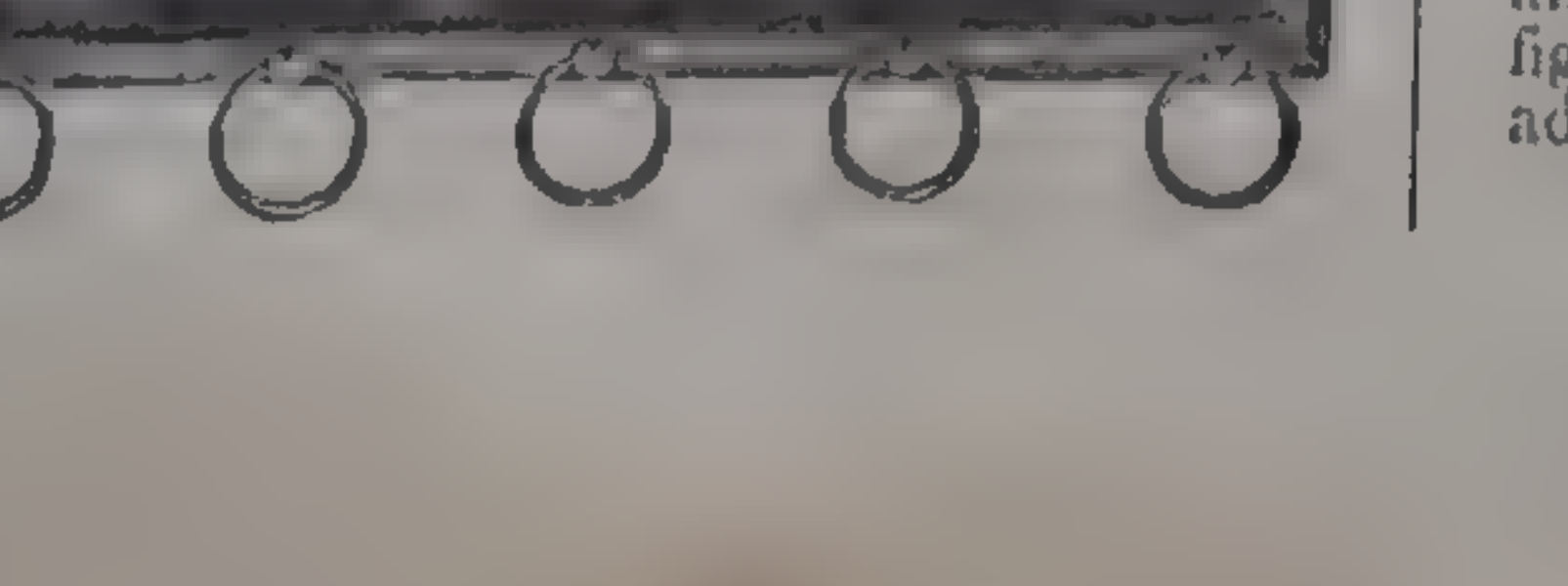


THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19]

in this wicked city. The arrum of the law is around you," he cried; encircling her waist with that substantial member. "You're safe at last—come here to me out of that!"

"Oh! noble, noble man," cried an emotional woman in the crowd. "If all officers were like you."

Heartened by these words, the noble, noble man exerted the arm of the law and plucked the maiden out of the cab amid great excitement and applause. But above the general murmur the shrill voice of the sharp youth rent the air:

"Fat-head," he cried, "you've broke her neck. Can't you see how her head's goin' round and round?"

At this the emotional woman dropped to the sidewalk. "Lady fainted here, officer," cried a gentleman. But the noble, noble officer had no time for faints, and the lady was obliged to revive with only the assistance of the cold stones and curiosity.

* * *

For the shrill voice had spoken truth; something had given way in Maudie's mysterious anatomy; the fair head, the changeless smile and the drooping plumes made three complete revolutions and nestled confidingly upon the shoulder of the law.

"Here, none o' that," yelled Patrolman McDonogh, quite reversing his earlier diagnosis of the situation. "None of your flim-flams, if you please. You go quiet and peaceable with this gentleman. A little ride in the air is what you need."

"That's right, officer," Sedyard interrupted. "That's how to talk to her. I can't do a thing with her."

"Brute!" cried the emotional woman, now happily restored. "It's officers like him that disgraces the force."

Patrolman McDonogh turned to identify this blasphemer, and Maudie's head, deprived of its support, made another revolution and then dropped coyly to her left shoulder. She looked so unspeakable in that attitude that the cabman felt called upon to offer a little professional advice:

"She needs a check-rein," he declared, "an' she needs it bad." A remark which so incensed Patrolman McDonogh that Sedyard decided to explain:

"Just disperse those people, will you," said he. "I want to talk to you."

The sharp youth relieved the officer of the law of his fair burden and posed her in a natural attitude of waiting beside the cab. McDonogh cleared the sidewalk and harkened to Sedyard's tale.

* * *

"So you see," said John in conclusion, "what I'm up against. I really didn't want the dummy when I bought it and you can bet I'm tired of it now. What I wanted was the clothes and I guess the thing for me to do is just to take them in the cab and leave the figure here."

"What!" thundered McDonogh, "you're going to leave a dummy without her clothes here on my beat? Not if I see ye first ye ain't; and if ye try it on I'll run ye in."

"Say! I'll tell you what you want," piped up the still buoyant smart youth. "You need one of them open taxicabs."

"He needs a truck," corrected the disgruntled cabman. "Somethin' she can lay down in comfortable an' take in the sights as she goes along."

"No, he needs a taxi. He can leave her stand in the back all right; but I guess," he warned John, "you'll have to sit in with her and hold her head on."

And thus it was that Maudie left the scene. She left, too, the smart youth, the cabman and the noble, noble officer. And as the taxi bumped over the trolley tracks she, despite all Sedyard's efforts, turned her head and smiled out at them straight over her near-princesse back.

"Gee!" said the smart youth, "ain't she the friendliest bunch of calico."

"This case," said the noble Patrolman McDonogh with unpunctual inspiration, "had ought to be looked into by rights."

"Chauffeur," said John Sedyard to the shadowy form before him, "just pick out the darkest streets, will you?"

"Yes, sir," answered the chauffeur looking up into the bland smile and the outstretched hand above him. "I'll make it if I can, but if we get stopped don't blame me."

* * *

A year later—or so it seemed to John Sedyard—the taxicab, panting with indignation at the insults and interferences to which it had been subjected, turned into Sedyard's eminently respectable block and drew up before his eminently handsome house.

He paid and propitiated the chauffeur, took his lovely burden in his arms and staggered up the steps with the half-regretful feeling of one who steps out of the country of adventure back to prosaic things. He found his latch-key, opened the door and drew Maudie into the hall. And on the landing half-way up the stairs stood his sister Edith, evidently the bearer of some pleasant tidings.

Maudie's smile flashed up at her from John's shoulders. Edith stared, stiffened, and retraced her steps. John wheeled the figure into the reception-room and thus addressed it:

"Listen to me, you blockhead. You may think this adventure is over; well, so did I, but I tell you now it's only just beginning. If you are not mighty careful you will be wrecking a home. So keep your mouth shut," he charged her, "and do nothing till you hear from me!"

Maudie smiled archly, coyly, confidentially, and he went up-stairs.

In the sitting-room he found gathered together his mother, his sister and Dick Van Plank, Mary's young brother, and a student at Columbia. John was supported through Edith's first remark and the look with which she accompanied it by the memory of her goodness to Mary and by the anticipation of the fun which Maudie might be made to provide.

"I wish to say, John," she began before any one else had time to speak, "that I've said *nothing* to mother or Dick, and I think it would be better if you didn't. I can attend to the case if you leave it to me."

"Like you," said John shortly. "Who told you she is a 'case?' Mother," he went on, addressing that gentle knitter by the fire, "I want you to come down-stairs."

"She shall do nothing of the kind!" cried Edith, and as Mrs. Sedyard looked interrogatively from one to the other of her children, her daughter swept on. "John must be crazy. I saw him come in with a—a person—who never ought to be in a house like this."

"I'd like to know why not?" stormed John. "You don't know a thing about her. *I* don't know much for that matter, but when I came across her down on Union Square, just turned out of a shop where she had been working, mother, I made up my mind that I would bring her right straight home, and that Edith would be decent to her. You can see that Edith does not intend to be."

* * *

"But, my dear boy," faltered Mrs. Sedyard, "was not that a very reckless thing to do? I know of an institution where you could send her."

"Oh! yes, yes," said John. "And I suppose I might have handed her over to a policeman," he added, thinking of his attempt in this direction, "but I didn't. The sight of her so gentle and uncomplaining in that awful situation at this time of general rejoicing was too much for me."

He felt this to be so fine a flight and its effect upon Dick was so remarkable that he went on in a voice, as his mother always remembered, "that positively trembled at times."

"How was I—a man strong and well dowered—to pass heartlessly by like the Good Samaritan—"

"There's something wrong with that," Dick interposed.

But John was not to be deflected. "What, mother, would you have thought of your son if he had left that beautiful figure—for she is beautiful—"

"You don't say," said Dick.

"To be buffeted by the waves of Dead Man's Curve?"

"Oh, how awful!" murmured the old lady. "How perfectly dreadful!"

It was at this point that Dick Van Plank unostentatiously left the room.

"But I didn't do it, mother," cried John, thumping his chest and anxious to make his full effect before the return of an enlightened and possibly enlightening Dick. "No! I thought of this big house, with only us three in it, and I said, 'I'll bring her home. Edith will love her. Edith will give her friendship, advice, guidance. She will even give her something to wear instead of the unsuitable things she has on.' And what do I find?" He paused and looked around dramatically and warningly as Dick, with a beautiful grin, returned. "Does Edith open her heart to her? No. Does Edith open her arms to her? No. All that Edith opens to her is the door which leads—who can tell where—whither?"

* * *

"I can tell," said Dick. "It leads right straight to my little diggings. If Edith throws her out I'll take her in."

"Oh, noble, noble man," ejaculated John, remembering the emotional woman, "but, ah! that must not be. I took her hand in mine—by the way, did I tell you, she has beautiful little hands, not at all what I should have expected."

"You did not," said Dick. "And now that'll be about all from you. You're just about through."

"My opinion is," said Edith darkly, "that you are both either crazy or worse."

"Go down and see her for yourself," urged Dick, "so quiet, so reserved—hush! hark! She's coming up. Now be nice to her whatever you feel! I'll be taking her away in a minute or two."

But it was Mary Van Plank who came in. Mary all blooming and glowing from the cold.

"Who's that in the reception-room?" she asked when the greetings were over, and she was warming her slender hands before the fire. "She's the prettiest dear. She was standing at the window and she smiled so sweetly at me as I came up the steps."

John looked at Dick.

"Yes," admitted that unabashed delinquent, "I left her at the window when I came up."

"Alas! poor child," sighed John, looking out into the night. "She'll be out there soon."

"What is she going out for at this time?" Mary demanded. "I quite thought that she, too, had come to dinner. Who is she, Mrs. Sedyard?"

Upon her mother's helpless silence Edith broke in with the story as she felt she knew it. Union Square; the discharged shop-girl; John's Quixotic conduct. And John watched Mary with a lover's eye. He had not intended that she should be involved. A moment of her displeasure, even upon mistaken grounds, was no part of his idea of a joke.

But there was no displeasure in Mary's lovely face.

"Why, of course, he brought her home," she echoed Edith's indignant peroration. "What else could he do?"

"Well, for one thing he could have taken her to the Margaret Louise Home—that branch of the Y. W. C. A. on Sixteenth Street only a few blocks from where he found her."

"O! Edith," Mary remonstrated. "The Maggie Lou! And you know they would not admit her. Who would take a friendless girl to any sort of an institution at this season? John couldn't have done it! I think he's an old dear to bring her right straight home. Let's go down and talk to her. She must be wondering why we all leave her so long alone."

* * *

"No, you don't," said Dick. "Edith didn't tell you the whole story. The girl," and he drew himself up to a dignity based on John's, "is under *my* protection."

"Your protection!" repeated his amazed sister.

"Precisely. *My* protection. Edith declines to receive this helpless child. Therefore I have offered her the shelter of my roof."

"His roof," explained Mary to Mrs. Sedyard, "is the floor of the hall bedroom above his. It measures about nine by six. So the thing to do, since of course Dick is only talking nonsense, is to let me take the girl around to the studio until John and I can plan an uninstitutional future for her."

"You may do just as you please," said Edith coldly. "I have given my opinion as to what should be done with her. It has been considered, by persons more experienced than you, the opinion of an expert. Girls of her history and standards are not desirable inmates for well-ordered homes. I shall have nothing to do with her."

"How about it, Mary?" asked her brother. "Are you quite willing to risk her in the high art atmosphere of your precious studio?"

"I'm glad to," Mary answered. "It's not often that one gets a chance of being a little useful, and doesn't the Christmas carol say, 'Good-will to men?' I'm going down to see her now."

* * *

"You're a darling," cried John. "True blue right through. Now, we'll all go down and arrange the transfer. But, first, I want to give Edith one more chance. Do you finally and unreservedly—"

"I do," said Edith promptly.

"And you, Mary, are you sure of yourself? Suppose that, when you see her, you change your mind?"

"I've given my word," she answered. "I promise to take her."

"That's all I want," said John.

"How could you, John? How could you?" sobbed Edith. "How could you tell us—?"

"I told you nothing but the [illegible] truth. I meant her to be your Christmas present, but you have resigned her with all her works and all her pomps to Mary."

"Ah! but if I refuse to take her [illegible] Edith?" Mary suggested.

"Then I get her," answered Dick blithely, "and she'd be safer with me. I know what you two girls are thinking of. You are going to borrow her clothes and make a Cinderella of her. They are what you care about. But I love her for herself—her useless hands—her golden hair—her lovely smile— Well, no, I guess we'll cut out the smile," he corrected when Maudie, agitated by the appraising hands of the two girls, swung her head completely around and beamed impartially upon the whole assembly. "It doesn't look just sincere to me."

* * *

But there was no insincerity about Maudie. She was just as sweet-tempered as she looked. Uncomplainingly she allowed herself to be despoiled of her finery and wrapped in a sheet while Mary wriggled ecstatically in the heavenly blue dress, pinned the plumed hat on her own bright head and threw the muff into a corner of the darkened drawing-room when she found that it interfered with the free expression of her gratitude to John. She certainly was exquisite in the frock, and John felt repaid for all his agonizing adventure when he looked at her.

Some months later when the trousseau was in progress the once despised Christmas guest, now a member in good standing of Mary's household, did untiring service, smiling silently in the sewing-room.

CHRISTMAS CARPENTRY

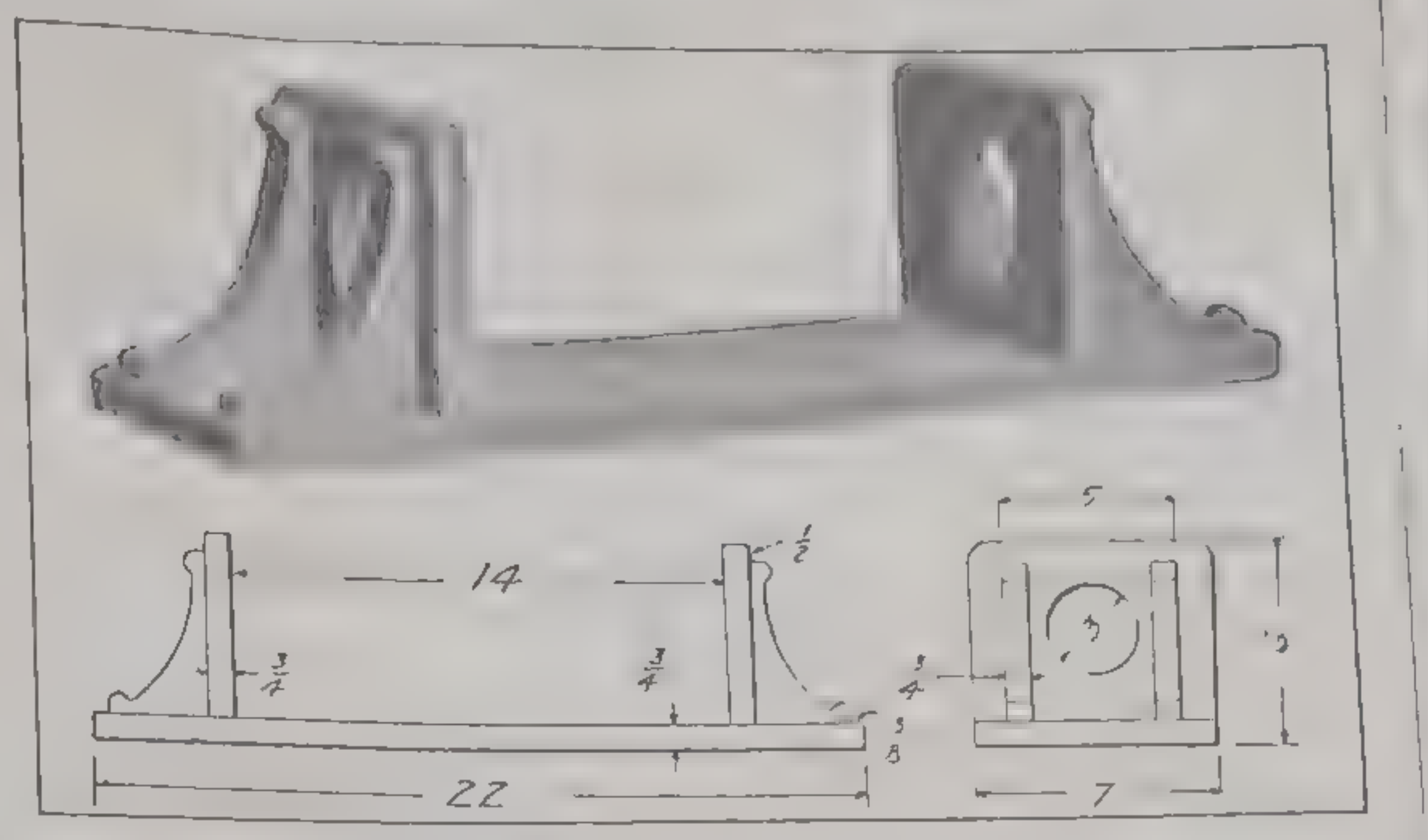
SMALL PIECES OF FURNITURE WHICH MAKE ACCEPTABLE GIFTS

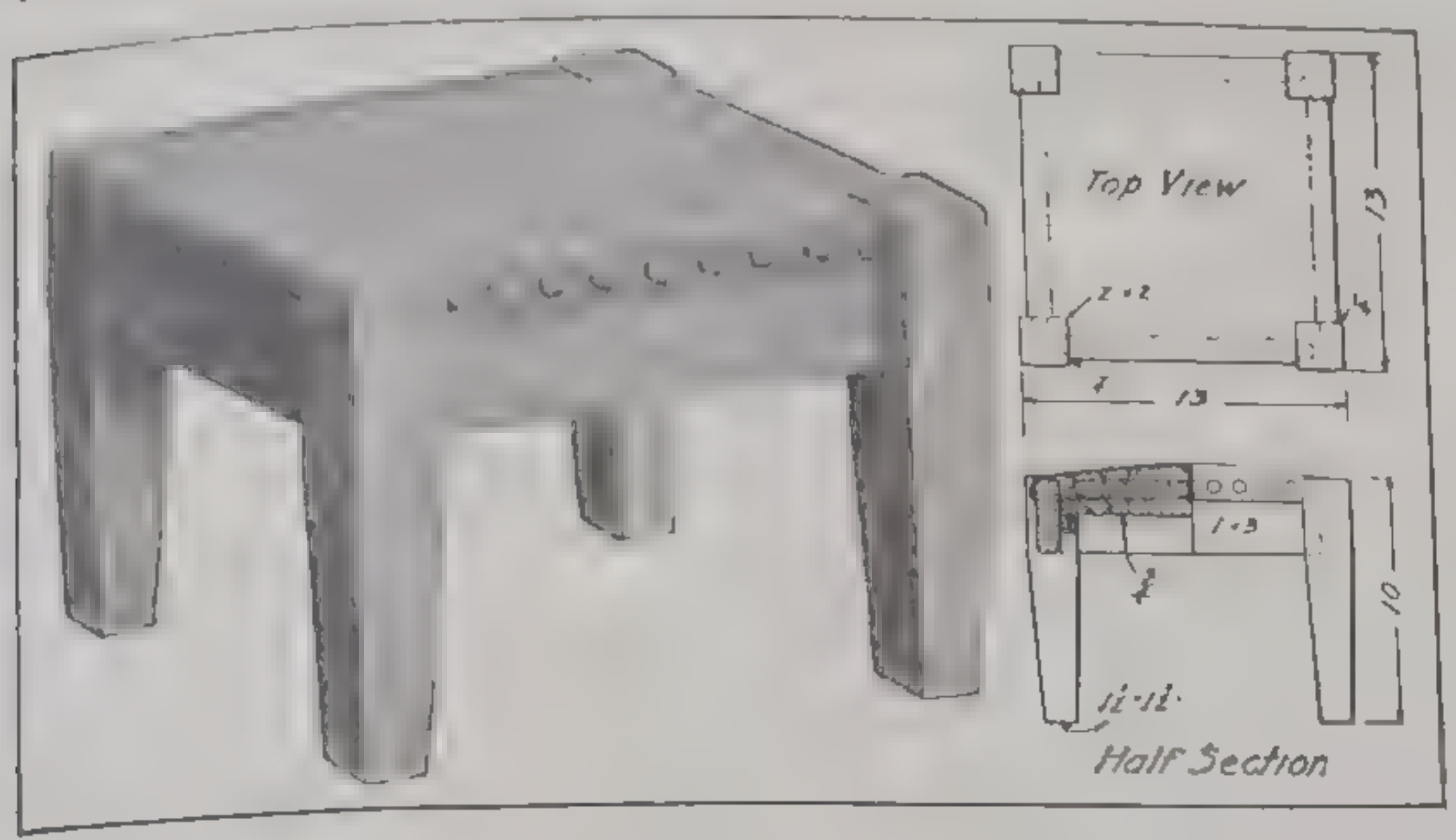
DESIGNED BY JOHN D. ADAMS

Book Rack

Pcs	Dimensions
1	¾ · 7 · 22
2	¾ · 7 · [illegible]
4	¾ · 4 · [illegible]

A SMALL table rack that will accommodate some eight or ten books, is always a most welcome gift to the book-lover with an orderly turn of mind. First prepare the bottom board, carefully finishing the end wood and accurately rounding the corners. Next get out the two vertical pieces, taking the same care with them, and also seeing that they are exactly the same width as the bottom board. In each of these, work out a circular opening, through which the colored cover of the end book will show in pleasing contrast to the dark wood. After preparing the four brackets, put the whole together, using glue, and nails driven in from underneath. In the case of the brackets a small wire nail may be driven in at the upper end of each one. A piece of felt, about a quarter of an inch smaller than the bottom board, should be glued on the under side to prevent scratching the table.





Foot Stool

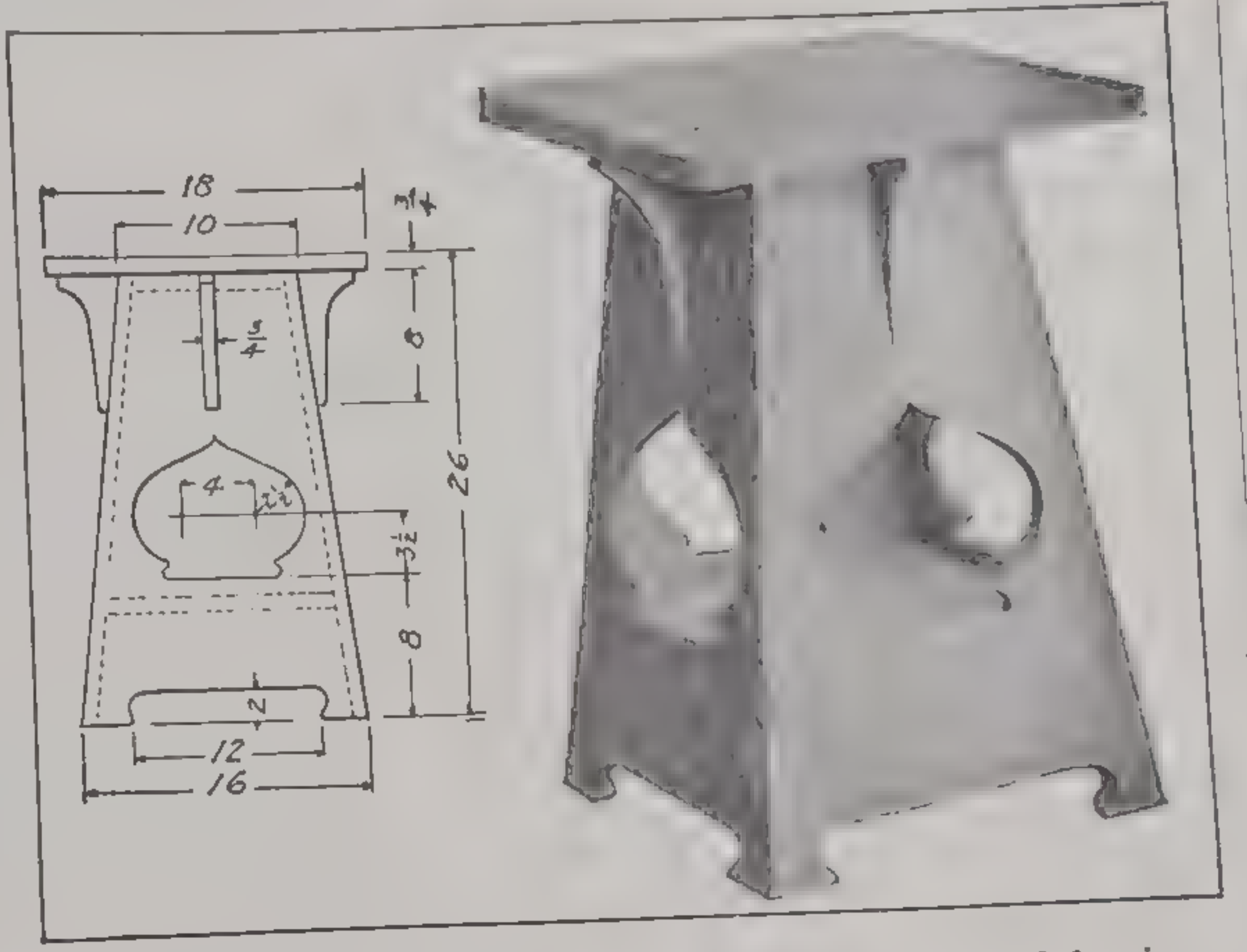
Pcs	Dimensions
4	2 · 2 · 11
4	1 · 3 · [illegible]
1	¾ · 11 · 11

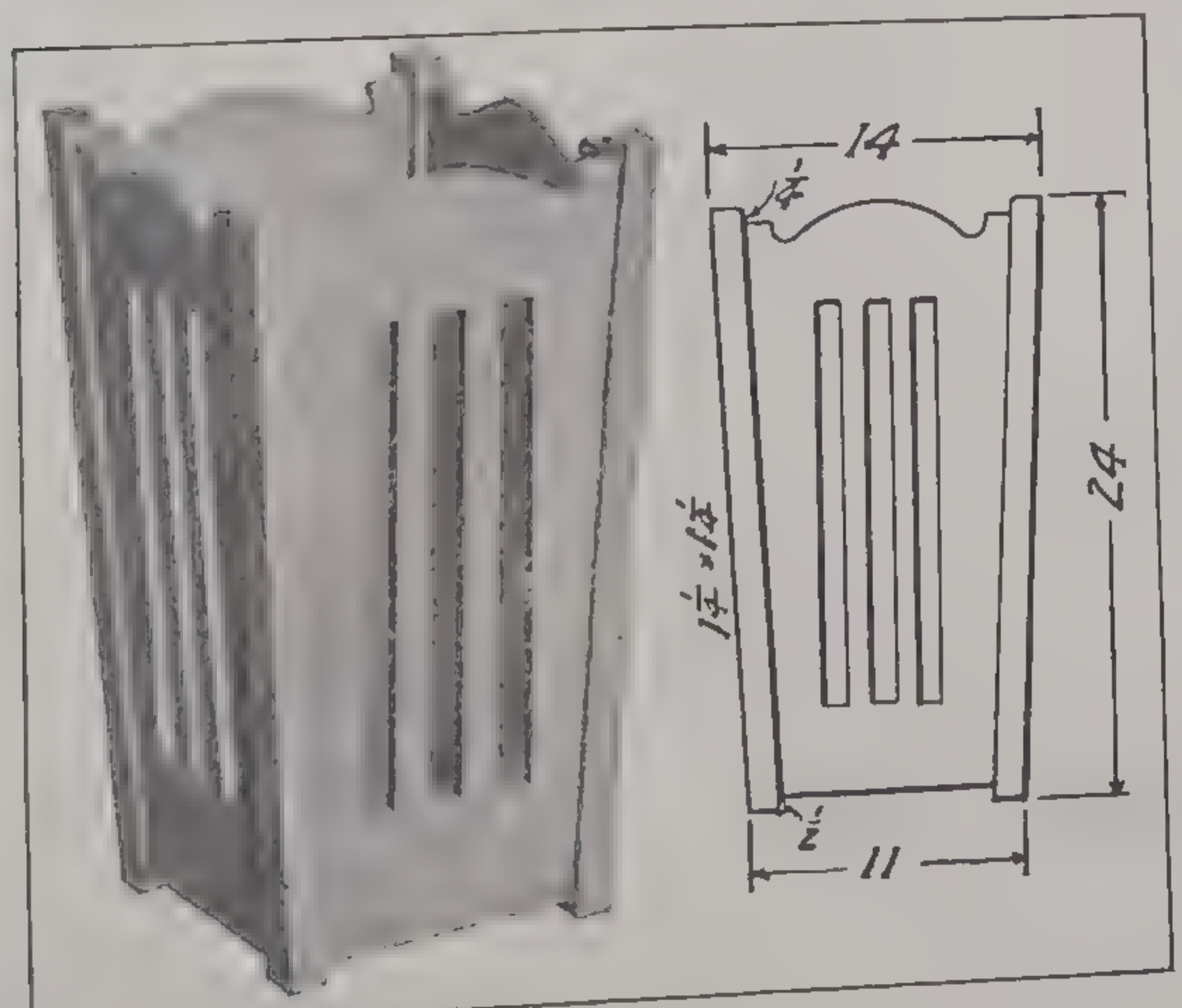
THE construction should commence with the legs, which are slightly tapered. After shaping them up smooth, finish the tops neatly and round off the upper corners. Next mark off the mortises for the crosspieces, and cut them to a depth of about three fourths of an inch. The four crosspieces should now be tenoned to tightly fit the mortises already made in the legs. Put all these pieces together and then fit in the false bottom. After fastening a small square strip to the inside of each crosspiece, for the bottom to rest on, put the whole together with glue, supplementing it with wire nails driven in from the inside. Place a uniform layer of upholstering material in place, and tightly stretch a piece of cotton over it, bringing it clear around the crosspieces, and nailing it underneath. The final covering of real or imitation leather need not be put on until after the staining.

Window Stand.

Pcs	Dimensions
4	¾ · 16½ · 26
1	¾ × 9 · 9
1	¾ · 13 · 13
1	¾ · 18½ · 18½
4	¾ · 4 · 8½

THE construction should commence with the four side boards, which are identical in every respect. Trim these to the proper shape, form the feet and then mark out the design for the large openings with a sharp pencil. In laying this out, first locate the two center points shown on the working drawing and draw two arcs of the proper radius, after which no difficulty will be found in completing the figure. Set the bevel gage to forty-five degrees and keep it at hand while planing off the edges of the sides for the miter joints at the corners. Next get out a square board to fit closely between the four sides at the top (this piece is shown by the dotted line just under the top) and then carefully determine the exact size of the tray which is set in below the openings in the sides. The six pieces thus far made ready should now be put together. Fasten any two opposite sides to the two square pieces, and then fit on the remaining two sides. Use glue and a few small finishing nails. The top should be prepared and attached to the smaller square board with glue and screws set in from below. It now remains to prepare and fit the four curved brackets, which are attached with glue and small wire nails.





Waste Basket

Pcs	Dimensions
4	2 × 2 × 11
4	1 × 3 × 11
1	¾ × 11 × 11

IN FURNISHING a room with a style of furniture as decided as mission furniture, it is very desirable that the idea be carried out as completely as possible. The usual form of the wicker basket is so suggestive of the office that it is entirely out of place in the library or living-room. The design illustrated is particularly easy to construct, and is one that will go well with the pieces heretofore described in this series.

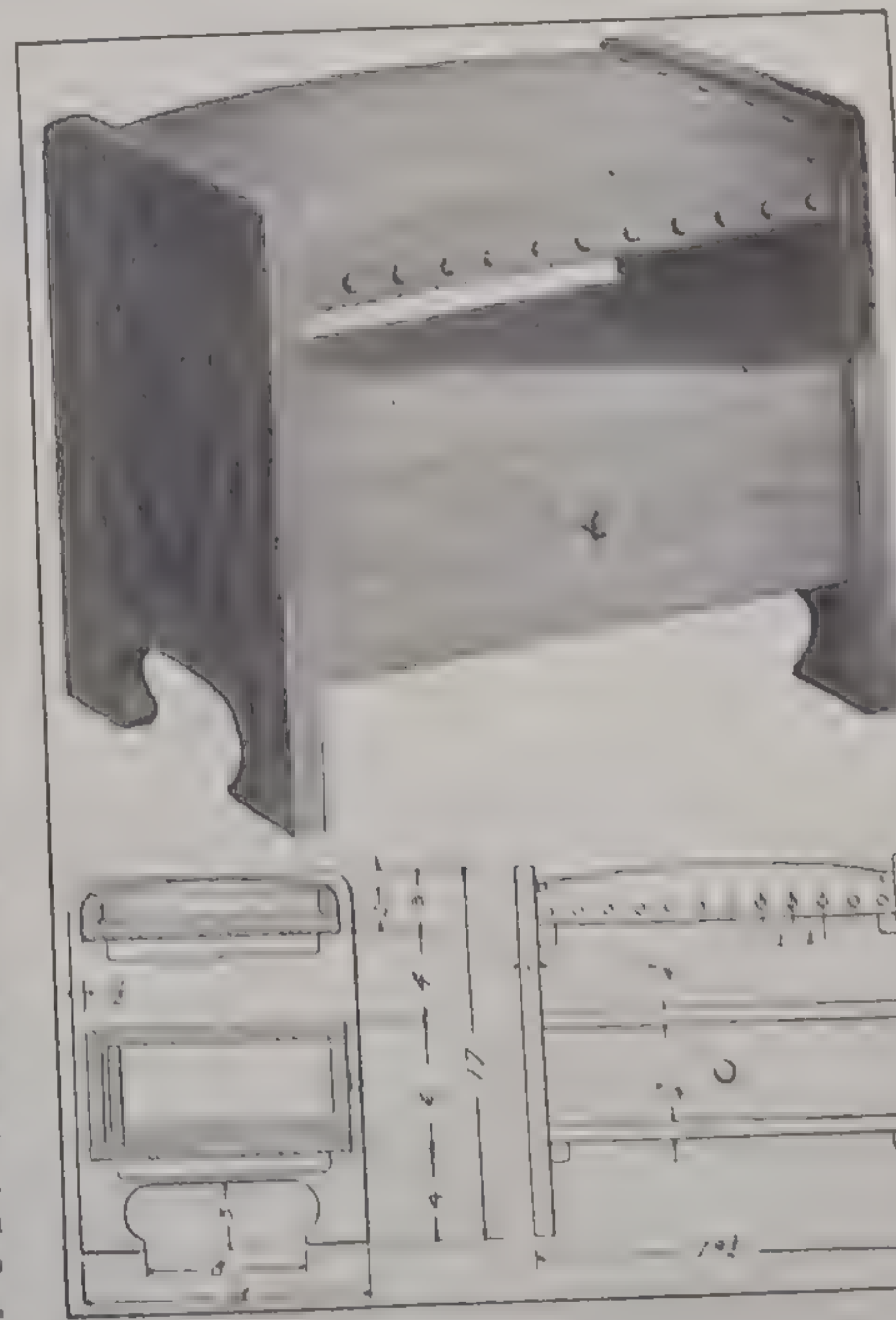
The four corner pieces should first be cut to length, and smoothly finished on top, with the corners slightly rounded. Two narrow grooves should be planed in each of these to receive the edges of the four thin side boards. These side boards should, if possible, be of hard wood, and in working out to the proper form with the small scroll-saw, proceed carefully, as the thin edge will splinter very easily. The lines are very simple, and to be fully brought out all edges should be sharp and square. Fit the whole together, and then, for the bottom, prepare a square board with the corners notched out so as to fit around the inner corners of the four verticals. Set up with glue, supplementing it with a few small wire nails so disposed as to be invisible. A rather pleasing effect may be had by lining the inside, from a point about three or four inches below the top, with some colored material.

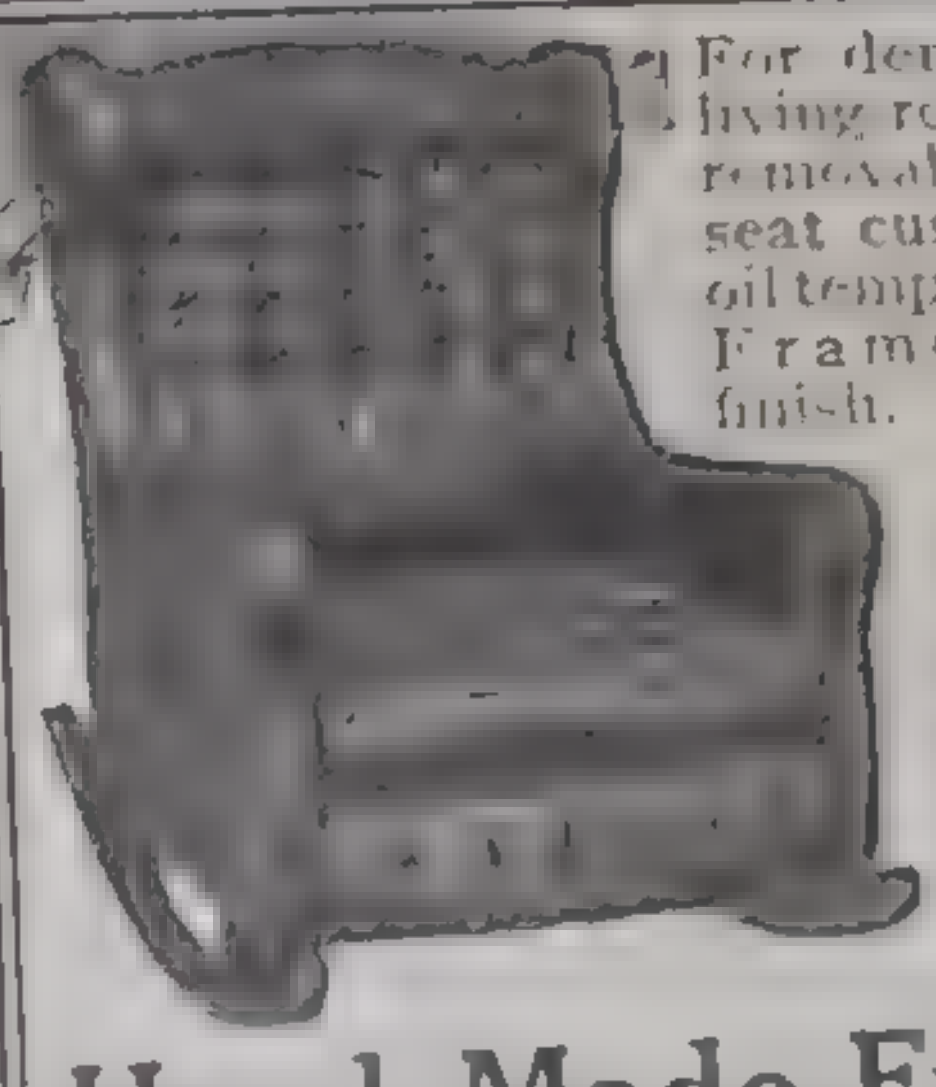
Foot Stool

Pcs.	Dimensions
2	1 · 14½ · 18
1	1 · 13½ · 18
2	¾ · 13½ · 18
2	¾ · 5 · 18
1	½ · 12 · 18
2	½ · 5 · 13
2	1 · 1 · 18

FOR use among the sterner sex the old-fashioned low footstool is now almost obsolete. It is useless to combat the man's innate proclivity to elevate his feet or to question the necessity of such a posture for comfort. Such is masculine human nature; and in this regard it is usually indulged in at the expense of such articles as chairs and tables. This is sufficient reason for offering the present design, which not only answers all the demands of comfort, but makes good use of the space it occupies. Many uses will suggest themselves to which the small drawer may be appropriately put, and the shelf will be found convenient for temporarily holding a book or magazine or a bit of sewing.

Commence the construction with the two end boards, taking due care to thoroughly finish the end wood on top, after which the feet should be worked out. The three cross boards are of the same width and length, and should now be trimmed up true and square. Four one-inch strips are now to be gotten out and fastened to the inner surfaces of the end boards. To these strips the top and bottom boards are then fastened by means of glue and screws. The middle, or shelf, board is next to be fitted in place and secured by glue and nails set in at an angle from underneath. The back of the drawer space may now be closed by closely fitting in a board. To form a sort of a pocket for the upholstering material, fasten two strips to the top board as shown in the sectional view, and then nail a half-inch strip to the inside of each end board so that the covering can be nailed in place at the ends. After placing a uniform layer of upholstering material in place, cover it tightly with a piece of cotton, which should be brought clear around the edges and nailed underneath. The final covering of real or imitation leather need not be attached until after staining. The making of the drawer is a very simple matter, but should there be any doubt on this point an inspection of a set of drawers will make the matter clear. A small wooden or brass knob may be used on the drawer, but choose a style that does not project too far.

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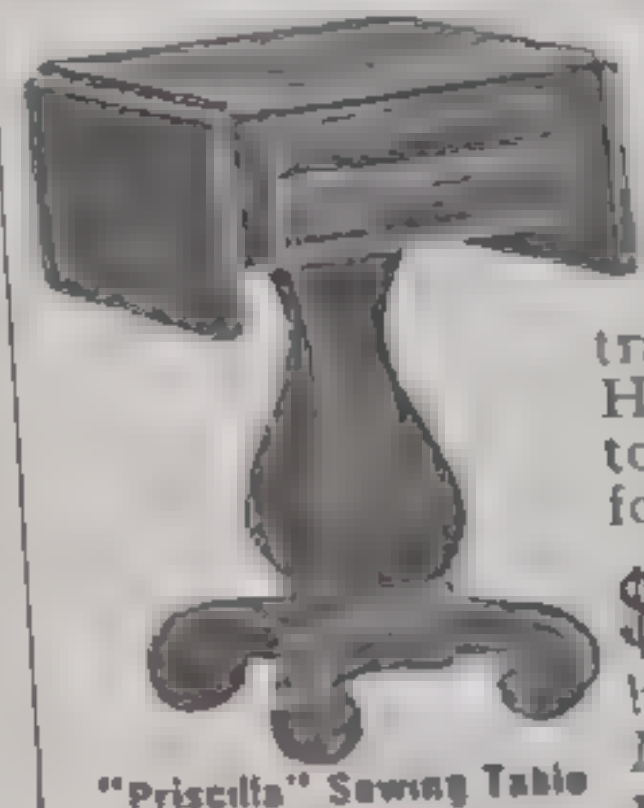
"Priscilla" Sewing Table

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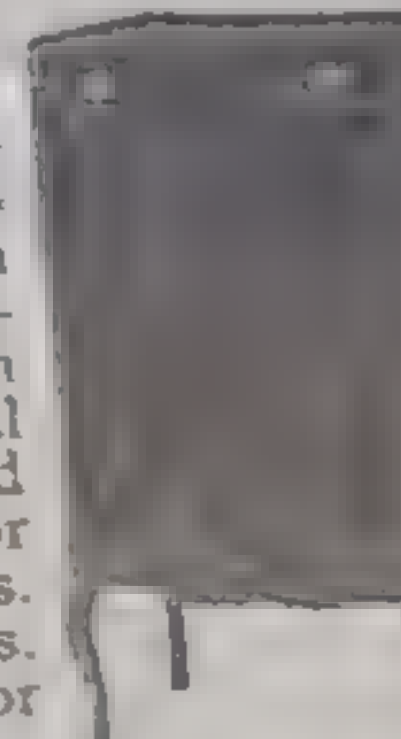
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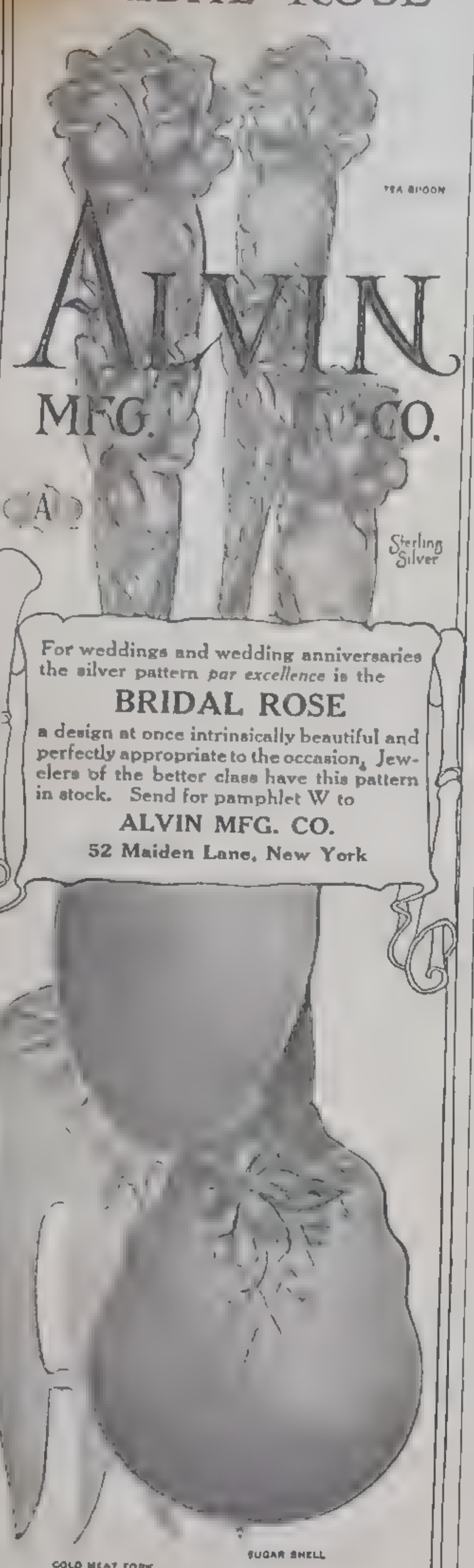

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A blotter, the upper side made of a picture post-card of yourself.

A pair of gloves.

Coin-purse of Japanese leather.

Bodkin-case with three bodkins.

A pair of fine lisle or silk stockings.

Windsor tie for a little boy.

A length of ribbon belting.

A home-made booklet of a dozen reliable chafing-dish recipes.

A favorite poem made into a booklet.

A package of Japanese magic flowers for a child.

An envelope of lavender linen filled with dried lavender flowers to perfume household linen.

Glove sachets made this way: Cover two small square flat sachets with Dresden silk, and sew them at each end of an eight-inch length of baby ribbon, covering the stitches with a tiny rosette. A sachet slips into each glove, and they are always together, ready for use.

And last, but not least, a Christmas letter, full of good cheer to some one who is lonely or ill or discouraged.

A NOVEL PLAN TO DISTRIBUTE GIFTS

By Carrie D. McComber

FOR a family party of grown-ups, where Christmas surprises were threatening exhaustion, an original Goose Witch yarn was trumped up by a staid mother and aunt. To the surprise of the family, the mother and aunt were not represented by gifts to any one when the presents were distributed by the host before dinner, although they showed the usual appreciation of the numerous tokens which they themselves received.

When the nuts and fruit course wound up the dinner, however, the mother said, "Your aunt and I have a very strange and uncomfortable circumstance to tell you. We are not so neglectful of you as our present attitude would indicate. We had provided more than the usual number of gifts and unusually beautiful and costly ones, and everybody was remembered. But while you were all out yesterday, we went up-stairs and brought them down to admire, and just as we had made a big heap of them" (indicating impressively with her hand a pile four or five feet high) "on the floor at the foot of the stairs, a great gust of wind blew in the front door and the queerest Goose Witch came in. She wore a bright red cape, bottle-green knickerbockers, a little toque with a dotted veil over her sharp beak and bright eyes, and, strangest of all, carried an umbrella and wore rubbers, although the sun was shining bright.

"With one swoop she sprang at the mound of presents, caught them all in her big claws, and flew away with them up the stairs. We were so startled and breathless that we fell back against the wall, and by the time that we had partially recovered, she was back again, empty-clawed, but for this little bunch of notes. As she blustered out of the door she told us to tell you that unless you obeyed to the letter the instructions which she had left in these notes, the presents would all go up in smoke, as they were protected by a magic cloud. The notes she directed to be delivered in the parlor after dinner."

As the story progressed, the mother and aunt joined in its narration, interrupting each other frequently to add details which the other had not thought of. It was told in a very excited manner. Into the tale were interspersed little touches, like the small toque, dotted veil, umbrella and rubbers, which hit on the eccentricities of the various persons at the table, and as these were detailed, the person being guyed was looked directly at and the interpolation of "She was such a goose" followed.

When the notes were given out, the family repaired to the parlor, and when they were opened, each was found to contain direction for some feat for the recipient, some antic for which he or she was especially unsuited. The one who had a "Quaker foot" was required to dance all around the parlor; the man without a voice had to sing "America" from beginning to end; the woman who always carried an umbrella hopped across the room on one foot with an umbrella under her arm; one of the party recited in a high, strident voice the only poem she could think of; another stood on a chair and cackled like a hen. As these capers all went on at the same time, the room had the sound and appearance of a "lunatic asylum on a spree," as one of the crowd put it. When this part of the program was over, the hunt for presents began. Each note told the first place in which the recipient was to look. This place often held another note, which sent him or her on to a remote spot. By the time the presents were all in hand, the usual sobering effects of a long and elaborate dinner were well worn off.

FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER-TABLE

By L. B. Johnson

IN THE center of the table set up a small tree, three feet or a little higher; dress it with silver tinsel, silver and red balls and red and white candles. Old-fashioned red and white candy toys can also be hung by red ribbons and later distributed with joking speeches to the guests for whom they have been chosen—such as pipes, pistols, spades for the men, scissors for the clever sewer, irons, tubs, brooms for the busy housekeepers, a harp for the musician, etc. All these forms can be bought at any candy-makers' establishment.

At holiday-time the candy-makers often use, for window decoration, long sticks of clear candy of various colors, and an accommodating manager will willingly color a number to order, although they are not, as a rule, made for sale. Those I used were eighteen inches long, one quarter of an inch thick, of clear twisted candy colored a bright red and costing twenty cents a pound.

The table was laid for twelve, and at each plate was placed a tripod made of these sticks, tied together near one end with narrow ribbon and in each tripod hung a little stocking, five inches long, some made of red, some of white tarlatan, filled with salted nuts and tiny chocolates.

This may sound like a meager decoration, but try it and see how the red sticks stand out against the white cloth and enhance the glitter of the silver-trimmed tree.

"MRS. SANTA CLAUS RECEIVES"

By Della Van Atta

HAVING presents to distribute among several little children, it was something of a problem to reach them all in good season on Christmas morning, but I finally thought of letting each one come for his own.

I had a light six-foot-square frame of wood put up in a corner of my sitting-room, covered it with cotton sprinkled with mica-dust to resemble snow, and sent out invitations, reading "Mrs. Santa Claus invites you to her Snow House, Christmas Morning, 1908," giving the hour and the location of the house. I did not put my name on the cards, because that would have spoiled part of the fun.

I met each child at the door and introduced Mrs. Santa Claus, who sat inside the Snow House and handed out the presents, which had been previously wrapped and tagged.

The tiny ones were filled with delight, and those who were old enough to see that it was a masquerade entered well into the spirit of the affair. The few "grown-ups" who were invited were not less pleased than the children.

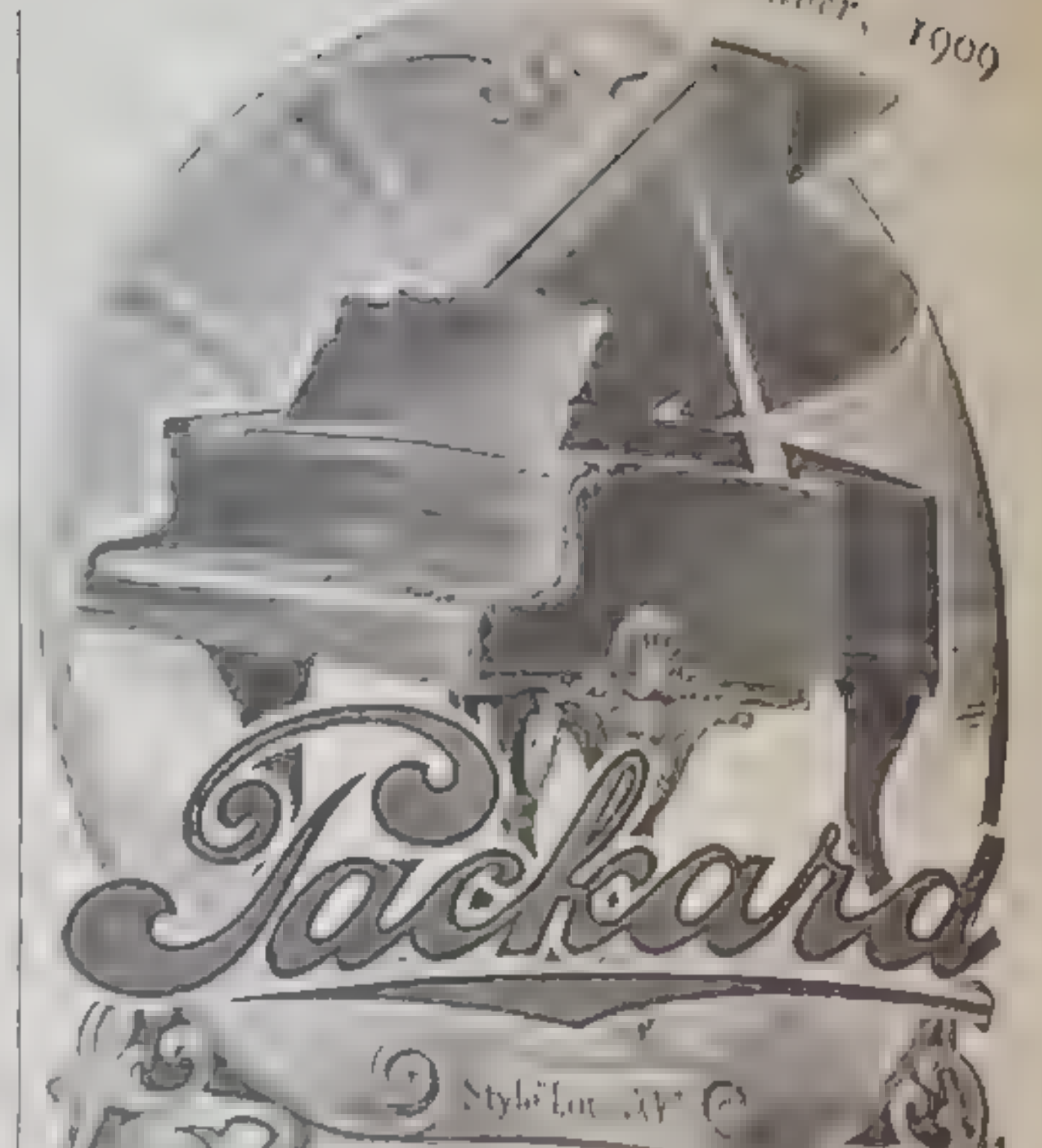
Mrs. Santa Claus was a charming young lady, dressed in a long fur coat, a mask and a snow hat, and her greetings to the children and stories of her year's work dressing dolls made them think her very real.

The whole thing was not at all expensive, the house being covered with sheets having cotton basted on and Mrs. Santa Claus' costume a fur-lined overcoat borrowed and turned wrong side out, and a flat hat covered with cotton and tied under the chin to look like a poke-bonnet. A man or boy in a family who is convenient with tools could put up the booth, which I had to pay a carpenter seventy cents for, and in the absence of a fur coat for Mrs. Santa Claus, a fluffy white blanket could be made effective, draped over the shoulders in domino form to simulate a snow dress.

SAGE-BRUSH CHRISTMAS DECORATION

By Mrs. E. L. Crooks

WE WHO live on the semi-arid prairies of the great Northwest have no evergreens with which to decorate our churches for Christmas, but last year we found an original and successful substitute. We gathered the biggest and nicest branches of the sage-brush and cleaned them thoroughly, first rinsing in tubs of warm soapsuds, then letting them drain and dry. We then dipped them in kettles of warm dye, the right shade of green, and when they had dried they looked quite festive and Christmasy. Wreaths, lettering and festoons were made and the whole church was thus decorated. We gathered dried wild flowers and grasses and dyed them scarlet to make the "Christmas colors" when combined with the sage-brush. The finished decorations well repaid us for our effort.



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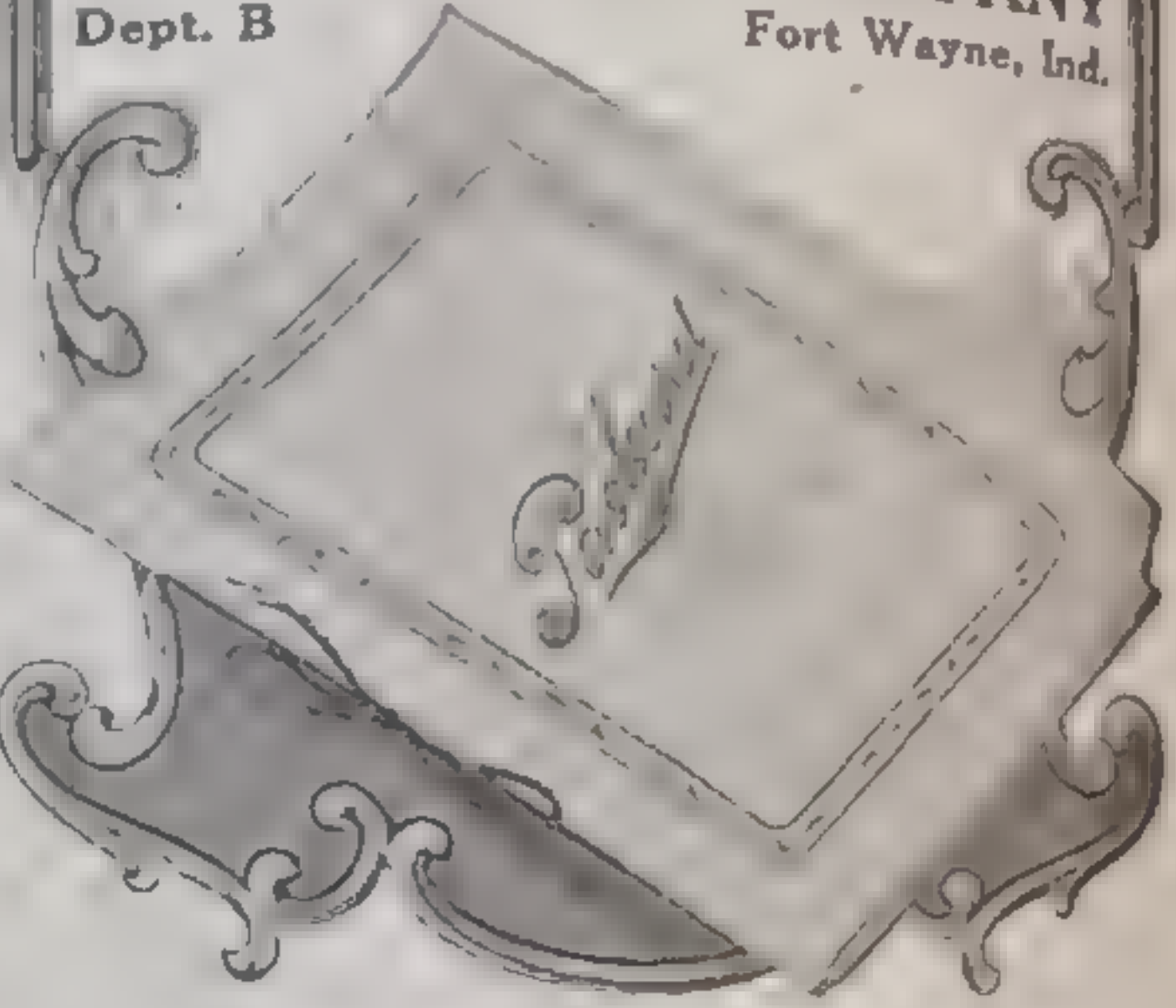
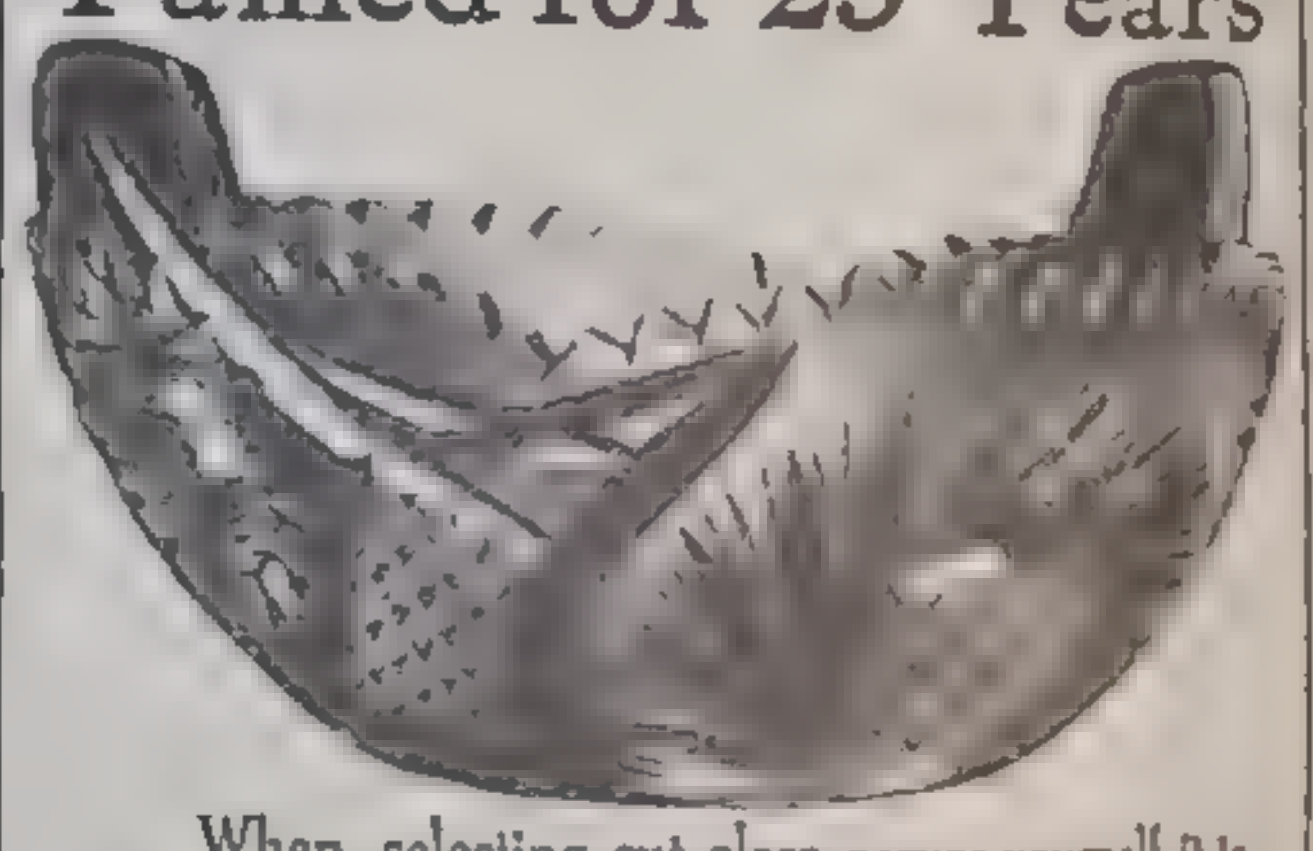


Cut Glass Famed for 25 Years



When selecting cut glass, assure yourself it is stamped "Clark." This guarantees finest quality, design and workmanship. "Clark" cut glass is notable for its perfect, deep cutting, fine color and high polish. For a quarter of a century this glass has been renowned among connoisseurs and dealers.

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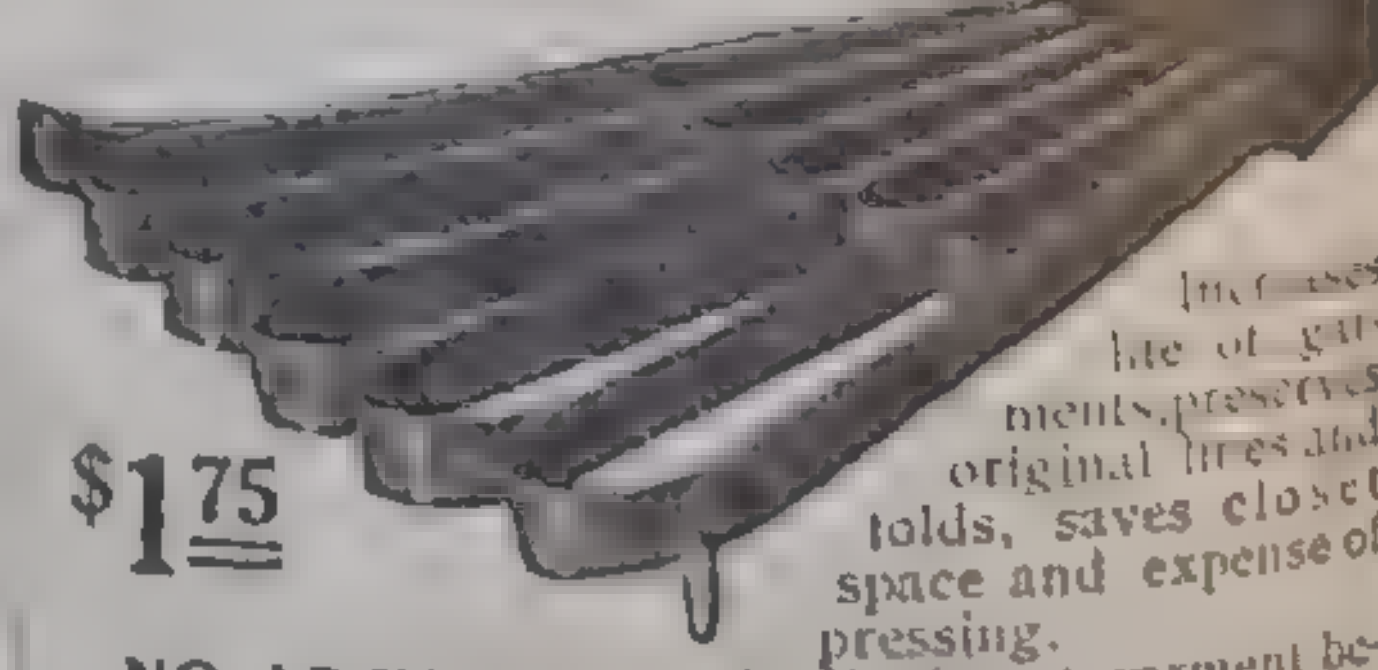

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Increases life of garments, preserves original lines and folds, saves closet space and expense of pressing.

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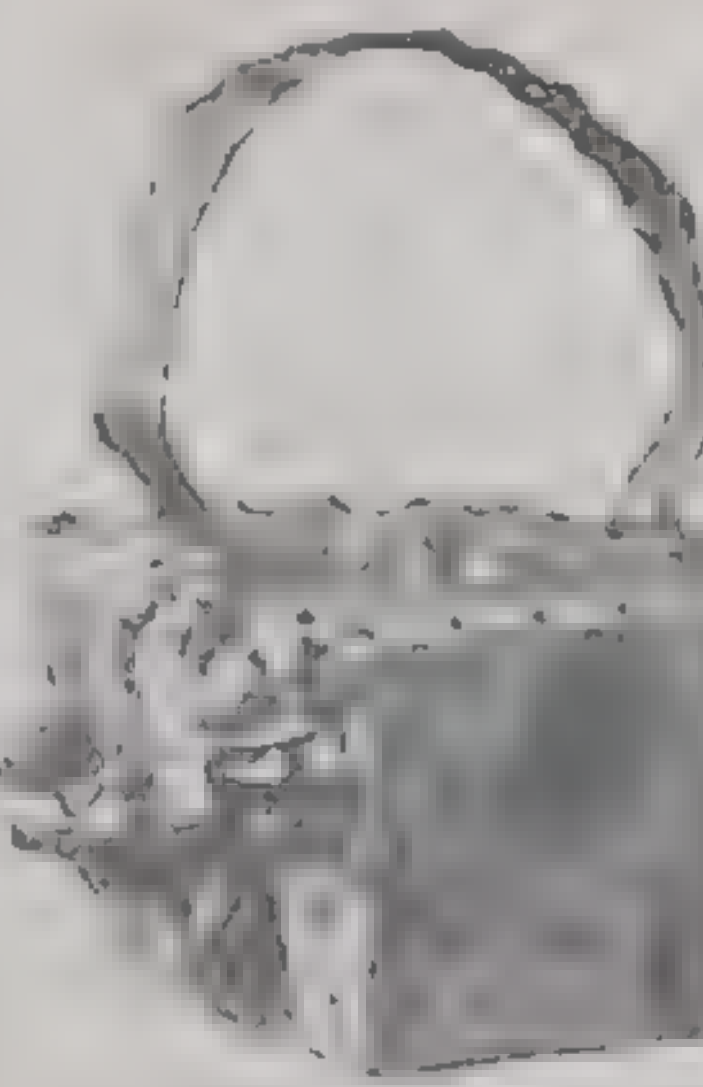
CHRISTMAS PINCUSHIONS

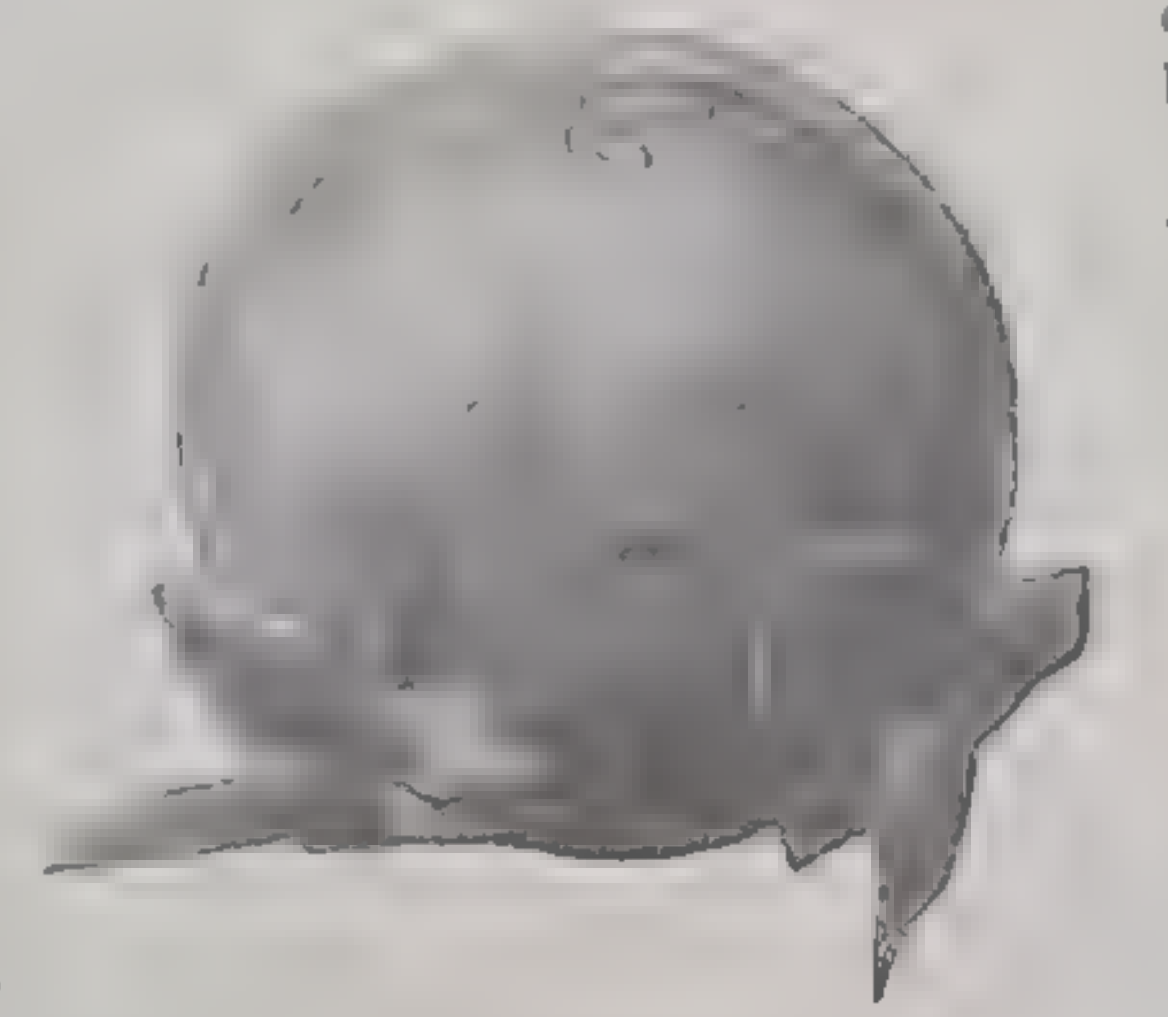
FOR EVERY ONE IN THE FAMILY

THAT any one ever had too many pincushions is impossible to believe. Certainly these odd and quaint cushions here shown would meet with instant favor, even from one who admits to a liking for pin-trays only. Let us make a cushion for every one in the family. For father the cunning rabbit, who will hold his scarf-pins safely; for mother the flower basket; for brother the Brownie; for big sister, who has esthetic tastes, the rose; for little sister Miss Muffet, and for the baby, what but "Little Hunni-Bun." So now to work. For Christmas Day is drawing very near.



A Flower Basket

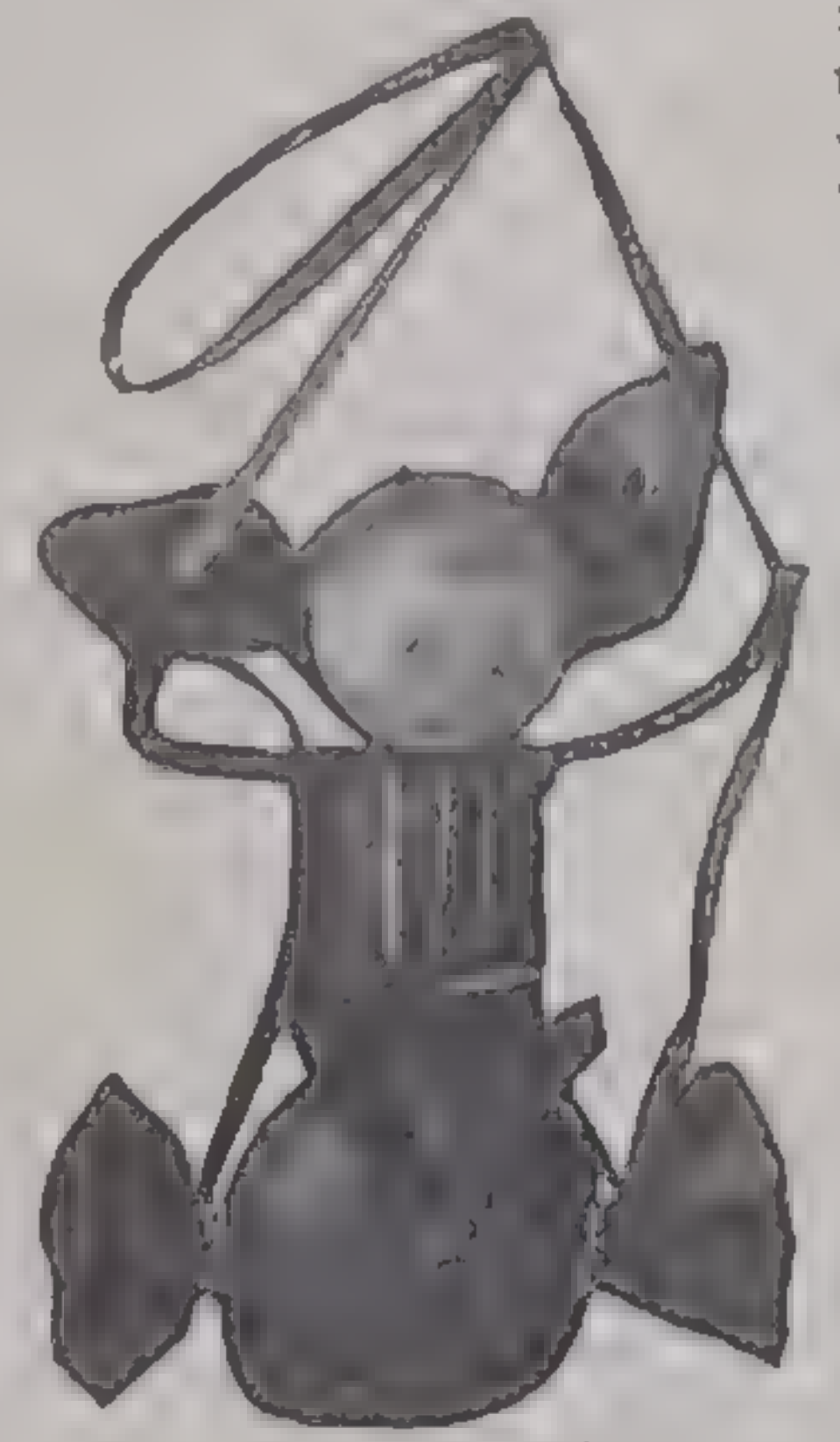
The Flower Basket is made of twenty inches of Dresden ribbon three inches wide, two yards of No. 3 satin ribbon, and a four-inch square of satin ribbon. With Dresden ribbon cover one side of four pieces of cardboard, each three inches high, three and three fourths inches across the top and two and three fourths inches across the bottom. Cover a fifth piece, two and three fourths inches square, for the bottom of the basket. Overhand the bottom and sides together. Fill with hair and close the top with the square of satin overhanded to the sides. Cut a half-yard length of narrow ribbon in half and shirr the two pieces together over a strip of featherbone for the handle. Sew each end to the basket and conceal the stitches under a shower bow of the same ribbon.



"Little Hunni-Bun"

"Little Hunni-Bun" is a round pink cushion stuffed very tight. The face and hair are painted on with water-color paints. A white lace baby cap is fitted over the back and pink ribbon bows are sewed at each side of the face. This is a nice cushion for a baby basket, or for a little girl's work-bag.

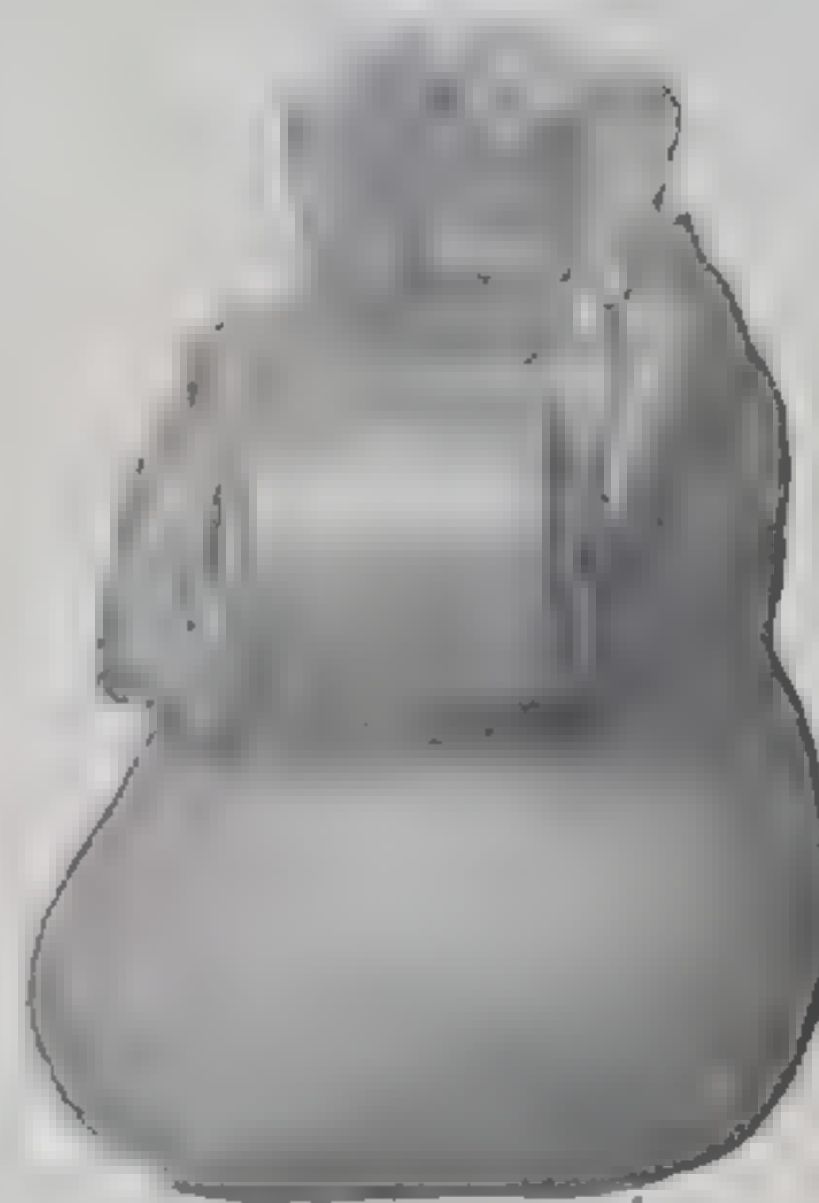
The Brownie has a face made of a ping-pong ball painted with water-color paints. A pointed oval piece of black sateen, five inches long and three wide, is sewed to form ears at each end, then gathered tightly at each side of the head to make the cap. It is then sewed to a small rectangular body of black sateen stuffed with cotton. A five-inch length of milliners' wire wrapped in black ribbon is run through the top of the body to make the arms. The legs are three-inch pieces of the milliners' wire wrapped with black ribbon and bent at knee and ankle. Long red ribbons are sewed on the ends of the arms to hang it up. For the cushion, a fat ball of cotton is covered with a straight piece of red sateen which is an inch and a quarter too long at each side. The red sateen is gathered tightly around the cotton at each side, the extra length making stiff rosettes. The Brownie is now sewed securely to the red cushion.



The Brownie

Miss Muffet is dressed in pink flannel stuffed to the shape of a blunt wide baby shoe. A doll's head with a white bonnet with lace frill and pink ribbons is sewed at the top. Full sleeves of the pink flannel are sewed on each shoulder, and at the wrist a ruffle of lace is sewed.

A spool of pink sewing-silk is held between the sleeves on a bit of milliners' wire which is run through the spool. It would be quite possible to make Miss Muffet in a large size and give her a spool of pink lingerie ribbon to hold.



Miss Muffet

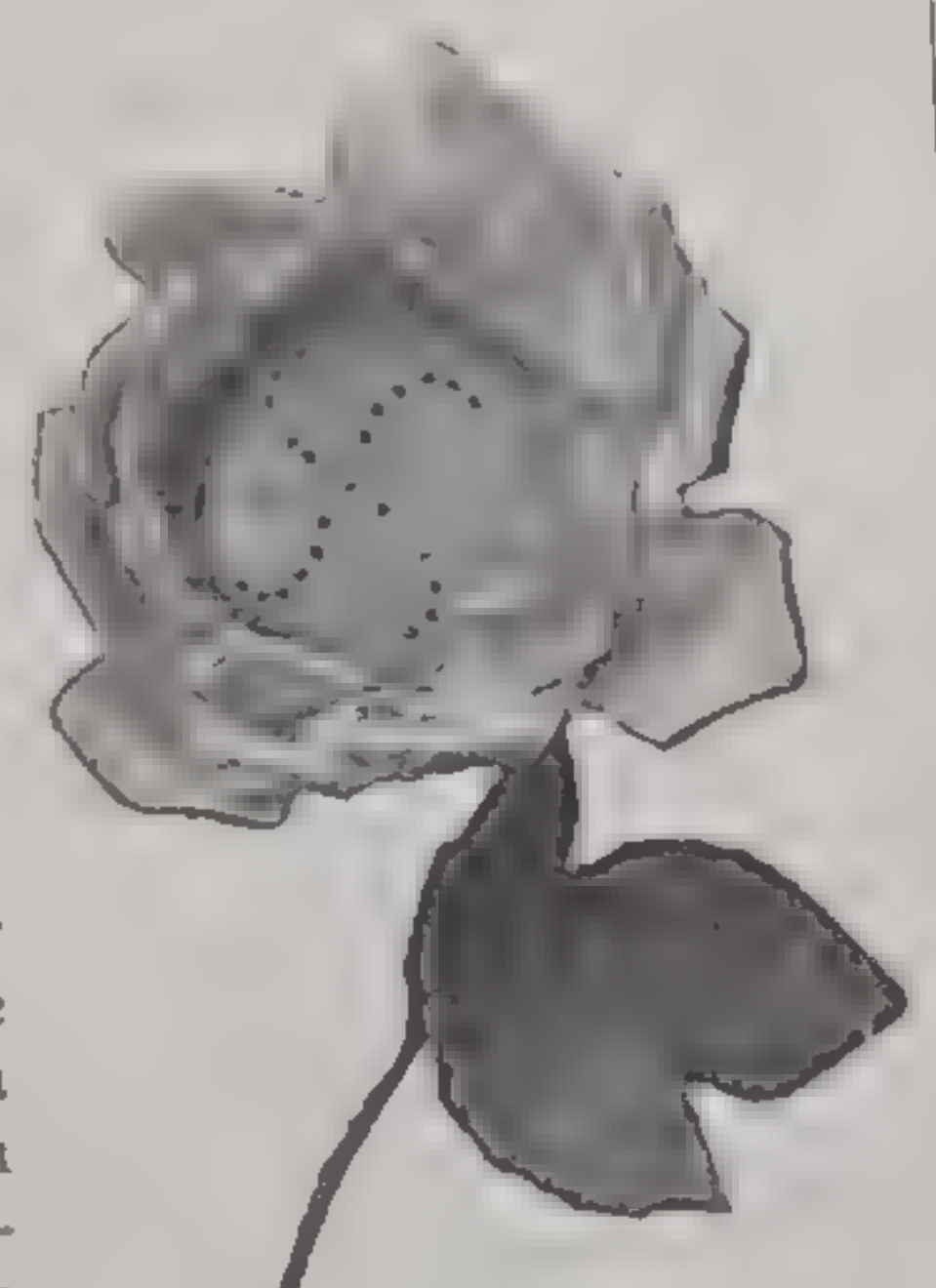
The Rose Pincushion is made of one eighth of a yard of four-and-one-half-inch-wide satin ribbon and two and three fourths yards of No. 12 ribbon to match. Cut the wide ribbon round, stuff it with cotton and gather the edges for the center of the rose. Cut nine pieces of narrow ribbon, each five inches long. Fold each piece double and sew them around the cushion for the first series of petals. Turn back the ends of the folds and tack them down, to give the right shape to the petal. Cut the remaining ribbon in ten parts and sew them in place for the outer series of petals. The ends of the ribbon are hidden under an artificial rose calyx with stem and leaves.

The Cunning Rabbit is made of an oval of heavy soft cream silk about seven and a half by six inches. Slit for an inch at one end and sew up in a rounded point for the nose. Stuff with cotton and fold creases in at each side to indicate the shape of the legs, then overhand to an oval piece of cardboard covered with silk for a base.

The ears are three-inch pieces of stiff paper with silk pasted over them. Feet are round buttons covered with silk. Paint on the spots with gray water-colors, mark the face with ink and paint pink eyes, mouth and ear lining.

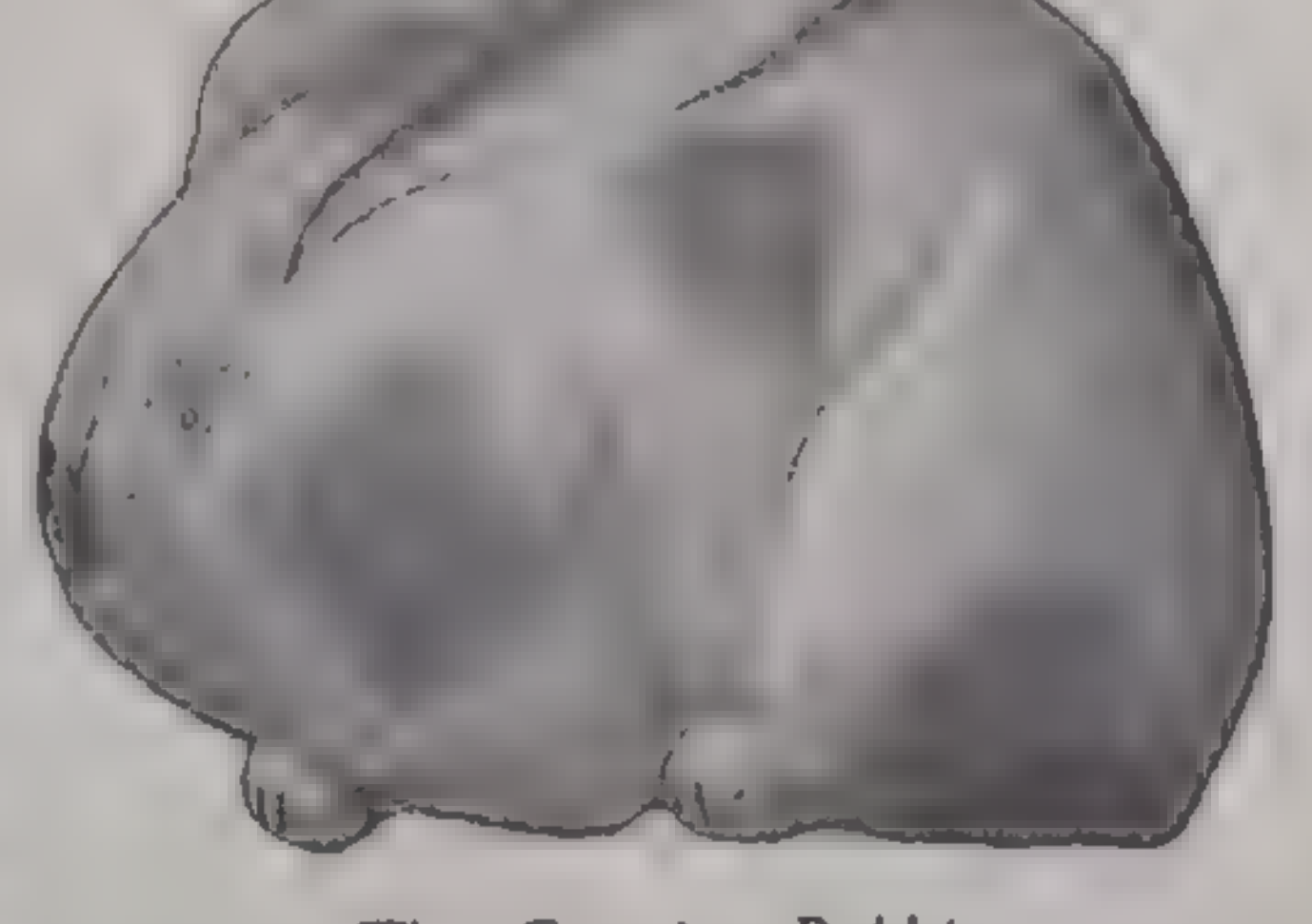
There is no reason why these pincushions may not be made at home by any one who is reasonably clever with her needle and can follow directions. They may be stuffed with hair, cotton or sawdust as preferred.

Please note that patterns of these cushions cannot be supplied. Indeed, patterns are not needed by any one who is at all accustomed to making fancy work, for if there are slight differences from the original designs it is of no consequence, for often a clever worker can make changes in a design which are great improvements on the original. So, in making up these pincushions, change and rearrange where it seems necessary, always keeping in mind the fact that the proportions and measurements must be kept exact.

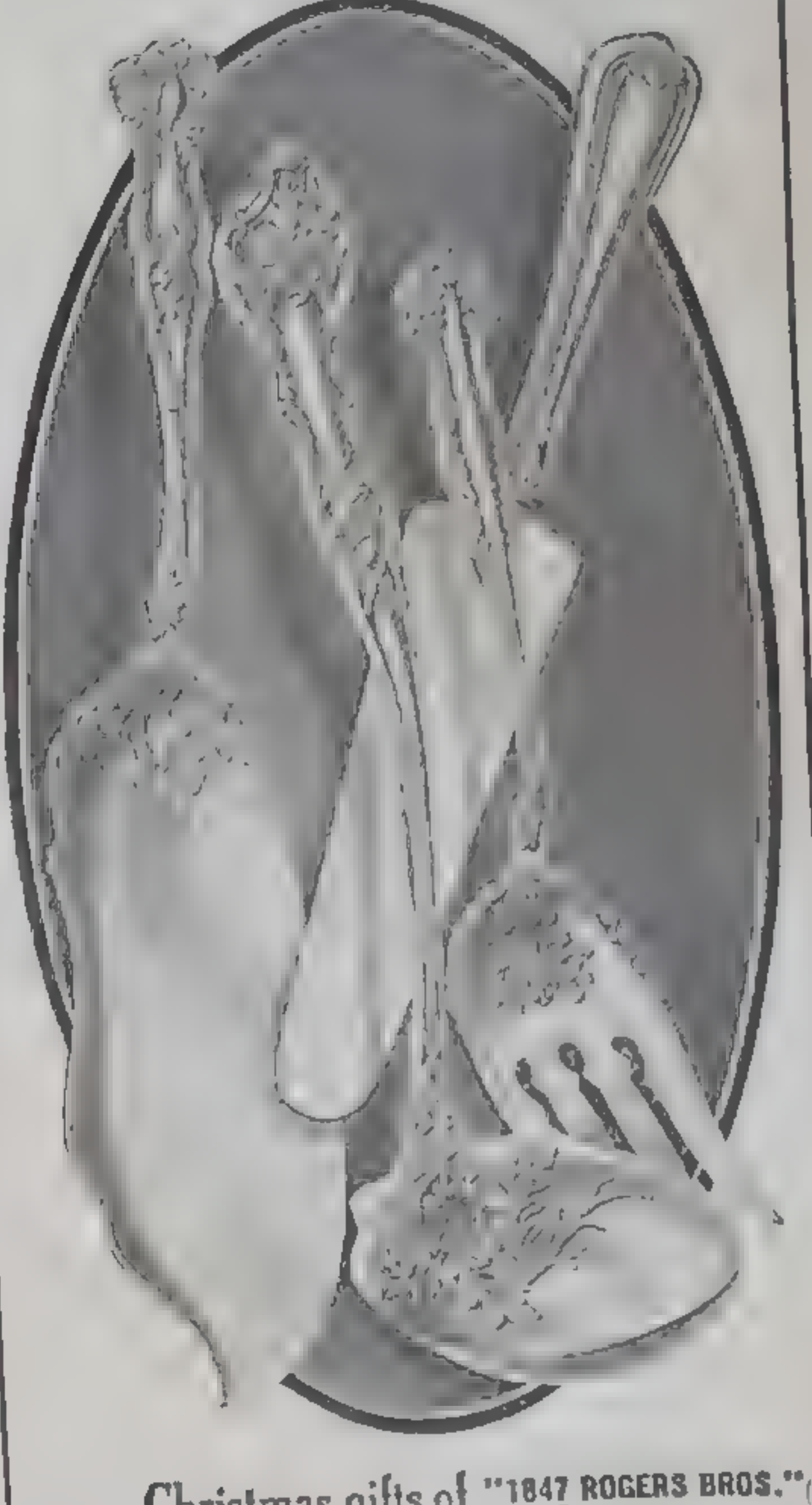


Pink Rose

The shops are showing very expensive imported pincushions which might be duplicated at home by a skilled worker at very little expense. For instance, one sees beautiful heads evidently taken from small bisque and china figures (not doll-heads), with shaped and stuffed bodies, set on a rather high round pincushion with a flat bottom. The completed figure is then dressed in exquisite old-fashioned styles, with wide hoop-skirt effect going over and completely hiding the cushion. These dresses are made of fancy silk, flounced with narrow lace, or with puffings of net with rosettes of ribbon. An elegant little pelisse of satin is thrown around the shoulders, and little silk sleeves beneath gathered into a soft muff effectually hiding the fact that the doll has no hands. An old-fashioned hat or bonnet of diminutive size is sometimes placed on the head, glued firmly.



The Cunning Rabbit



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It reduces the labor about 95%, making it a constant reminder of the giver for ten years or more, and will gratify mother, wife, sister or friend during all this time as no other article at a similar cost possibly can.

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Barrington Hall

The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

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Just how Barrington Hall differs from other coffees is fully explained in our booklet sent free on request. See coupon.

Our own particular methods are used in selecting the raw coffee, in cleaning, blending and roasting it, in steel-cutting it and in taking out the bitter skin that detracts so much from the flavor and wholesomeness of coffee.

Manufacturers heretofore have not thought such care in preparation necessary. Our Coffee is in a class by itself, therefore, and best distinguished as "Baker-ized Coffee."

The Coffee without a regret

In addition to Barrington Hall, which is of medium strength, we now offer a stronger coffee (Valoro Baker-ized) and a milder (Siesta Baker-ized). Both of the same high quality and prepared in the same way as Barrington Hall, but of distinctly different flavor.

For sale in all cities and most towns. Price, any flavor, 35c to 40c per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only.

Special Trial Offer

[illegible] and we will send you, free, enough Barrington Hall to make six cups of delicious coffee. See coupon. If you wish to try all three flavors of Baker-ized Coffee and find out what flavor suits you best, send for a "Find Out" package. It contains over ¼ pound each of Barrington Hall, of Valoro, and of Siesta in separate cans. This trial order, nearly a pound of these splendid coffees delivered at your door for 30c, stamps or coin.

CUT OUT [illegible]

BAKER IMP. CO. [illegible]

[illegible] can of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet. In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

name.

FIVE GIRLS' CHRISTMAS

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

This is the story of how the five of us successfully solved that vexatious p[illegible] [illegible] and forty friends on [illegible] dollars and ninety-five cents at Yuletide.

We solved it by associating ourselves into a Christmas Club with a golden rule: "Give unto the friend that which she would give unto herself, if her shekels equ[illegible]

This rule [illegible] mands that [illegible] artistic Amy [illegible] ers and delec[illegible] Helen [illegible] always give her money, and then she [illegible] to pay it out to the gas man or the cook. Mary's ambition is to make as many gifts with her fingers as possible, and so leave a margin for one real extravagance. Elizabeth would give something related to both giver and givée, if her wits can manage it. For instance, she accuses Helen of having given her husband an embroidered centerpiece and library-table that came with the soap, to say nothing of the black crêpe de chine gown she is planning to thrust upon him this Christmas!

Ten Dollars and Some Planning

We limit ourselves to ten dollars each, and as much planning and talking as the law allows. We begin planning for one Christmas directly the old tree is dragged out by gathering up the freshest ribbons and boxes. We purchase from our favorite department-store a roll of dull green wrapping-paper and a ball of cord of the same shade. Our packages are a joy to our eyes and to those of our friends we hope. We keep a Christmas Book, full of lists of friends and gifts of other years, of things given and things received, of wishes we have heard expressed, of our own and other people's ideas. Each of us has a list of from twenty-five to fifty givées, and each of us manages to keep within the ten-dollar limit.

This Christmas finds us prepared somewhat as follows:

Ellen's collection is distinctly oriental. There are flower-holders, little turtles of heavy metal, in a greenish-copper finish, their backs full of holes for flower-stems. One of these in a bowl of dull copper or [illegible] holding in the little holes is a joy to the girl who is interested in Japanese flower arrangement. Two years ago these flower-holders were to be found only in the most expensive shops, at several dollars each, but now they may be had at twenty cents each. Japanese toweling is another find of Ellen's. This toweling is about twelve inches wide, and comes in lengths of three feet. Each length is stenciled in some Japanese design, wistaria, iris or bamboo, perhaps. The artist buys them in lengths of two, double-hemstitches the ends, and the result is a long, dull blue scarf with a trailing design of wistaria, which will glorify some old mahogany sideboard or chest of drawers. The cost of the two lengths is thirty cents.

From the Oriental Shops

Japanese salad-bowls, nested, in sets of three, of a dull tan glazed ware decorated with white and black cherry-blossoms, are forty cents the set. Ellen uses the largest bowl for the lettuce, the medium bowl for the nuts or celery or whatnot, and the smallest bowl for the mayonnaise. Crystal candlesticks are twenty-five cents for a very good design. English gathering baskets for the friend in the country are fifty cents. There is a little five-cent package of Russian tea, [illegible] five cents, and a small p[illegible] same price.

Good Things to Eat for Gifts

Amy inclines to the delectable, and her thought is [illegible] of Turkish [illegible] around." She also [illegible] hatpins with heads of carved ivory or coral beads. She has any number of dull green jardinières, good imitations of a wonderful pottery, which came from the ten-cent store, and which are now filled with woodsy joy—wild vines and partridge-berry and ivy, and even red geraniums, which have been carefully nursed since summer in a window-box. She has two scarfs of white crêpe de chine for two dear old grandmothers, who surely deserve extravagance.

Mary has prepared for a hand-work Christmas a wonderful collection which leaves two whole dollars for tickets to a musical afternoon. These go to the seamstress and her poor little hunchback sister. Mary's collection of collars and ties and jabots is a cloud of daintiness—handkerchiefs chopped into collars, handkerchiefs plaited into jabots, and even into tie-ends and cuffs. Some of these handkerchiefs cost only fifteen cents, and none of them more than twenty-five. There are several pairs of plain black hose of good lisle, with a monogram embroidered at the top in dull blue cotton. There are blue and white checked linen dish-towels, with hemstitched ends and monograms in little squares. These will go to still-bridey married [illegible] who [illegible] their kitchens.

Helen and Elizabeth have such miscellaneous collections it is hard to enumerate. Their extravagances include two subscriptions to the dollar magazines and two long, pink gingham studio aprons costing about seventy cents each. There are little carved squares of sandalwood for [illegible] at twenty-five cents. There are a dozen waist-hangers, bought two for five cents, then padded with cotton and covered with a light blue linen instead of the much-used ribbons. There never was a girl who had enough of these! There is a New York department-store which makes a specialty of a pound of excellent paper and a hundred envelopes for fifty cents, and we always buy a lot of this for our friends "back home." There are mannish gifts of all sorts, bags and bags and bags. Laundry-bags, button-bags and collar-bags. The button-bags are filled with all sorts of buttons, and have big-eyed needles threaded with black and white thread. The collar-bags are of tan linen with monograms of blue, and detachable linings of blue linen. For some of our little sisters there are sets of doll patterns just the right size for their favorite dolls, together with a lot of doll scraps carefully saved all the year round. A full set of doll patterns may be purchased for ten cents, and will prove an inspiration for the little girl who loves dolls.

Of course, we use each others' ideas, and the result is a collection of about two hundred gifts, not one of which is tinselly or which will come unglued. There isn't one among them that hasn't an element of the useful and beautiful. Surely our friends will rise up and call us blessed!

CINCINNATI—A HAPPY CITY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21]

[illegible]

ANTIQUE PEWTER for CHRISTMAS

The craze for Pewter continues. It is fascinating for home decoration and unsurpassed as a Christmas or Wedding Gift. Inexpensive. Booklet 32-W shows pictures and prices. Sent free

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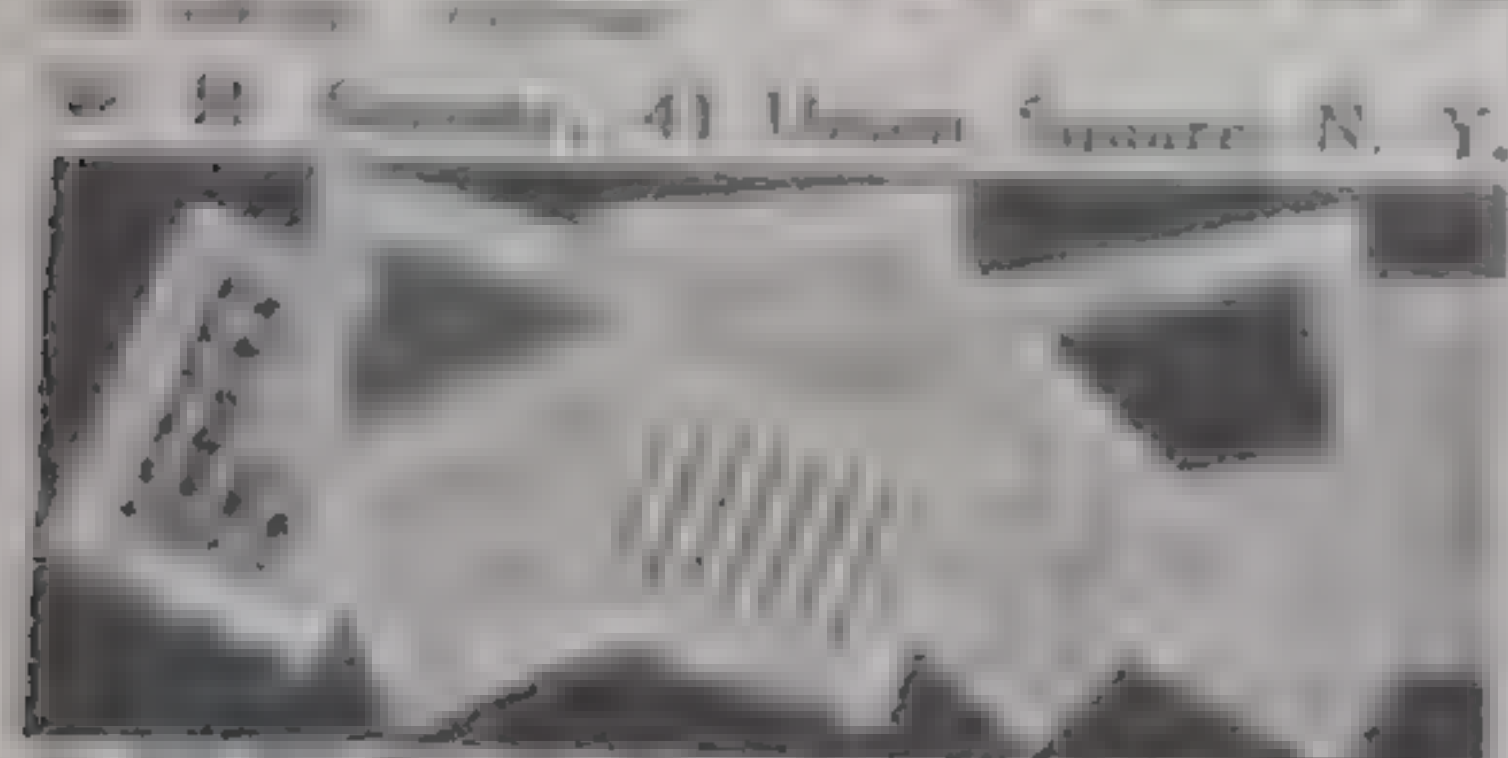

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100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS 7.00

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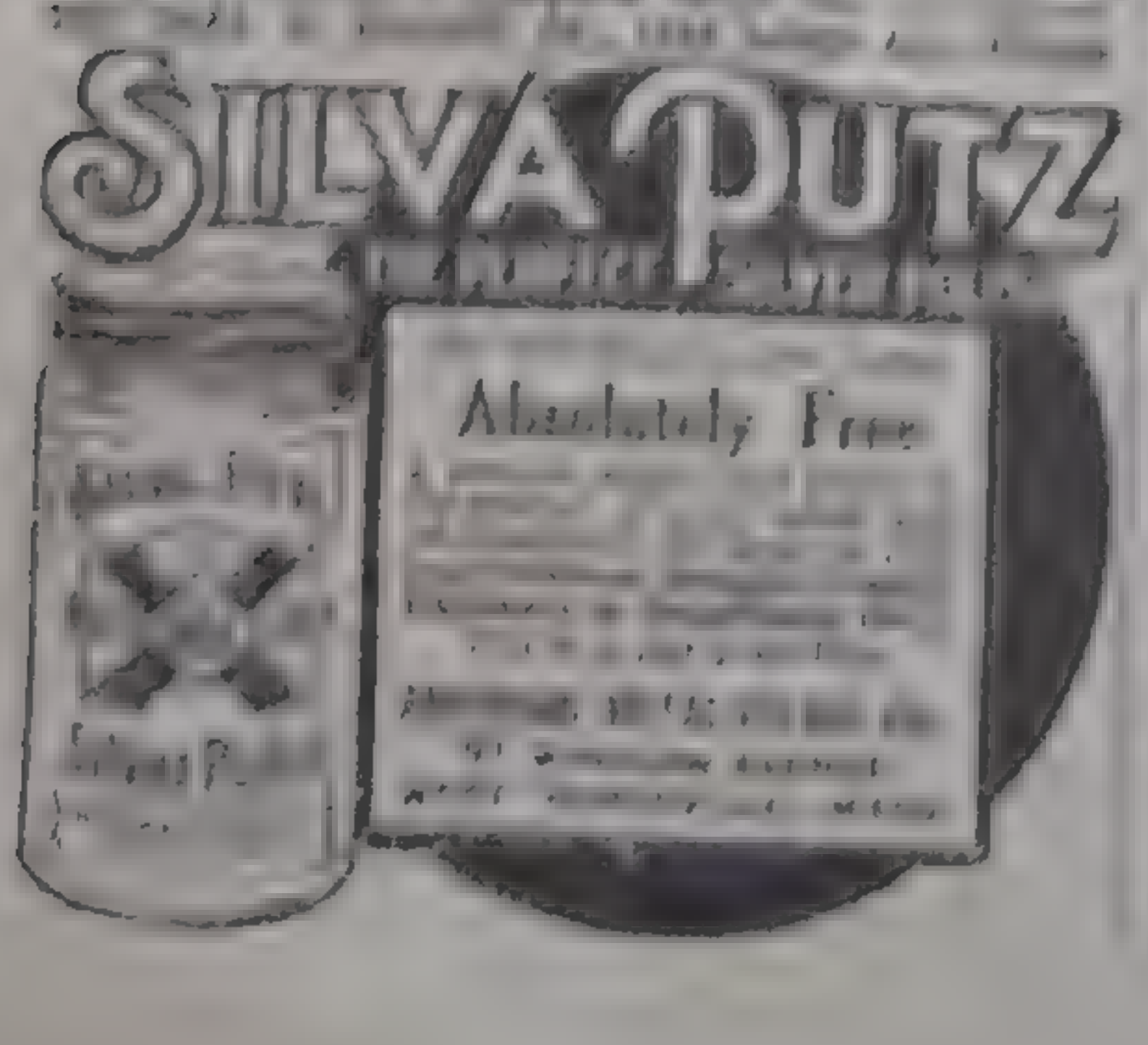
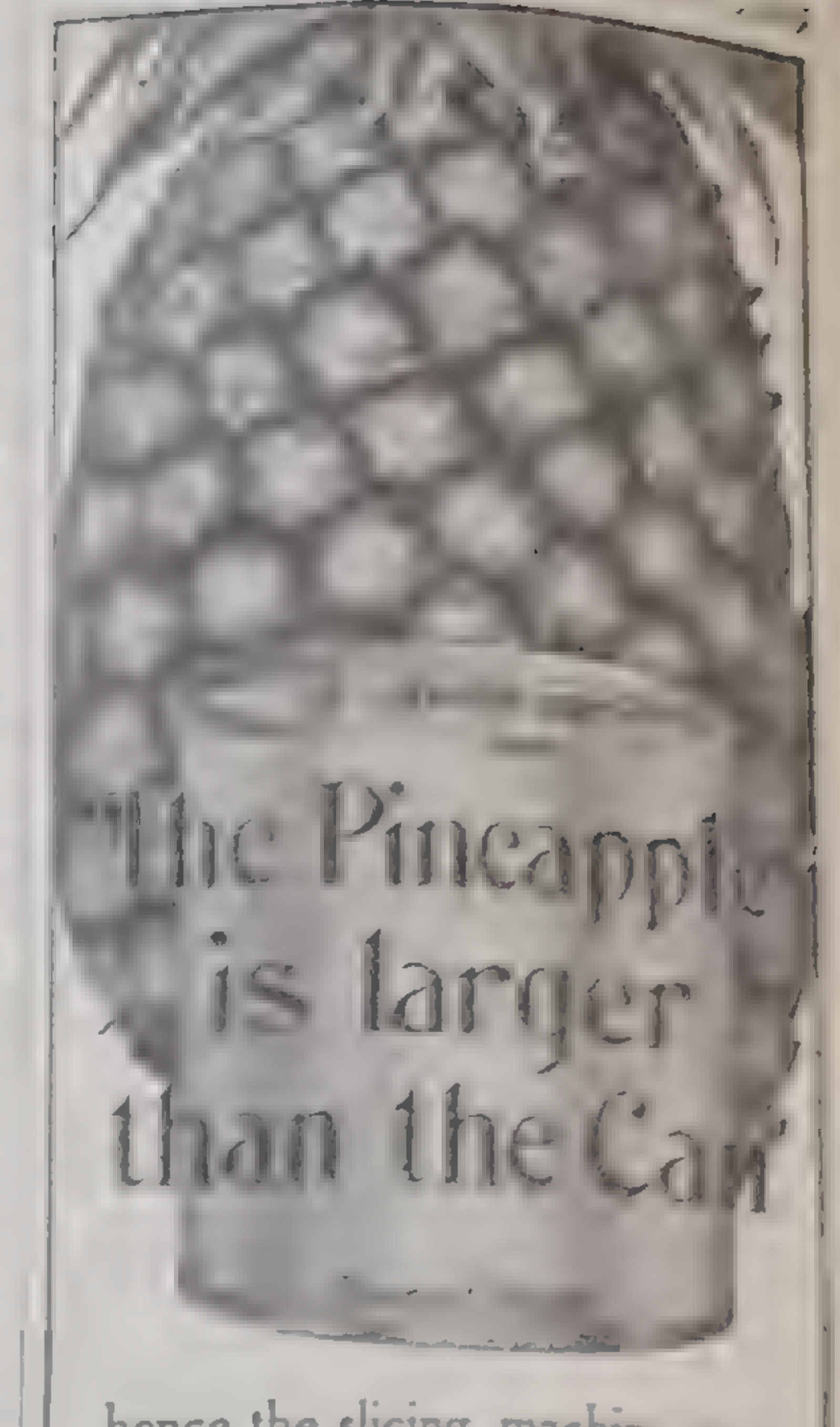


Absolutely Free

[illegible]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hence the slicing machine must miss some of the best of the fruit in making regular sized slices. The delicious remainder is just as good as the Sliced and is canned as

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It is only the user's interests, however, that you have to consider.

See that my name, Macbeth, is on the lamp-chimneys you buy, and they won't break from heat.

One quality; to get the correct size and shape for any burner, have my lamp book. Free. Address

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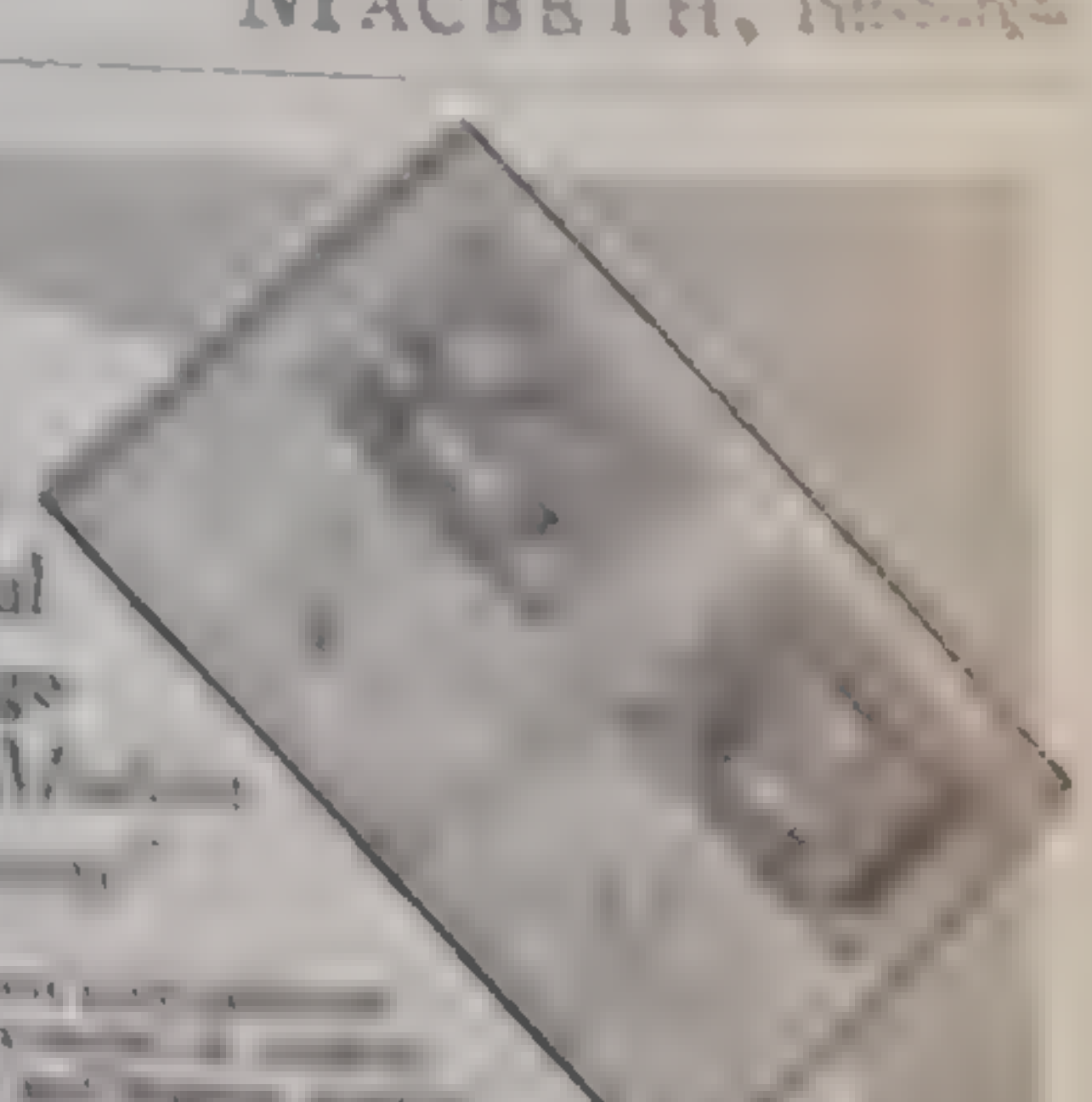
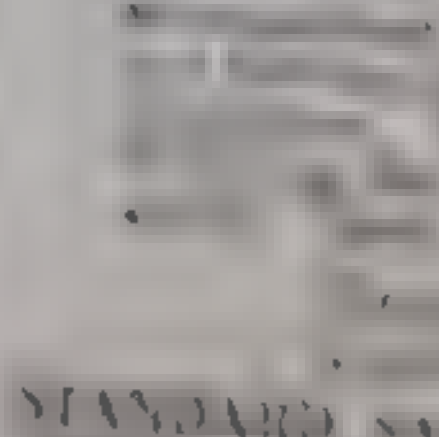


Send for this beautiful 100-page Book "Modern Bathrooms"

[illegible]

STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO., Dept. 41 Pittsburgh, Pa.

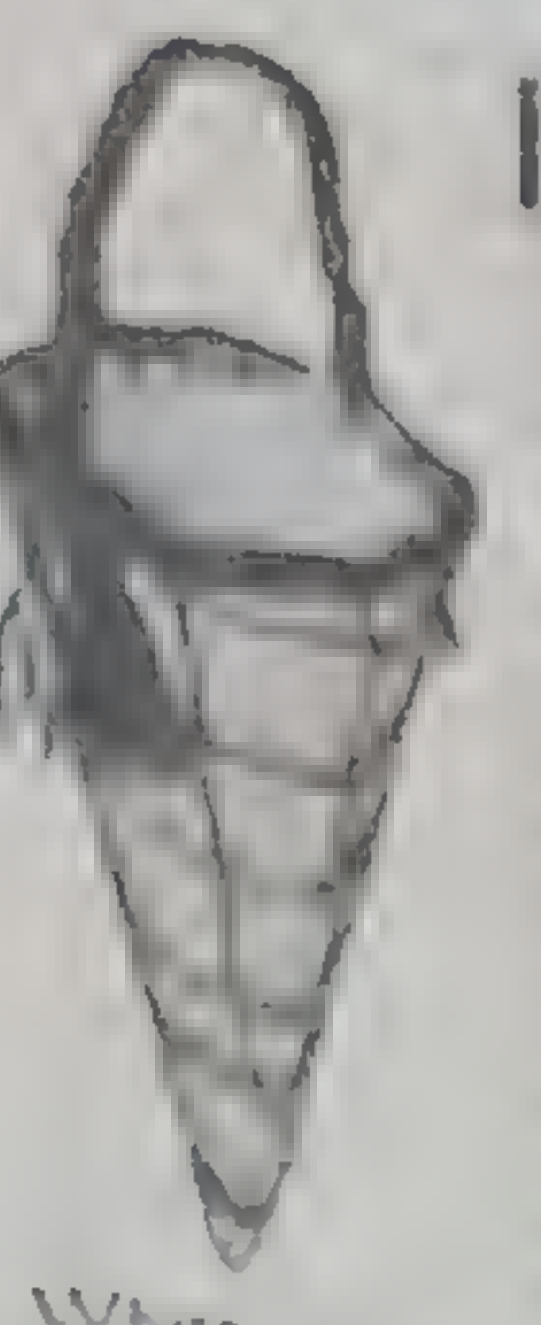


300% PROFIT MADE

[illegible]

WRAPPINGS FOR GIFTS

DESIGNED BY MARTHA COLB SANFORD



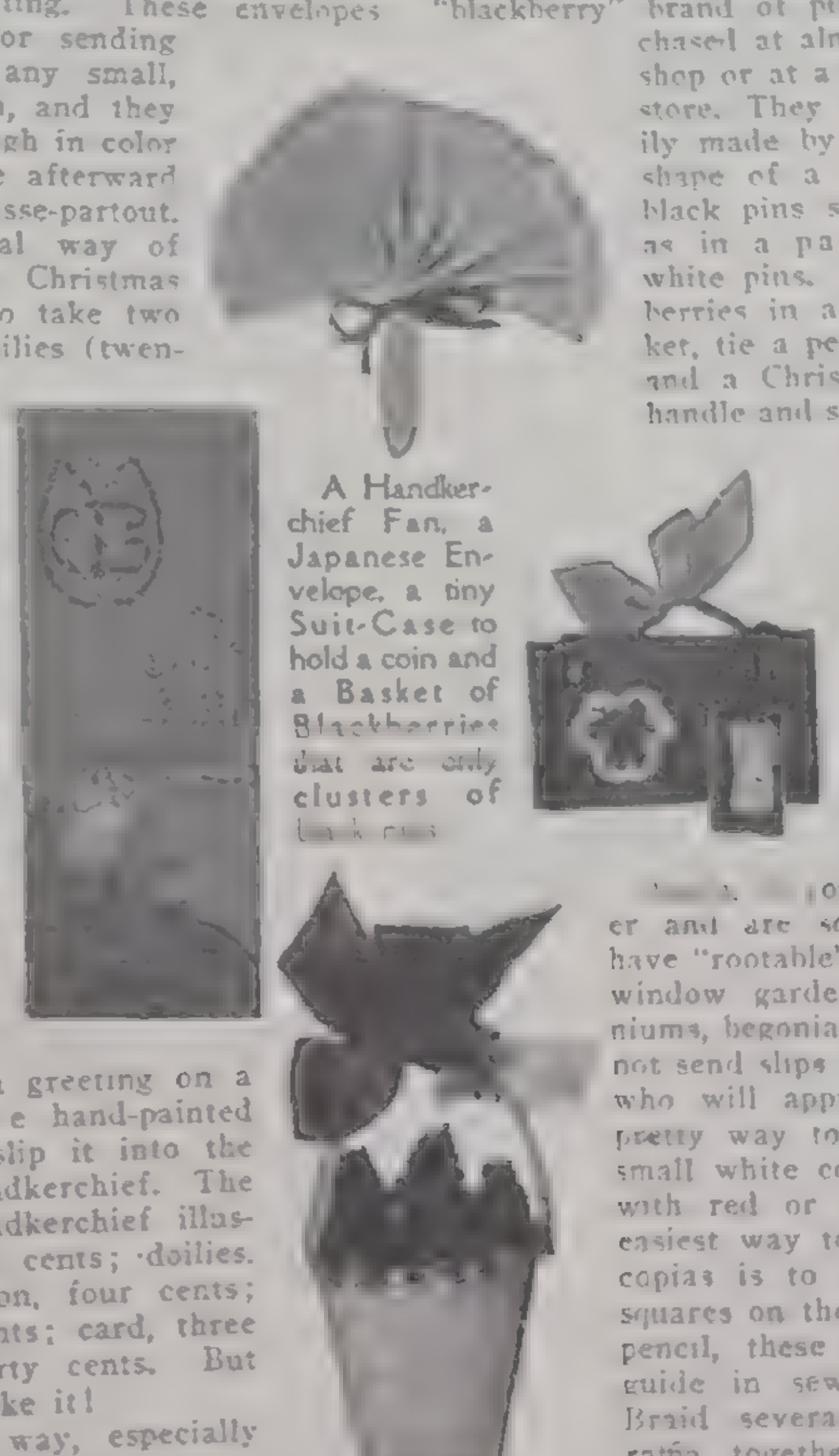
White paper and knotted green raffia

It's not so much the gift as the [illegible] behind it—a trite enough [illegible], but one which, in the hurry of the holiday season, is too often forgotten. It's a pity, because such a little thought goes such a long way toward making others happy—a touch of originality, and the most ordinary Christmas gift is transformed into something novel and attractive.

A pound of candy, for instance, is what might be called a commonplace present, but if it is a pound of home-made candy, sent in a bright red box tied with narrow white ribbon and labeled "A brick from Santa Claus' chimney," it becomes a really unique affair and is twice as much appreciated.

And how frequently a handkerchief seems too ordinary an offering, because so lacking in originality. But it can be made original with very little trouble. In the first place, embroider, or have embroidered, in one corner the monogram or initials of the one for whom the handkerchief is intended. Then, instead of sending it in the regulation holly-covered box in which it came from the shop, inclose it in a dainty Japanese envelope (ten cents for a package of ten envelopes), repeating the monogram upon the envelope in water-colors or crayons, or lettering in a Christmas greeting. These envelopes are also pretty for sending little jabots, or any small, flat gifts, away in, and they are charming enough in color and design to use afterward for framing in passe-partout.

Another oriental way of "doing up" a Christmas handkerchief is to take two Japanese crêpe doilies (twenty-five cents a dozen), place a little sachet-pad between them and lace them together with narrow ribbon, tying a bow in the center of each side. Then, having folded the handkerchief into a [illegible], lay it on the top doily, diagonally, and slip each corner of the handkerchief under a bow of ribbon. Write a greeting on a little Japanese hand-painted place-card and slip it into the fold of the handkerchief. The cost of the handkerchief illustrated is fifteen cents; doilies, five cents; ribbon, four cents; sachet, three cents; card, three cents; total thirty cents. But it doesn't look like it!

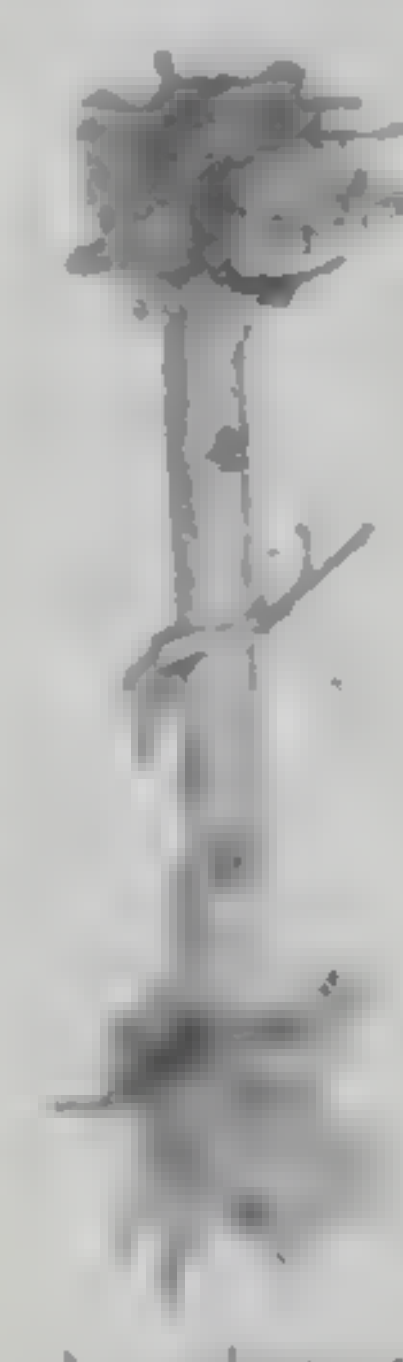


A Handkerchief Fan, a Japanese Envelope, a tiny Suit-Case to hold a coin and a Basket of Blackberries that are only clusters of black pins

Still another way, especially pleasing to children, is to lay a square of colored tissue paper under the handkerchief and then fold the handkerchief as you would fold a paper [illegible] and tie in the center [illegible] upper corners of [illegible] together. Placed in a [illegible] handkerchief-box this tinted handkerchief fan will tickle any small girl's fancy.

If you have a holly-covered handkerchief-box left over, use it to hold a package of white lace-paper doilies, which every hostess likes to keep on hand. Decorate the top doily with a holly-wreath design in water-colors, lettering a Christmas [illegible], tie the package [illegible] have ready another [illegible]

[illegible] will be welcome. All that is [illegible] to make this [illegible] ly appropriate for a gift is the [illegible] touch! Do each candle up [illegible] in this fashion: Cut two lengths of [illegible] white or red and green), each about six inches longer than the candle, and lay these along the length of the candle, then roll the candle in white tissue paper, cut the same length as the ribbons and tie around the center with ribbon. Attach a seal on either side of the bow to hold down the edge of the tissue paper. Then, with scissors, fringe the ends of the paper up as far as each end of the candle (being care- [illegible] fect is a "bonbon," with ribbons, instead of "snappers," projecting. Silver tinsel cord [illegible] be used instead of ribbon. [illegible] may be used in doing up other long and narrow gifts—such as a small embroidered doily or centerpiece rolled on a paper tube.



A package that looks like a snapcracker

Surprising as it may sound, ordinary black pins may be made into a not only useful, but an ornamental gift. The "blackberry" brand of pins may be purchased at almost any novelty shop or at a five-and-ten-cent store. They may also be easily made by rolling into the shape of a berry a row of black pins stuck into paper, as in a paper of common white pins. Place the blackberries in a very small basket, tie a pert bow of ribbon and a Christmas tag on the handle and send the basket of berries on its humble way to delight and, momentarily to deceive, perhaps, the recipient. Cost: Eight blackberries, twenty cents; [illegible] ten cents; ribbon and tag [illegible]

[illegible] you are a plant-lover and are so fortunate as to have "rootable" varieties in your window garden (such as geraniums, begonias, vines, etc.), why not send slips of these to friends who will appreciate them? A pretty way to send them is in small white cornucopias covered with red or green raffia. The easiest way to make the cornucopias is to mark off diagonal squares on them with faint lead-pencil, these to be used as a guide in sewing on the raffia. Braid several strands of the raffia together for the border around the top and the handle. Line the cornucopia with oiled paper and arrange the slips in it artistically. Some such greeting as this might be sent with it:

I hope with this you'll be enchanted,
When in your garden it's transplanted.

The cost of this gift is too small to mention. These cornucopias are also very decorative filled with candy and hung on the Christmas-tree.

With the giving of money, or rather with the manner of giving it, more than with the giving of anything else, perhaps, does personality count. Just to be ingenious and jolly, why not get a little suit-case favor and fill it, as you please, with new [illegible] or gold pieces! Tie a smart [illegible] the bow on the handle, place a Christmas seal on the case and label the tiny tag, "Merry Xmas," [illegible] or with the [illegible] initials. Inside [illegible] reading, "I wish you a pleasant journey through [illegible]

[illegible]

Sweep with Electricity For 3 Cents a Week

[illegible] little machine is as simple to [illegible] sweeper, and works on the correctly cleaning principle—brushing combined with suction. A rapidly revolving brush, operated by a small [illegible] brushes up the pile of the carpet and loosens [illegible] which the powerful suction fan sucks [illegible]

[illegible] for the Hoover has such [illegible] that it takes up not only [illegible] scraps of paper, burnt [illegible] particles of dirt.

[illegible] constant hard rubbing [illegible] off the carpet.

[illegible] only three cents a week [illegible]. Repairs [illegible] adjustments never necessary. Anyone can operate it. Lasts a lifetime.

Special attachments for cleaning curtains and [illegible] on the wall, blowing fresh air into pillows and mattresses, drying hair. An extra brush for polishing hardwood floors is a great labor saver.

Tell Your Husband You Want It for Christmas. It is a sensible gift that will be appreciated every week in the year.

HOOVER Electric SUCTION SWEEPER

Price $70. Extra Attachments, $15 per Set

Write today for Free Trial Offer. We pay all express charges. If you are not entirely satisfied with the Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, return it to us at once at our expense. Great demand forced us to withdraw advertising last spring. We can fill your order if you write now.

Write today for Free Booklet, "Sweeping by Electricity," and full details of Trial Offer. (6)

HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER CO.
Dept. 42. NEW BERLIN, OHIO

DURING SLEEP

Nature Repairs the Human Engine.

The activities of the day cause more or less waste of tissues in the human engine, which is repaired at night during sleep.

The man or woman who can sleep well at night is sure of the necessary repairs, other things being right, to make each day a time of usefulness and living a real joy.

But let insomnia get hold of you, and the struggle begins, of trying to work with a machine out of repair. A Nebr. woman's experience with coffee as a producer of insomnia is interesting. She says:

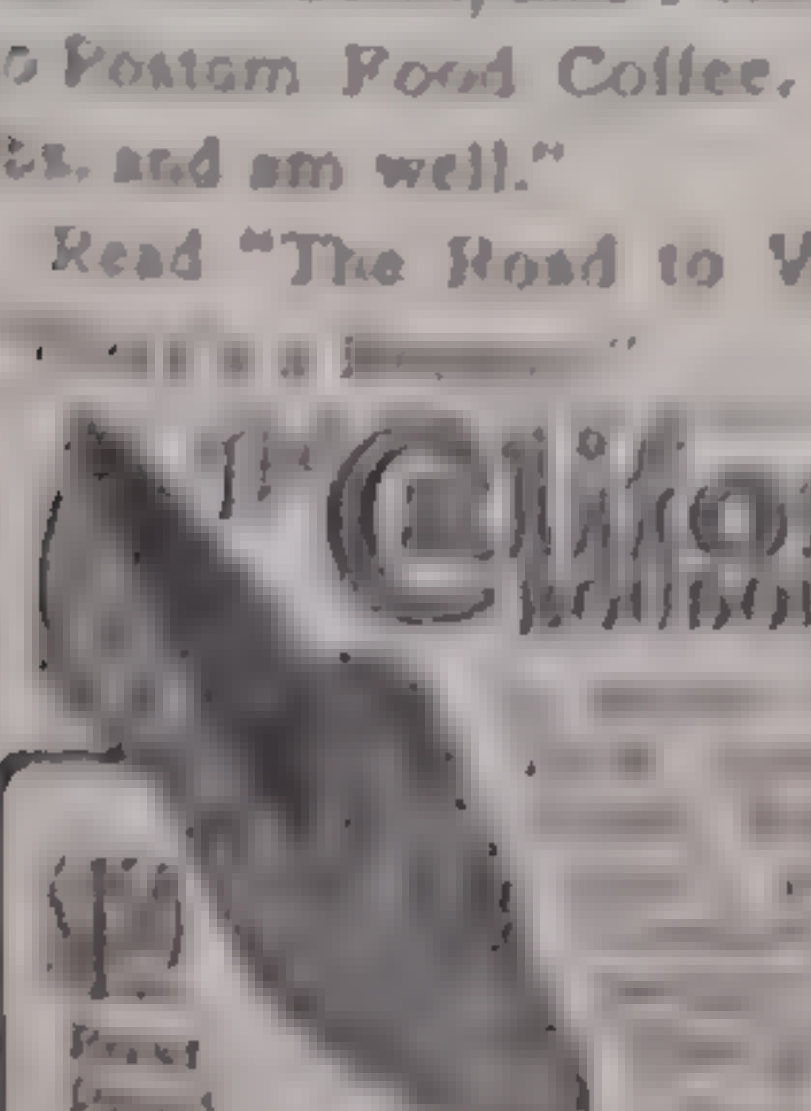
"I used to be a coffee drinker and was so nervous I could not sleep at night before about 12 o'clock, unless I would take some medicine. I was under the doctor's care for about 5 years and my weight got down to 82 lbs.

"The doctor said I would have to quit drinking coffee. Then my father got me to try Postum which he said had done wonders for him. I am past 43 and before I quit drinking coffee, my heart would jump and flutter at times, miss a beat, then beat so fast I could hardly breathe in enough air and I would get smothered.

"My tongue would get so stiff I could not talk and I could not hold a glass to drink from. Since I have been drinking Postum, in place of coffee, I can sleep sound any time I lie down, and I feel I owe everything to Postum Food Coffee. I now weigh 120 lbs. and am well."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

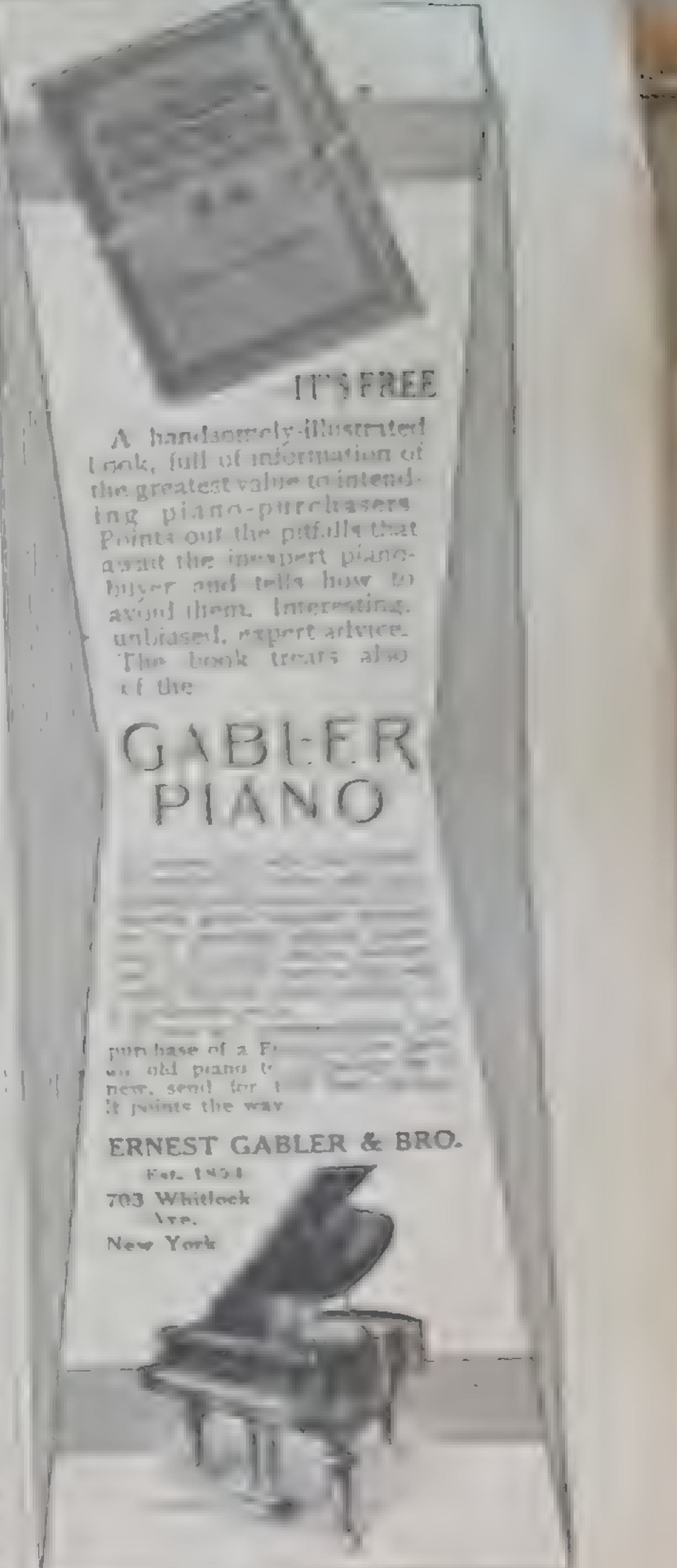
The California BOUDOIR SLIPPER



[illegible]

C. M. STAUB SHOE CO.
[illegible] South Broadway, Los Angeles, California

AGENTS [illegible]
National [illegible]



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A handsomely-illustrated book, full of information of the greatest value to intending piano-purchasers. Points out the pitfalls that await the inexpert piano-buyer and tells how to avoid them. Interesting, unbiased, expert advice. The book treats also of the

GABLER PIANO

[illegible] purchase of a [illegible] old piano [illegible] new, send for [illegible] It points the way.

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703 Whitlock Ave.
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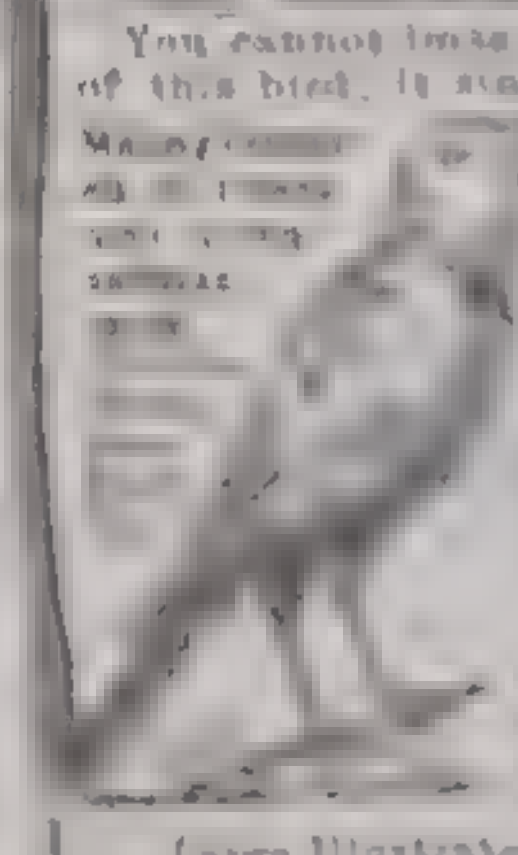
Perfect Singing Voice

Artistic Tone Production is the singer's most vital need. The first course of instruction on the subject based on scientific anatomy is now offered through correspondence. Great improvement in range, sweetness, power and control by a simple and natural [illegible]

Dr. George A. Brouillet, 14 Arlington St., Boston

Summer and Sunshine all Winter in Your Home

The Living Music Box
(Registered U. S. Patent No. [illegible])



with his marvelous sweetness and ever-changing melody to which this canary has been especially educated by [illegible]

You cannot imagine the wonderful song [illegible] of this bird. It sings entirely different from any other canary [illegible]

Guaranteed Singers $5.00

[illegible]

Beware of imitations. [illegible]

Large Illustrated Bird Book and Testimonials Free.
Max Geisler Bird Co., Dept. A, Omaha, Neb.
[illegible]

Cleanser and Mouth Wash In One

Polishes the teeth to dazzling whiteness, while its fragrant antiseptic foam reaches every part [illegible] all tooth-destroying germs, preventing [illegible] tion and decay.

Strong's Arnica Tooth Soap

comes in a handy metal box—nothing to break or spill. A convenient cake that insures beautiful teeth, healthy gums and a sweet breath. At your druggist, 25 cents.

Strong's Arnica Jelly
Keeps Your Skin Smooth

No need to endure the discomfort of sunburn or winter chapping. Apply with finger [illegible]

[illegible] if your druggist does not have [illegible]

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

To be appreciated must be substantial and lasting. There is nothing more suitable for a Holiday Gift than Hosiery for Men and Women.

Make YOURS

Kno-tair
"The Guaranteed Hose of Quality" for men & women

KNO-TAIR Hose is not the usual guaranteed kind—it is materially different—

A soft feeling, silky hose, SEAMLESS and SHAPELY—fit's SNUG and has the STRENGTH to RESIST the STOUTEST WEAR.

KNO-TAIR Pure Silk Lisle Hose is made in SIXTEEN fashionable shades for WOMEN, and EIGHT colors for MEN—

There's a world of satisfaction and a feeling of contentment in knowing that you are giving the best.

GIVE KNOTAIR

Order a box of Six pairs from Your Dealer TO-DAY—if he cannot supply you, make your selection from the following list:

SIX PAIRS OF ONE SIZE IN A BOX—SOLID OR ASSORTED COLORS

MEN'S Lisle-like hose (in Black, Tan and Grey).
Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months . . . . $1.50 the box

WOMEN'S Lisle-like hose (Black, Tan and Grey), with *interlaced Garter Splicing*.
Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months . . . . $2.00 the box

MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose. MEN'S in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Purple and London Smoke. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Grey, Ox Blood, Copenhagen, Green, Bronze, Old Rose, London Smoke, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink, Navy and Sky Blue, with *Interlaced Garter Splicing*.
Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months . . . . $3.00 the box

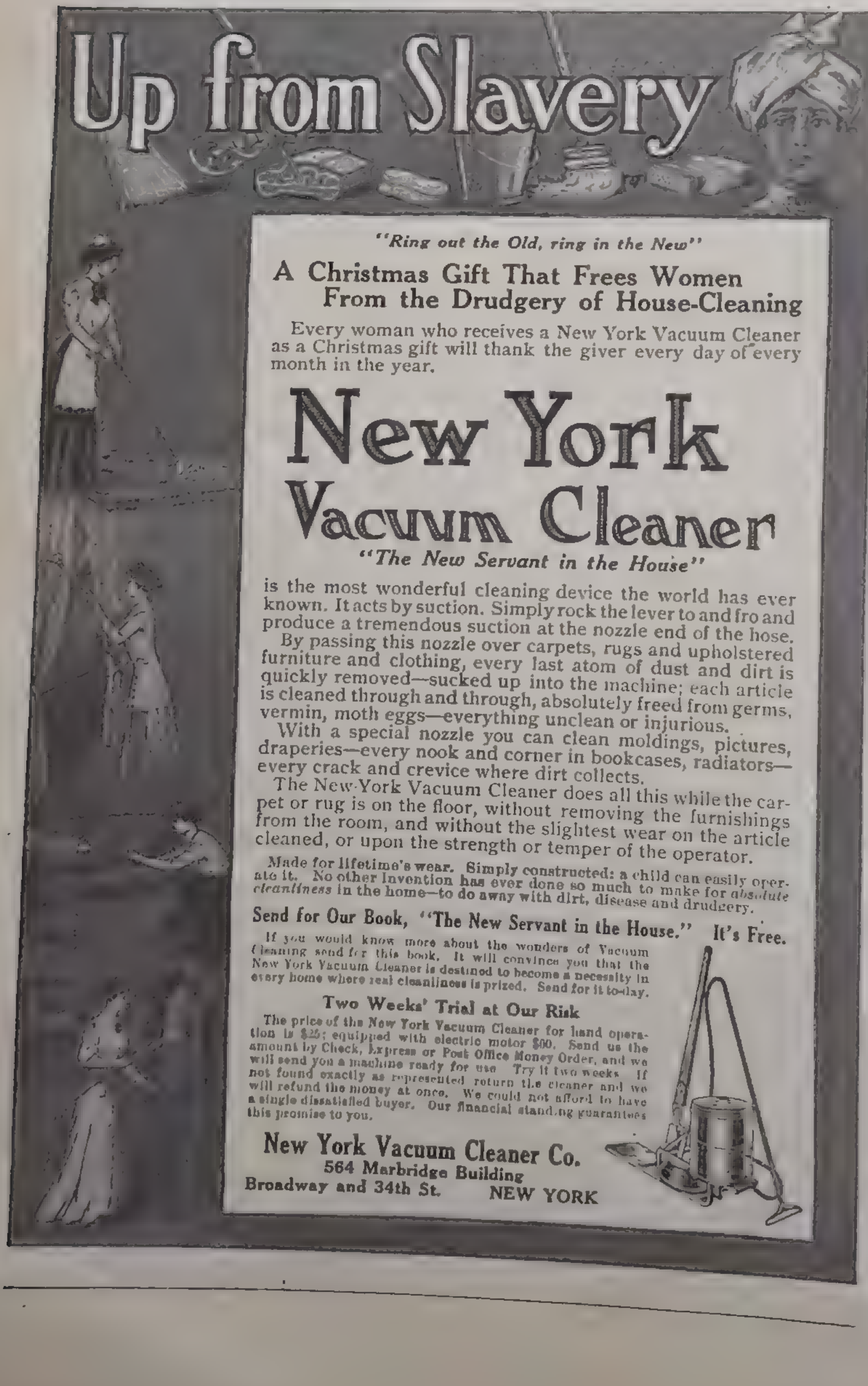
MEN'S SUPER SILK LISLE—a trifle heavier than the Pure Silk Lisle. Same Colors.
Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months . . . . $3.00 the box

Send size, color or assorted colors if desired and remittance according to the quality desired. Ask for booklet "Kno-tair Kinks," it tells you all about "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality," IT'S FREE. Also ask for the "Kno-tair Girl" Jig-Saw Puzzle.

The Best Dealers Wanted Everywhere.

KNOTAIR HOSIERY COMPANY
5308 Westminster Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

We will send a box of "Knotair," Men's or Women's, any size or color, to any address in the United States, enclosing a handsome Xmas card with your name and the Season's Greeting, upon receipt of $1.50 for Men's—$2.00 for Women's (Silk-Lisle $3.00). Remit in any convenient way.



"Ring out the Old, ring in the New"

A Christmas Gift That Frees Women From the Drudgery of House-Cleaning

Every woman who receives a New York Vacuum Cleaner as a Christmas gift will thank the giver every day of every month in the year.

New York Vacuum Cleaner

"The New Servant in the House"

is the most wonderful cleaning device the world has ever known. It acts by suction. Simply rock the lever to and fro and produce a tremendous suction at the nozzle end of the hose.

By passing this nozzle over carpets, rugs and upholstered furniture and clothing, every last atom of dust and dirt is quickly removed—sucked up into the machine; each article is cleaned through and through, absolutely freed from germs, vermin, moth eggs—everything unclean or injurious.

With a special nozzle you can clean moldings, pictures, draperies—every nook and corner in bookcases, radiators—every crack and crevice where dirt collects.

The New-York Vacuum Cleaner does all this while the carpet or rug is on the floor, without removing the furnishings from the room, and without the slightest wear on the article cleaned, or upon the strength or temper of the operator.

Made for lifetime's wear. Simply constructed: a child can easily operate it. No other invention has ever done so much to make for *absolute cleanliness* in the home—to do away with dirt, disease and drudgery.

Send for Our Book, "The New Servant in the House." It's Free.

If you would know more about the wonders of Vacuum Cleaning send for this book. It will convince you that the New York Vacuum Cleaner is destined to become a necessity in every home where real cleanliness is prized. Send for it to-day.

Two Weeks' Trial at Our Risk

The price of the New York Vacuum Cleaner for hand operation is $25; equipped with electric motor $60. Send us the amount by Check, Express or Post Office Money Order, and we will send you a machine ready for use. Try it two weeks. If not found exactly as represented return the cleaner and we will refund the money at once. We could not afford to have a single dissatisfied buyer. Our financial standing guarantees this promise to you.

New York Vacuum Cleaner Co.
564 Marbridge Building
Broadway and 34th St. NEW YORK

WHITE ROSES

[illegible]

[illegible] school-teachers, [illegible] ain't got folks of their own, so [illegible] chancing it alone. Though he doesn't [illegible] 'em any charity talk. They're his 'honored guests,' mind you. He invites 'em out like it was the biggest favor they could show him. [illegible] a-going. [illegible] and [illegible] makes 'em lay cream five [illegible] around outdo[illegible] [illegible] capering [illegible] of six [illegible] curious glow.

"But you haven't ev[illegible]," she reminded [illegible] Mr. Morgan.

"His [illegible] heard [illegible]

"Perhaps," [illegible] breath. She turned [illegible] down through the a[illegible] that his garden? May I [illegible] much interested in e[illegible] tell me of him."

Sir Augustus looked upon her interest with slight but unmistakable disapproval.

"Really, you know," he said in his bland, lofty drawl. "I—I can't help rather deprecating this—ah—institution. Such a waste of energy on the part of the proprietor. Quite so. Undoubtedly his motives are excellent; yet the thing looks rather like a pose. Distinctly a pose, and a sentimental one. Really, now."

"Does it, indeed?" murmured Corinna. [illegible] with honeyed cadences, but Milly [illegible].

"Quite so. We [illegible] things so much better, with us. We [illegible] lavish individual charity is distinctly pauperizing in its tendencies; so we limit the practice of relief to Poor Boards. Thus, such work is handled by people who are really adequate for it, by people who have made a profession of dealing with the lower classes."

"Then you consider these people as really 'lower classes?'" queried Corinna. Her eyes were saintly. Her adorable mouth curved in a dear, appealing bow. She looked like a puzzled nymph, begging, with sweet, humble eagerness, this boon of understanding from his lordly, masculine authority. Milly viewed her with a wan eye of prophecy, and shook in her small shoes. But Sir Augustus expanded visibly.

"The lower classes, to be sure. Why not call a spade a spade, my dear Miss Curtis? Poverty may be no disgrace, but it never fails to betray a lack of fiber in the subject. The man or woman who is chronically poor is, inevitably, the victim of his or her own fault or weakness. Admitting these individual flaws, do we not thus admit that their possessors are upon a lower plane?"

"Maybe so," Corinna admitted. "But I do want to see the garden. Please come."

The old gardener escorted her ceremoniously, giving Broughton an offended shoulder. The young herder lingered behind. Midway along the shady path they met an odd group—a slender little old man, so frail it seemed that even that warm, friendly wind might blow him away; at his side a wan woman, carrying a basket of sewing. Balanced on the old gentleman's wavering shoulder clung a pudgy shrieking youth of three, smart in his crisp, clean pinafore and fat, red stockings. The two smiled in courteous greeting as they passed. The small boy, however, put out hospitable arms. Corinna promptly responded; and down the path she raced with the youngster high in her strong grasp, crowing and screaming with wild joy. She set him down, breathless, as the others approached.

"Isn't he a love!" sighed Milly. "Whose child is he? Surely he's not one of Mr. Morgan's sick folks!"

The gardener chuckled. "Sure no, ma'am. I doubt he's iver known an ache, the rascal. 'Twas his poor young mother as brought him here. The father was kilt workin' on the railroad, an' she, poor heart-broke girl, it seemed like all the life went out of her from that hour on. Himself got word of it all. I don't know how. 'Tis a way he has. An' he brought her an' the child down here, an' he had the best doctors from San Antonio, but 'twas no use. She just slipped away. There's no kin to take Jimmy here, no place for him but the asylum. An' Himself won't send him there. Not hardly. There's them as says 'tis wrong to keep the child here, an' all these sick ones around. But Himself says as how the sick ones need the baby, too bad to let him go. They'll starve without the child to comfort them. ''Tis we need that kid more nor he needs us,' he says to me. ''Tis Jimmy's job, to stay an' keep this ranch braced up, an' 'tis up to Jimmy to do it.'"

"So he deliberately keeps that child, who ought to be in a foundling asylum, here in his own house. Fancy, now!"

[illegible] I don't know. Is it so absurd?"

"[illegible]surd!'" Sir Augustus proceeded [illegible]. Corinna did not listen. She [illegible] a large forlorn bed full of [illegible] shrubs. In all that blossoming garden this was the one barren spot. She turned to the old gardener.

"Oh, that's me one quar'l with Himself," said the gardener irritably. "'Tis just pig-headed he is about some things, bless him. All these years he's set his heart on a rose-garden; an' never once has he coaxed one rose to grow."

"A rose-garden? And white roses?"

"Yes, miss. 'Tis quare ye guessed it that quick. The very heart of him is bound up in thim. He's carried the plants, wid two-foot square of earth 'round their roots, all the hundred odd miles from San Antonio, an' they'll shrivel before I can set thim to the ground. He's had t'ree profissors here to fuss wid the soil, he's tried hardy varieties for Massachusetts, an' white Cherokees from Caroliny. But the desert, it kills thim wid the first breath. Sure I've sat up nights wid 'em, an' they won't open one leaf for me. But Himself, the stubborn lad, he won't give it up. He's bound to have white roses, or die a-doin' it."

"You ought to send him some shoots from your rose-garden at Magnolia, Corinna," said Milly. "Such a worthy charity as this deserves recognition," she added with a pious little air.

Corinna smiled. She bent to stroke the faded, withered little stalks.

"You dears, I wish you could grow," she whispered. "Grow, and flourish, and blossom, every day. Blossom all the year through."

"Sure they'd do it for yer askin' if they'd do it at all, miss," vowed the old gardener with heartfelt admiration.

"'Just a frail little old woman . . . alone, and friendless, and half starved, and dying. And it was like you'd stepped into a big room, full of sunshine . . . and laughter . . . and firelight . . . and white roses.'"

Corinna spoke the words over in a queer, pulseless monotone. Again she looked away, past Sir Augustus' bland, imperial countenance. For she saw another face, bending to her in the starlight; a lean, dark face, with grim, set lips, and wistful eyes. . . . His own words, they had been. Ah, the pity of it! "The child of nobody knows who!"

"A most unfortunate procedure All of it. Although perhaps well meant." Sir Augustus rolled on, in calm, rebuking orotund. "In fact, I feel it quite my duty to write this well-intentioned person and suggest, kindly, wherein he is so misusing his time and powers. I shall certainly write, and advise him. Really."

Milly broke the somewhat disquieting pause which ensued.

"We must be going," she said hastily. "Pray give our cordial thanks to Mr. Morgan for his hospitality, which you, in his place, have accorded us." She added Corinna's name upon her card, shook hands with the old gardener, and hurried her companions away.

"I'll give him one more chance, though the stupid, cold-blooded, sawdust thing doesn't deserve it," Milly told the Chief that night in the seclusion of the preserve-closet.

Consequently, rather late that evening, Corinna and Sir Augustus found themselves sitting alone upon the soap-box veranda, beneath Corinna's now wilted garlands of paper flowers.

It was a moonless night, but lit by stars like torches, hung low from the darkling velvet of the sky. From Manuel's cabin drifted the faint far melody of his guitar; the prairie wind, heavy with warm, mysterious fragrance, rose and fell, murmured and was silent, a dreaming echo to the guitar's far plaintive cry.

Presently Sir Augustus turned to Corinna, and began to speak.

Now it was Sir Augustus' decorous habit to do all things formally and in order. But to-night—to-night was different. Perhaps it was the starlight; perhaps it was the dim music; perhaps the line of Corinna's fair throat and lovely gold-crowned head as she leaned, listening, beside him. At all events, he found himself bending to Corinna quite tensely. His handsome, arrogant face was rather pale.

"Really, you know," he began in his calm, arrogant voice. Then his eye fell upon a flower tucked into her sash. It was an odd flower for her to be wearing; a tiny faded white rose shriveled to a mere knot of brittle petals.

"I say," he began again, rather dizzily, then clutched at the first straw, "I say, Miss Corinna, why do you persist in wearing that dilapidated little rose? I'm riding into the city to-morrow. I shall bring you some roses then, of the—ah—Beauty variety, I think they are called. Brilliant crimson blossoms. Quite superb. Really. I shall ask you to wear them. Wear them—for my sake. I—I know that you will like them far better than that forlorn little white flower."

"So you think that I'll like your red roses better than white ones?" queried Corinna, indolent lashes half lifted. "Are you quite sure?"

"Quite so. Indeed, I—I intend that you shall like the red roses not only now, but always. And with all your heart. And that you shall wear them always. For me. Quite so."

"Fancy, now!" said Corinna very softly.

[CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]

A Beautiful and Practical Holiday Gift

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

in special holiday boxes solve the Christmas present question for millions of shoppers. Three exquisite designs in colors by the famous artist, Leon Moran.

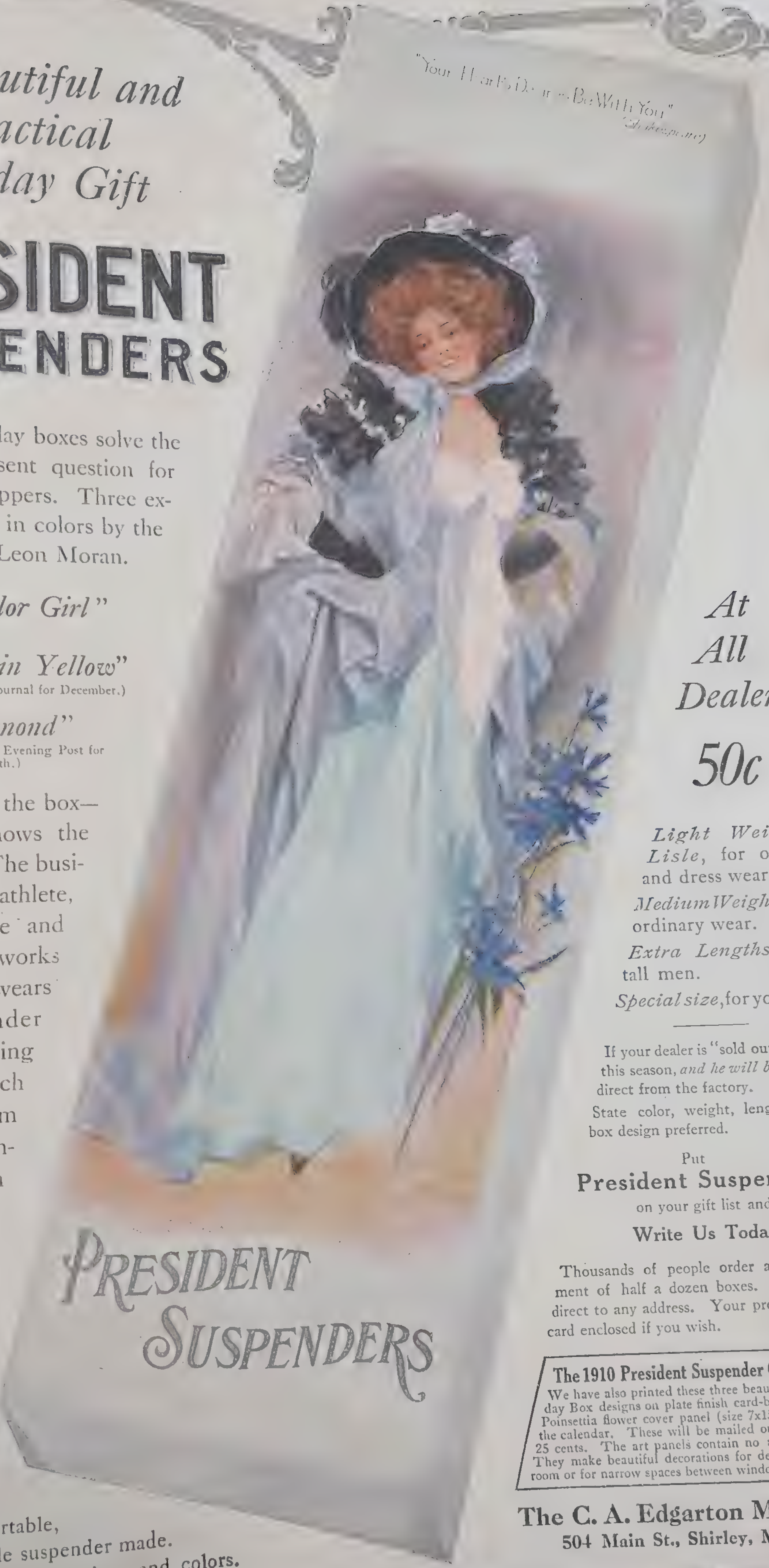
"The Bachelor Girl"
(Shown here)

"The Lady in Yellow"
(See Ladies Home Journal for December.)

"Fair Rosamond"
(Red—See Saturday Evening Post for November 27th.)

We show you the box—every man knows the suspenders. The business man, the athlete, the millionaire and the man who works knows and wears "the suspender with the sliding cord," and each finds in them suspender-comfort unknown in any other kind and a weight and length adapted to his individual need.

Guaranteed unconditionally
the most comfortable,
the most durable suspender made.
The latest, exclusive designs and colors.



At All Dealers

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Light Weight Lisle, for office and dress wear.
Medium Weight, for ordinary wear.
Extra Lengths, for tall men.
Special size, for youths.

If your dealer is "sold out" early this season, *and he will be*, order direct from the factory.

State color, weight, length and box design preferred.

Put
President Suspenders
on your gift list and
Write Us Today

Thousands of people order an assortment of half a dozen boxes. We mail direct to any address. Your presentation card enclosed if you wish.

The 1910 President Suspender Calendar
We have also printed these three beautiful Holiday Box designs on plate finish card-board, with Poinsettia flower cover panel (size 7x15) carrying the calendar. These will be mailed on receipt of 25 cents. The art panels contain no advertising. They make beautiful decorations for den or living room or for narrow spaces between windows.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
504 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

The Pen as a Gift

For the Members of Your Family or a Circle of Friends

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

for in that name lies all that the mind conceives of what a pen should be. For over a quarter of a century it has held the place of honor.

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The Professional Man.

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Waterman's Ideals are guaranteed by your dealer and ourselves, to be perfect in manufacture, and give complete satisfaction.

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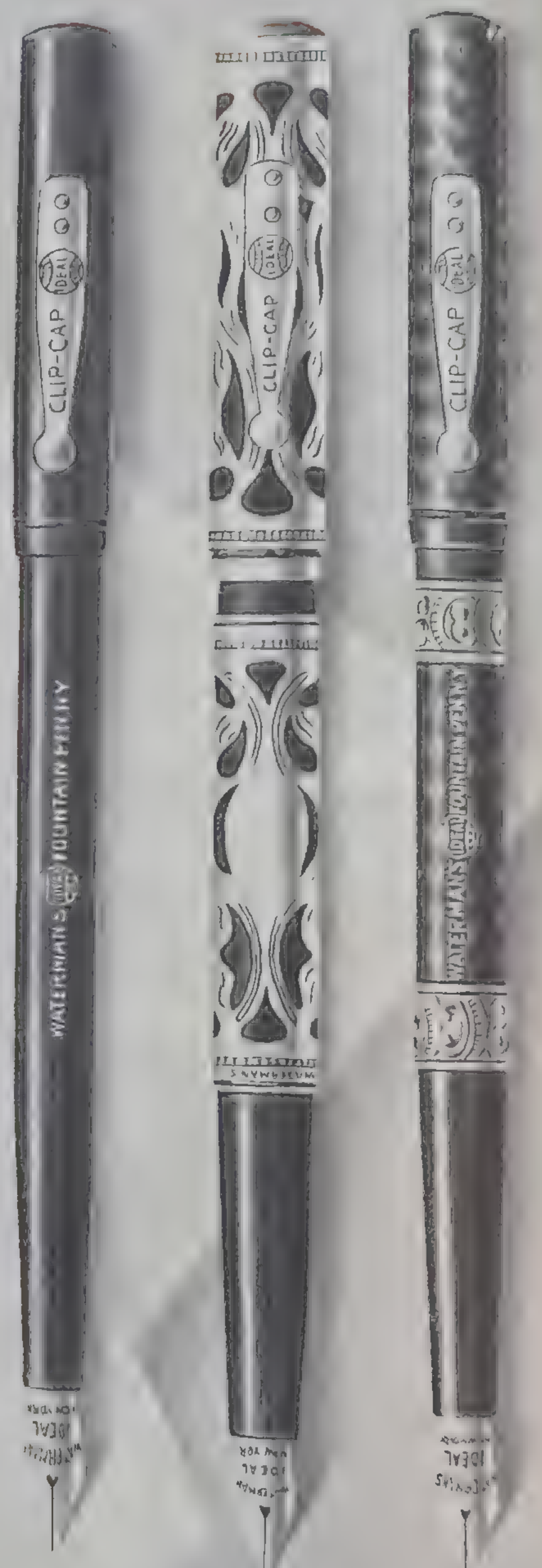
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



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GIFTS MADE OF RIBBONS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

point to be tied around the case when it is rolled up.

Japanese Doll Pincushion, made with one fourth of a yard of Dresden ribbon two inches wide, one fourth of a yard three and a half inches wide, and one and one fourth yards of No. 3 satin ribbon. Make a cotton-filled bag of the narrow Dresden ribbon and close the opening around the neck of a Japanese doll's head. Put a band of satin ribbon around for the high waist, and join at the back. Turn under one and three fourths inches of each end of the wide Dresden ribbon, and place it around the back of the neck. The folded ends are on the under side and form the kimono sleeves. Tack the lower edge to the body at the seams, and at the back of the neck make an inverted box-plait. Fold in a sharp point the center of a half-yard length of the narrow ribbon and catch it beneath the center of the front of the belt. Pass one end over each shoulder, and tie them in a bow half-way down the back. Knot another length of ribbon around the neck, and make a loop for hanging.

Handkerchief-Case, made of twelve inches of Dresden ribbon five and a half inches wide and ribbon for the bow. Make a half-inch hem across each end of the Dresden ribbon. Run a piece of featherbone through each hem, fold the ribbon double, and sew up the sides. Place the bow toward the top.

Vanity-Case, made of scraps of ribbon. Cover the outside of two rounds of cardboard, each two and three fourths inches in diameter, with Dresden ribbon. On the inner side of one piece place a small looking-glass, and hold it in place with No. 2 satin ribbon shirred first to the cardboard, then over the edge of the glass. Against the other cardboard place a third piece, first covering it with taffeta ribbon with a pocket made of the same ribbon. The top of the pocket is shirred on elastic. The two pieces of cardboard are glued together and between them are fastened the baby ribbons with which the two sides of the case are joined, and also the ribbon for closing. On the glass side these ribbons are caught beneath the shirring.

Four-Leafed Clover Needle-Book, made of half a yard each of Dresden and satin ribbon four and a half inches wide, and three quarters of a yard of No. 2 ribbon. Cut four hearts from pasteboard, measuring four inches across the widest part and the same down the center. Slash two of the hearts down the center. Cover each heart and half heart separately with Dresden ribbon on the outside and satin inside. Overhand the edges and join the sections with little bands of narrow ribbon. Turn the ends of the straps across the hearts under the edges, and at the center of the top of each complete heart place a ribbon for tying.

Book-Mark, made of eleven inches of ribbon, sewing-silk to match and white Shetland floss. Take forty-five threads of floss three inches in length. Twist sewing-silk three times around them, half an inch from one end, draw tight and fasten. Three eighths of an inch away tie again. The same distance away tie over five threads at each side, then over the remaining threads. Cut off the side threads below the tying. Take the ten center threads and tie five at each side for the legs, and cut. The remaining threads cut where the tying should have come. Trim the hair and stitch in eyes and mouth. The boy is made in the same way, excepting that all the threads are divided and tied for the legs. Sew to ribbon behind the head.

"Bachelor's Friend," made of five eighths of a yard of Dresden ribbon five inches wide and baby ribbon. Cut three half hearts of cardboard, each two inches across the widest part and four inches long at the center. Cover them with lawn and tack them together at the top and the bottom of the center in such a way that they stand apart. Cut three complete hearts of Dresden ribbon and cover all three sides of the cardboard shape. Overhand the edges together. Catch the spools and other articles in place with loops of baby ribbon sewed through the cardboard hearts. Fasten an end of baby ribbon to the top of all three hearts for hanging.

Place-Card With Wild-Rose Sachet, made of twenty-one inches of No. 9 satin ribbon for roses and one half yard of narrow green satin ribbon. Make a cushion filled with sacheted cotton of two and a half inches of the rose ribbon. Cut the remaining ribbon in six equal lengths. Gather across the center of each and draw up close for the outer point of the petal. Fold over and gather together the ends of each piece, and sew to the center of the cushion. Sew artificial rose stamens over the center. Tie the green ribbon between the cushion and the petals, making a bow, with the place-card knotted at one end.

Three-Heart Pincushion, made of half a yard of Dresden ribbon two and a half inches wide and about a yard of baby ribbon. Of the Dresden ribbon make three hearts, each two and a half inches wide and two inches long at the center. Extend the upper sides of the hearts in points. Gather the points in one center and cover the stitches with a bow of baby ribbon.

Pansy Sachet, made of eleven inches of white satin ribbon No. 12. Make a bag of six inches of the ribbon, sewing the sides half-way up. Fill with sacheted cotton, gather the top and turn the ends so that both will have the satin side up. Gather a three-inch length of ribbon at the center and fasten across in front of the bag gathering. Gather one end of a two-inch length, sew it against the other gatherings and turn it, right side out, over the bag. Cut the end of each petal in a slight curve and fringe. Tint the center of the three outer petals with purple water-color. Fasten the petals in place with a few long stitches of orange silk worked across the center.

The Suit-Case Sewing-Set, made of one half yard each of taffeta ribbon three fourths of an inch wide and Dresden ribbon two and a fourth inches wide, and three fourths of a yard of No. 2 ribbon. The sides are made of cardboard, each piece four and one fourth inches long and three fourths of an inch wide. Round the ends. Cover both pieces with taffeta ribbon, and of two inches of taffeta ribbon make a bag for hooks and eyes. Make an inch-and-a-half hem at each end of the remaining taffeta, feather-stitching them down. Begin one and three fourths inches from the end of the ribbon and overhand to the cardboard, beginning on it one and one half inches from the end. Work to the end, along the other side and the other end. Fasten off two inches before the hem at the other end of the ribbon. Join the other cardboard to the other edge of the ribbon in the same way. Feather-stitch the center of the narrow ribbon to the outside of one of the hems. Place a flannel needle-book on the inner side of the same hem.

Daisy Sachet: Fill with sacheted cotton a green ribbon bag one inch long and one half inch wide. Cut eight two-inch lengths of white satin baby ribbon and catch the center of each to the top of the bag. Place over them a yellow velvet-covered mold. Tie green baby ribbon around the top of the bag.

Papier Poudre Book for Travelers, made of twelve and one half inches of Dresden ribbon three and one fourth inches wide and three fourths of a yard of ribbon No. 1. Cover one side of a thin piece of cardboard a little less than five inches long and a little more than three inches wide. Place a piece of ribbon one and one fourth inches long across the center of the other side, and overhand it to the first piece on the side edges. Cover one side of two other pieces of cardboard, each the same width as the first and two and three eighths inches the other way. Place them at each end of uncovered side of the long cardboard for the inside covers of the book. Overhand around three edges. The other edge comes over the center strip for the back of the book and is not overhanded down. Fasten a five-inch length of narrow ribbon to each cover for tying, and tie the ribbon around each cover, with a bow on the outside. Catch a few powder leaves beneath the straps on the inside of the covers to secure the book.

Stock and Ruching Case, made of two yards of moire ribbon six and one fourth inches wide. Cover both sides of a three-and-three-fourths-inch square of cardboard with ribbon, and do the same with two pieces two and three eighths by four and three fourths inches, and two pieces two and one fourth by four and three fourths inches. Seam together the ends of the remaining ribbon, and gather one edge around the cardboard square. Divide the other edge in four parts to correspond to the four sides of the square, and overhand each part to a long side of one of the oblongs. Have the two narrow oblongs on opposite sides of the bag, and the wider pieces between.

Traveler's Sewing-Bag, made of two and three fourths yards of Dresden ribbon four and one fourth inches wide, five eighths of a yard of taffeta ribbon of the same width, one and one fourth yards of No. 2 satin ribbon, and six yards of satin baby ribbon. Cut six lengths of Dresden ribbon, each six and a half inches. Face one end with an inch of taffeta ribbon, putting in two runnings for the drawing-string. Fold the other end of each piece over double on the width, seam together, then fold in a point at the center. Take a round of cardboard three and one half inches in diameter, and cover both sides with Dresden ribbon. Cut the remaining Dresden ribbon in six equal lengths. Do the same with the taffeta ribbon, and use the latter to face one end of the Dresden pieces. Put in two runnings on each, half an inch apart. Baste a short piece or pocket over each of the long Dresden strips, with the point down. Join the side edges of all the strips. Overhand them and the pockets together at the same time. Do not join between the runnings for the drawing-strings. Close the bottom of the pockets with a row of stitches run across above the points. Gather the lower ends of the strips around the cardboard. Run baby ribbon in the pockets for drawing-strings, and to draw up the bag proper, run in the No. 2 ribbon.

Collar-Case, made of one and five eighths yards of fancy ribbon five and a half inches wide, five eighths yards of satin ribbon of the same width, and two yards

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 66]

1835 R. WALLACE

SALAD SET
BLOSSOM
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SILVER PLATE THAT RESISTS WEAR

THERE are three things about plated ware the careful housekeeper always wants to know. Will it look well? Will it last? How am I protected if it wears out?

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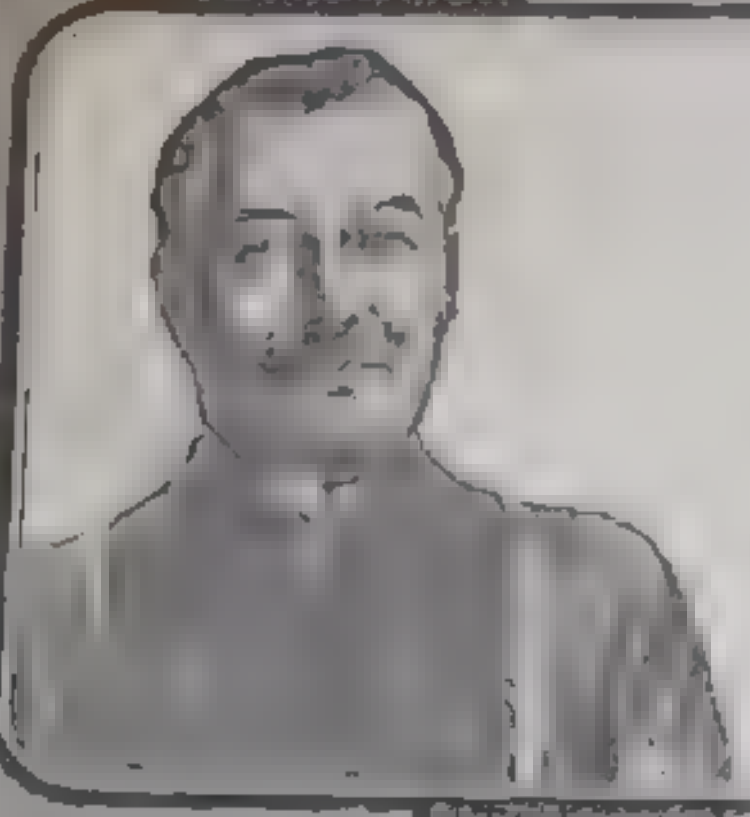
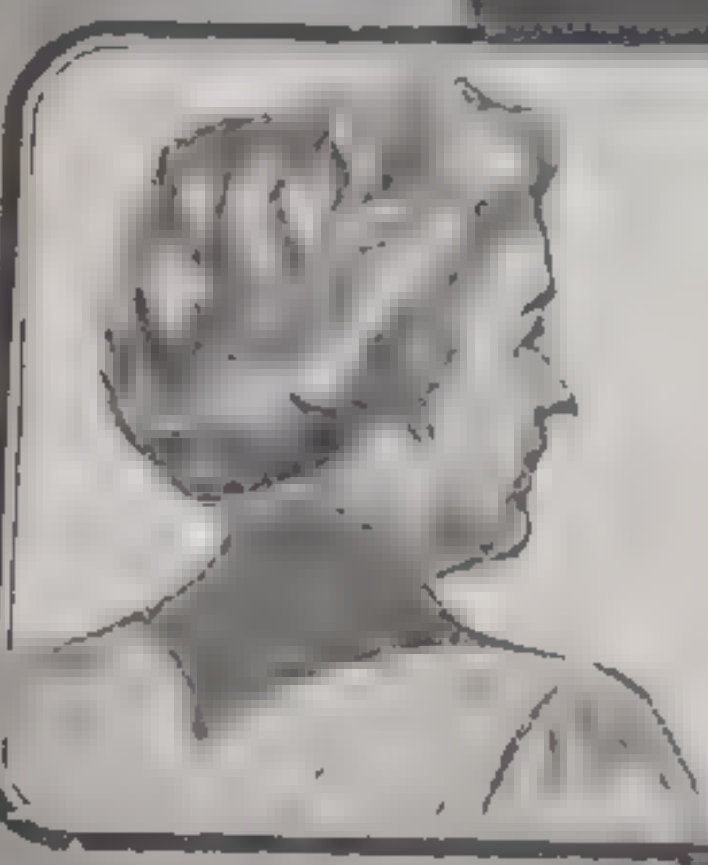
AT THE POINT of THE V



The Bradley Full-Fashioned Muffler

makes an ideal gift *for father.* It has that wonderful "V"-neck that fits under his coat and protects his spine. It will not pucker or wrinkle. *It is the only muffler that fits.* Father will appreciate a "Bradley" because it is easy to put on or take off, never stretches, and always gives full protection. Fifty cents, at all good dealers.

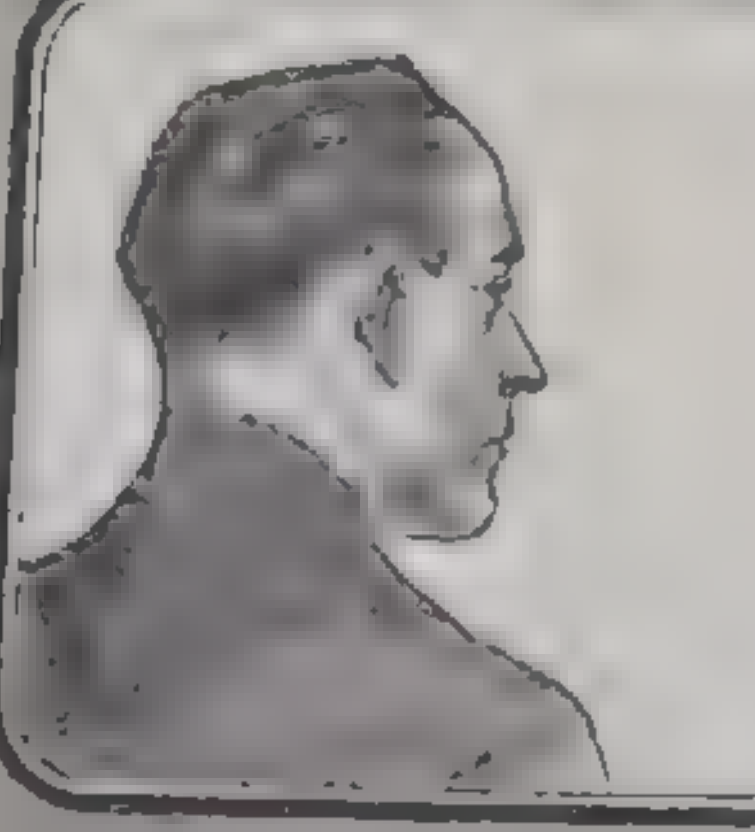


Give Mother a "Bradley"

and you'll select the right article. It will add to her appearance, at the same time protecting her neck, spine and chest from the cold winds. She'll like it to wear under her furs. Any size you want, and you can select from twenty different colors. Each in a beautiful box, and your dealer will ask only fifty cents.

A Bradley Muffler for Sister

solves the problem of "what to give." It is made of Egyptian silk. The clasp always matches the muffler. You can select such colors as wistaria, catawba, taupe, leather, old rose, champagne, or fourteen other shades. The "Bradley" will always become her and *fit.* That "V"-neck will give her protection from the cold afforded by no other muffler.



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He's outdoors a great deal—he needs Bradley Muffler protection and will appreciate your thoughtfulness. All sizes. The "Bradley" is the *only* muffler with the *fitting* feature—the *only* one that is entirely different from all others—the only one actually worth the price—50 cents. Order from us only when your dealer cannot supply you.

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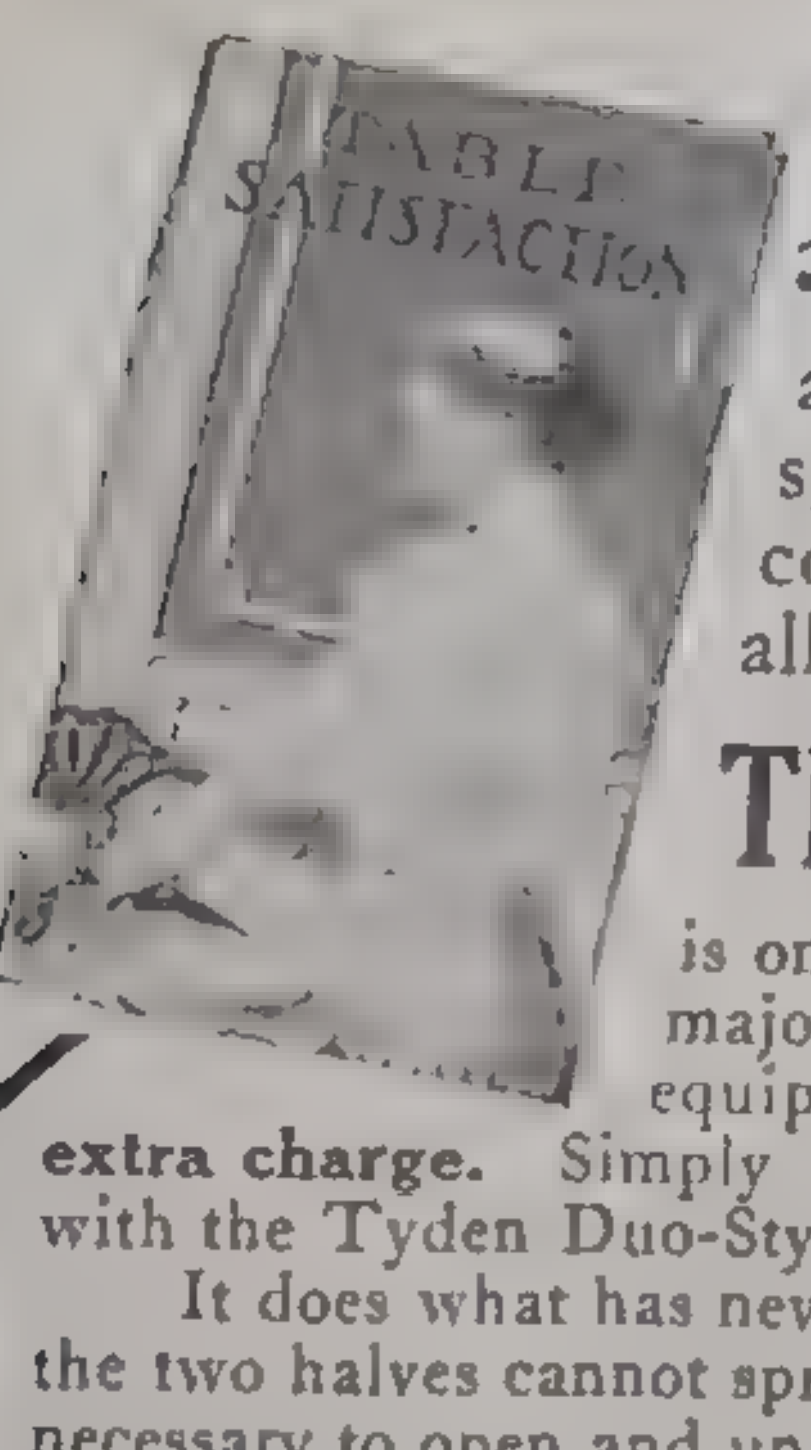

TABLE SATISFACTION

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and learn the latest modes of setting a dining table for special occasions. It is told in our new booklet in four colors—"Table Satisfaction"—*mailed free.* It explains all about the newest table locking device—

The Tyden Duo-Style Table Lock

is on pedestal dining tables **without any cost to you** because the majority of the makers of pedestal tables since July 1st, 1909, are equipping their pedestal dining tables with this new lock **without extra charge.** Simply insist that your furniture dealer sell you a dining table fitted with the Tyden Duo-Style Lock—and **you get it for nothing.**

It does what has never been done before—the pedestal is locked from the inside so the two halves cannot spread apart at the bottom and soon ruin the table. It is not necessary to open and unlock the pedestal to put in one, two or three leaves.

Prevents table tipping over, because the pedestal is locked **under the center** of the top, when one, two or three leaves are in. Don't run the risk of breaking your dishes with tables not fitted with this lock.

Tyden Duo-Style Lock

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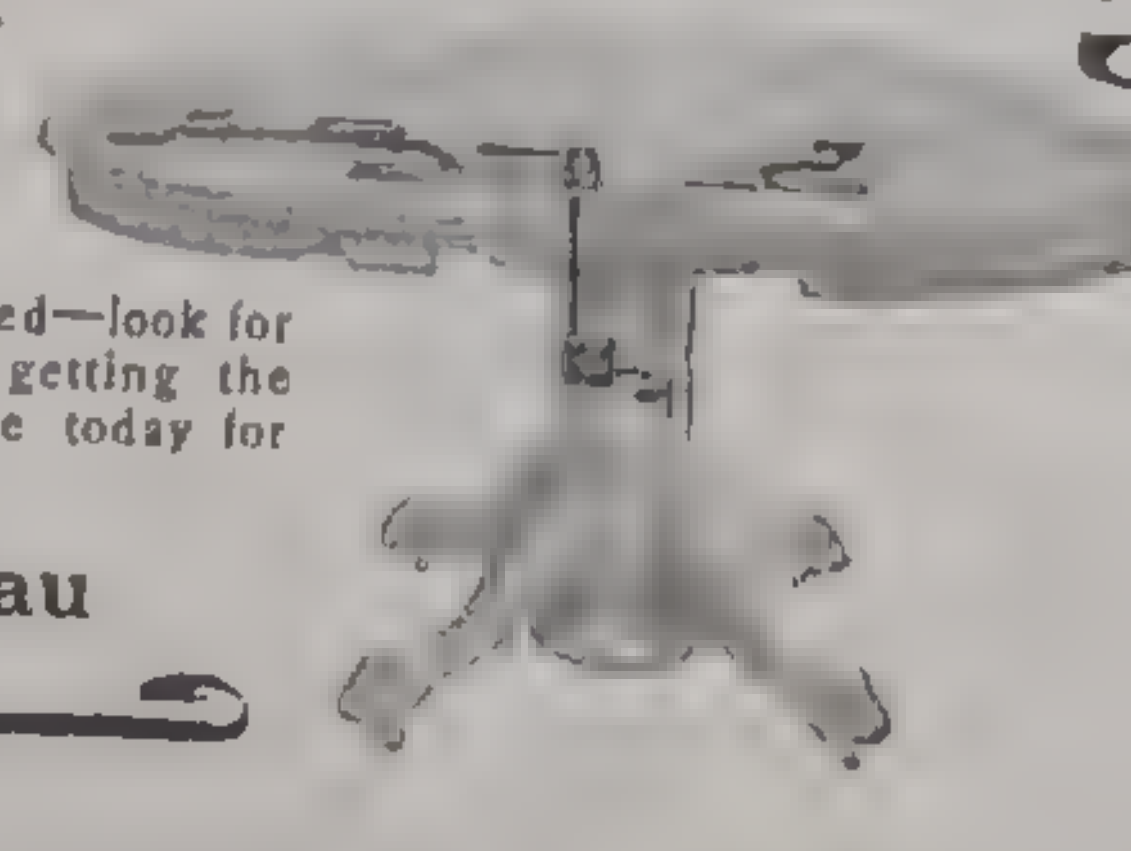

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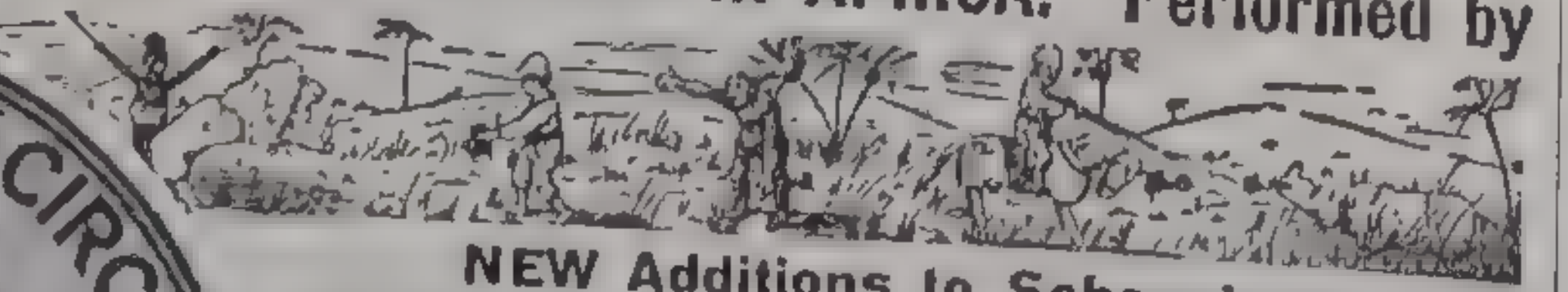

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SCHOENHUT'S TOY WONDER

NEW Additions to Schoenhut's

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TOYS THAT GLADDEN THE HEARTS OF OUR DEAR LITTLE ONES

You can start a Circus with a few pieces then keep adding until your Greatest Show on Earth is complete If you have a Circus outfit, get your dealer to show you the NEW additions for 1909—"Teddy and a complete African jungle outfit."

THE NEWEST AND BEST UNBREAKABLE TOY. The elephant can do tricks you never heard of The donkey is "cuter" than any animal Barnum ever had. Then there is the horse, the hobo and the dog, the ringmaster, the lady rider, the negro and the goat. The clowns make grown up people, as well as children laugh for hours No end to the funny tricks discovered every day The figures are made of solid wood, jointed like French dolls, painted in oil colors; the clowns and others are dressed in fancy costumes. Will stand the roughest kind of treatment, children never tire of it and mothers say it's the greatest toy they ever saw SOLD IN SETS, 60c to $25.00 and over, according to the number of figures in a set. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will mail you literature with latest illustrations, free. DO NOT SEND MONEY, WRITE FIRST!

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Manufacturers of the world renown SCHOENHUT Toy Piano
Established 1872

GIFTS MADE OF RIBBONS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

of baby ribbon. Cover two round pieces of cardboard, each five and one fourth inches in diameter, with fancy ribbon on one side and satin on the other. Sew together the ends of the remaining fancy ribbon, and gather one edge around a cardboard, for the bottom of the bag. Take another piece of cardboard the same size as before. Cut out all but the outer inch all around, and cover both sides of the ring with satin ribbon. Gather around the ring the top edge of the bag. Overhand one inch of the edge of the second round of cardboard to the outer edge of the ring, for the cover of the bag. Sew a short end of ribbon to both cover and ring, to fasten. Make a cluster bow of baby ribbon for the top of the cover.

Fancy Ribbon-Bag, made of one and one eighth yards of taffeta ribbon six and a half inches wide, twelve inches of Dresden ribbon of the same width, and three and one fourth yards of No. 1 satin ribbon. Cut two pieces of cardboard for the sides of the bag. Make them six and one half inches across the widest part, three and one fourth inches at the base, and four and one fourth inches long at the center. Cover one side of each with taffeta ribbon. Place a cardboard at each end of the Dresden ribbon, the top of the cardboard at the end of the ribbon. Overhand to the taffeta across the top and down the sides, and at each top corner place a nine-inch piece of narrow ribbon. The center part of the Dresden ribbon is not cut away, but is used for the bottom of the bag as will be explained later. With taffeta ribbon, cover one side of a cardboard three and one fourth inches wide and the same length as the uncovered center of Dresden. Join the ends of the remaining taffeta with a French seam covered with feather-stitching worked on the right side with silk to match the taffeta. Make another row of feather-stitching half-way around the circle, and half-way between at each side make another row. Baste narrow ribbon around on the inside an inch down from the top and stitch on both edges. Gather and overhand the other edge of the taffeta to the taffeta-covered cardboard. Have a row of feather-stitching meet each corner. Place over the center of the center of the Dresden ribbon, and overhand them together. Make a buttonhole at each side of the bag between the top stitchings, and run ribbon draw-strings in. Tie together the corresponding ribbons at the upper corners of the cardboard pieces.

Powder-and-Puff Bag, made of one and one fourth yards of Dresden ribbon four and one half inches wide, one eighth of a yard of satin ribbon four inches wide, and two yards of satin baby ribbon. A pair of embroidery-hoops, measuring four and a half inches in diameter, are used. Join with a French seam a length of Dresden ribbon sufficient to fit around the smaller hoop. Sew the hoop under one edge of the ribbon and double the latter over both sides of it. Gather the ribbon at the center of the hoop, leaving the extra width stand in a puff. At the side of it place a cluster bow of baby ribbon. Cut a round of cardboard four inches in diameter and cover one side with Dresden ribbon. Seam together the ends of the remaining Dresden ribbon, and gather one edge of it around the cardboard. Face the latter with the wide satin ribbon. The other edge of the Dresden ribbon is gathered over the large embroidery-hoop, for the top of the bag.

Sewing-Box, made of one yard each of fancy ribbon and taffeta ribbon, each six and a half inches wide, and three yards of No. 1 satin ribbon. Cut two inches from the fancy ribbon and make a square pincushion. Edge it with a frill of narrow ribbon, and put a bow and loop at one corner. Cut the remaining fancy ribbon in half. Cut one piece down the center of the length, and cut three pieces of taffeta ribbon the same sizes as these pieces. Join one of each of the narrow pieces across the ends and down one long side, machine-stitching on the wrong side, and have a one-fourth-inch seam at the ends. Join the other two narrow strips in the same way. Turn both pieces of the right side and press the edges. Baste the unstitched edge of a narrow strip down each side of the wide piece of fancy ribbon, with the fancy ribbon side of the former down, then baste the taffeta against them. Stitch together and also across one end of the wide piece. Turn right side out and press. Take three pieces of cardboard, each the same width as the wide ribbon between the stitchings, and each four inches long, and two pieces of the same width, but two inches long. Push a small piece between the center fancy and taffeta ribbons, to the seamed end. Stitch across to keep it in place. Next push in the three larger pieces, and stitch across after each. Push in the second small piece last. One fourth inch of ribbon should extend beyond it. Overhand shut, and in the center, between the ribbons, catch a six-inch length of narrow ribbon. Sew another of these ribbons to the seamed end. They are tied together to close the bag. Fold each end of each of the narrow side strips in two plaits and tack them to the corresponding end of the outer cardboard pieces. This produces the box shape. Fasten a brass ring covered with crocheting to the taffeta on the cardboard just below the plaits, and other rings at the center of the width of the side strips, above the center of each wide piece of cardboard. There are ten rings in all. The edge of the side strip is turned over the fancy ribbon and caught to the center of the edge of the center cardboard. Run a narrow ribbon through the rings at each side and tie the ends together in bows. These bows are pulled to close the box. Sew the loop of the pincushion to one end of the box in the stitching between two pieces of cardboard. Put three pieces of pinked flannel in the same place at the other end. Across the center cardboard sew two straps of narrow ribbon.

Grandmother's Traveling-Case, made of three fourths of a yard of Dresden ribbon five and three fourths inches wide, and one yard of satin ribbon No. 2. Pink two sides and one end of three pieces of thin white flannel, five by eighteen inches. Hem one end of the Dresden ribbon. Lay the flannel pieces over one another and feather-stitch them together along the unpinked end. Cover a cardboard the width of the ribbon and four and a half inches long with the unhemmed end of ribbon, and overhand the sides together. Turn the raw edge under the cardboard and push under, also, the joined end of the flannel strips. Overhand all together. Feather-stitch the center of the narrow ribbon to the outside of the Dresden ribbon, placing it at the center of the width and six and a half inches from the end. Thread needles with sewing-silk of every desirable thickness and color and run them through the flannel with the needles at the cardboard end. Wind the strips around the cardboard and fasten with the narrow ribbon.

Girl's Fancy-Work Bag, made of two and three eighths yards of Dresden ribbon four and a half inches wide, one half yard of satin ribbon of the same width, and two and three fourths yards of satin ribbon three fourths of an inch wide. Cut off twelve inches of the Dresden ribbon and cut the remainder in half. Each piece will be almost thirty-seven inches long. Machine-stitch the pieces together down one side, letting six inches stand at each end. Double the ends over for the bag heading, and face the narrow satin ribbon over the edges. Cut four hearts from light-weight cardboard, each four and a half inches long, and the same measurement across. Cover one side of two with Dresden ribbon and one side of the other two with satin ribbon. Make a scissors pocket of four inches of narrow satin ribbon, with one end hemmed. Stitch it along each edge on one of the satin hearts, and have it extend from the lower point straight up. With the same ribbon make a strap across the top of the same heart, stitching it down at regular intervals, to make places for the stiletto and other tools. On the other satin heart make a pocket of the remaining wide satin ribbon. Gather one edge of the ribbon over elastic, and gather and sew the other edge to the bottom point of the heart. Sew the ends of elastic and ribbon to the sides of the heart. Gather and overhand each of the unjoined sides of the Dresden strips around a Dresden heart.. Begin below the heading cited on the heart at one side of the widest part, and work to the same points of the other side. The drawing-strings for the top of the bag cross from one side to the other inside the hearts. After they are put in, place the satin hearts against the inside of the Dresden hearts. Overhand them together on all the edges, excepting where the drawing-strings cross. The emery and the tiny pincushion placed inside the bag are covered with Dresden ribbon.

GIFTS MADE OF HANDKERCHIEFS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Tack two pieces of ribbon to the center of the handkerchief, to tie around the case when it is rolled up.

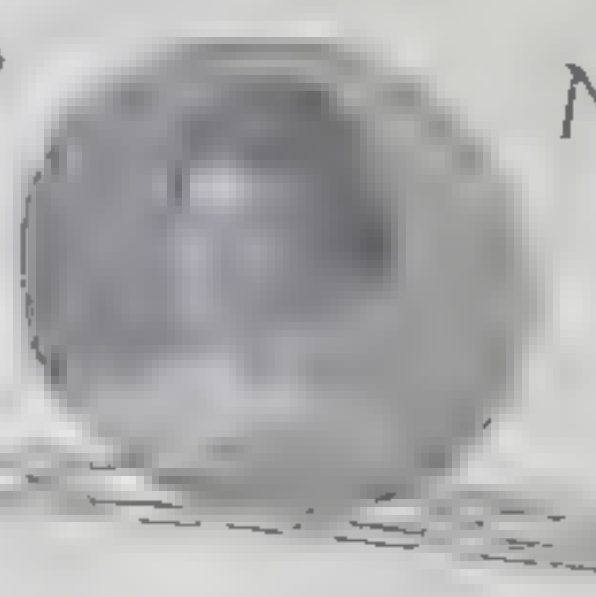
Baby Pillow, made of two lace-trimmed handkerchiefs tied over a silk cushion with ribbons sewed to the sides of the handkerchiefs.

The Shirt-Waist Cover for Traveling is made of four lace-edged handkerchiefs. Join in a square and leave an opening at the center through which to pass the coat-hanger. A collapsible hanger is taken, and is rolled inside the cover when not in use.

Summer-Day Reclining Shoes. One handkerchief with colored border is required for each shoe. Sew one corner together, from the point to the center of the sides. Catch the point up over the seam, for the toe. At the opposite corner lay a triple inverted box-plait, folding in the sides to within four and a fourth inches of the adjacent corners. Tack the point of the corner down over the plait, turn over the corner at each side of the shoe and tack it down an inch below the fold. Pass ribbon beneath the turnover thus formed and tie in a bow in front.

THE PIN-MONEY CLUB

For Our Girls Who Want to Make Pin-Money



Miss Margaret Clarke, the Secretary of the Club

CHRISTMAS WILL BE MERRY FOR PIN-MONEY CLUB GIRLS

A MERRY Christmas to you all! A full, rich, happy Christmas to every one of my Pin-Money Club girls and to [illegible] everywhere!

Christmas will indeed be joyous for the girls in the Pin-Money Club. Everywhere, East, West, North and South the club girls are echoing the words of a Missouri girl who writes:

> I have not been worrying where my Christmas money was coming from, because I know it will come from the same place it did last year —the Pin-Money Club."

[illegible] Christmas, I saw St. Nick [illegible] white-haired, loaded down with good things. Pad and pencil in hand, he turned his jolly head toward each of [illegible] as he passed and made note of what [illegible]. Well, that is just the way I [illegible] to feel about the Pin-Money [illegible]. The club is making note of what [illegible] and is getting ready to put it in your Christmas stocking.

If anybody should ask me the very best time of the year in which to join the Pin-Money Club, I should say, unreservedly, from November 15th to Christmas. While the girls in the club make money all the year around, they make more in these five weeks than at any other time. That's why I shall be particularly glad to welcome you into the club now.

Yes, I hope Christmas Day will be perfect for you all, especially those of you who sometimes find the way a little hard, or who are lonely, or who are fighting to make ends meet.

As for those of you who are not well, I hope that Christmas will be as bright for you as for the Brooklyn girl who wrote me this letter. She is one of our most successful members and last year she never left her room:

> "I am *all* well, thanks to the Pin-Money Club! Some day soon I'm coming to see you and tell you all about it."

"'I know my Christmas money will come from the same place it did last year—the Pin-Money Club'"

Health! What a splendid gift from the Pin-Money Club to these girls! Think how bright Christmas will be to them.

Christmas has come early to these Virginia girls—all sisters, Lillian and Maude and Julia. Their last name? Oh, that's my secret. I don't tell the girls' names, you know. These three sisters are all Pin-Money Club girls and they have done so well. Maude writes:

> "It has seemed exactly like Christmas for the last week. First, there was my beautiful brooch. I told you how very well pleased I was with it in my last letter, and it gets prettier to me all the time. Then came my lovely box of stationery and your acknowledgment of my salary earned. I want to tell you how grateful I feel for all these gifts, for I don't feel I have had to work hard at all for them."

These were, of course, additional gifts, besides the money she earned right along. Each of the three sisters got the same, and I have just mailed each of them a crisp check. Checks and brooches and stationery! I do believe St. Nick did [illegible] a step in advance at that house.

> [illegible] little note of love and [illegible] little Inner Circle [illegible] box of paper came. I am the proudest girl alive, with the money I have earned and what it has meant to me."

"A Happy Member," is the way this St. Louis girl signs herself—and she has earned her happiness:

> "I am just delighted with the idea of earning some pin-money, and surprised at my success at the very beginning. It does seem so good to say, 'I bought that with the money I earned.' I can say it now. It is certainly delightful work."

A very young member away off in Idaho sends a cheery word:

> "Oh, I thank you so much for the lovely stationery. I am very proud of it, for I had not dreamed of anything nearly so nice. Before I joined I had been afraid that I could not do the work, having had no training and being only in my teens. I think the COMPANION is generosity itself, and wish it good luck."

This married woman in Illinois is fortunate to be able to pass on the good things she gets from the club:

> "While you are helping me, I am able to help some one else. I belong to a benevolent branch of Federation of Women. We have a sewing class of twenty-nine small girls, and every Saturday afternoon I teach them to sew. They are mostly poor, so I give them a good part of the money I earn through the club. So you see the club enables me to do some good that I could not otherwise afford to do."

All these girls have found happiness through the Pin-Money Club. Yes, and so have hundreds of others, school girls, business girls, home girls, married girls, all of them have found in the Pin-Money Club something that long seemed beyond their reach.

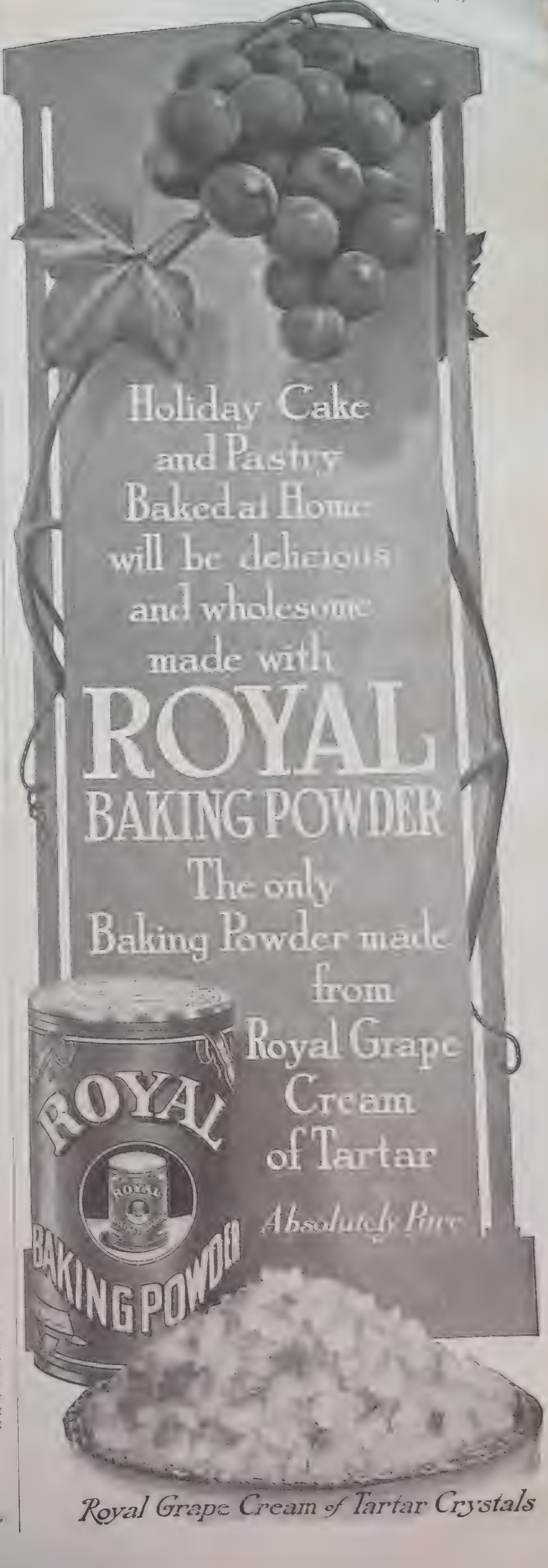
And in these next five, busy, crowded weeks thousands more will be made happy through the club.

Yes, each of you may join the happy procession of Pin-Money Club girls that is joyously approaching Christmas. There's a place for you—right here—between a young mother and a bright school girl. See their hands part to make room for you.

Write me and I'll tell you how you can find your place in the Pin-Money Club —write me now, so that St. Nick can drop into your Christmas stocking the lovely Inner Circle Brooch with its bright beautiful diamond, and the exquisite monogrammed stationery and a crinkly check. And all these gifts from the club will be doubly precious because you will know that the money earned right along through the club has bought something especially lovely for every dear one.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary Pin-Money Club
Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square,
New York City



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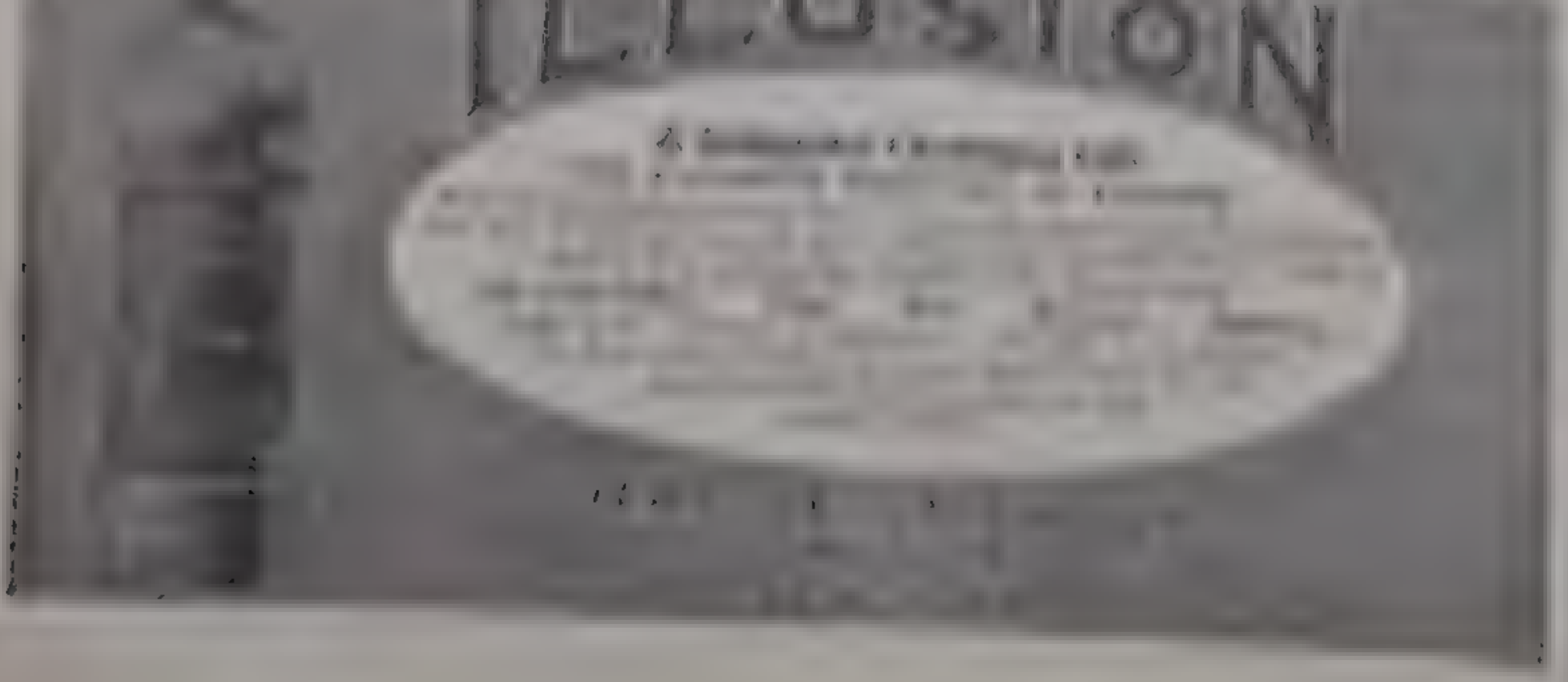

ILLUSION

[illegible]

HER CHRISTMAS FUND

A HAPPY CHARITY THAT ALL MAY [illegible]

BY FLORENCE L TUCKER

W[illegible] notice they seldom [illegible] ase, almost never are taken inside, but seem to be going, going, from one door to the next. And at the season when all the world is thought of as full of good cheer and helpfulness! To buy their simple wares is small help, I know. But it gives courage and hope, and a feeling of something doing. They are not begging, they offer in fair trade articles they suppose us to need.

* * *

"Now, just let me tell you of a few of these people," she went on. "And to some of them a little gift of money would be such a godsend. For instance, the old man with shoe-dressing. He came on such a wet, drizzly, disagreeable day, and when I made some remark about the weather, he said, 'Yes, I don't like to be out on such a day, but I have to make my board!' looking up at me with the sweet, trusting smile some very old people have.

"I looked at his wet shoes and his thin coat and the shaking of his poor palsied head as he went slowly down the steps; and I thought if only I could give him a dollar, and say, 'Now, you take this, and go home to your boarding-place, and stay in to-day.' If I could have done that it might have saved him long sickness and pain—just one little dollar! I want my Christmas fund to enable me to help just a little, sometimes, where it is so plainly needed. To see such an old person so cheerfully making his feeble battle with adversity—oh, don't you know how it makes you feel?

* * *

"The children, too. I remember one little thin, pale-faced girl [illegible] sugar cookies, in a ba[illegible] very simply 'Mother made these, and I've got to sell them because father's gone away and the children haven't any [illegible] glad to remember that I did [illegible] of the cookies, for it just chanced that I could and I hunted through the children's old clothes until I had a great parcel of shoes and stockings and warm underwear for her to take home with her.

* * *

"And the man with sticking-plaster—[illegible] things, for such a man—sticking-plaster! You know how it comes in a [illegible]. He had lost an arm. He [illegible] as they usually [illegible] and had a fine, strong face [illegible]

[illegible]

* * *

"A[illegible]

* * *

"I don't know how I'm going [illegible] how, in the first [illegible] about making an indep[illegible] how, as I accumulate [illegible] to save it. I want to m[illegible] in some way, and a way [illegible] take from anything else. I[illegible] to give away what you alr[illegible] and what costs you nothing—[illegible] apples and oranges.

"Perhaps you may r[illegible] friend was so thoughtful as [illegible] a barrel of New York apples [illegible] and another friend sent [illegible] anges from Florida; and I cannot [illegible] you, for I have no idea, how many [illegible] had some of those apples and [illegible] just different ones who would [illegible] the door, to sell, perhaps, or to [illegible] parcels. But most of all I like to [illegible] the little boy—a little fellow, and [illegible] clad, from the country, who [illegible] toe to sell, his delight was someth[illegible] remember and to be grateful for. [illegible] sure I was grateful for the pleasure [illegible] forded each one who shared in th[illegible]

"But what I want to do for next yea[illegible] see, is to make a certain and independent fund, with which I shall be able [illegible] from every one who comes, it ma[illegible] not what he or she brings. I wa[illegible] to be one door from which no [illegible] of whatsoever thing shall turn away [illegible] couraged at the blessed Christmas[illegible] And I do hope my fund can be big enough to let me give a little where I [illegible]

* * *

"One thing I must do with it [illegible] buy a book of street-car tickets. Haven't you noticed how often a [illegible] woman will come to you just at [illegible] hour, carrying a heavy satchel, and [illegible] ing fagged and faint? Four or five [illegible] maybe, from home and refreshment [illegible] ing, walking, never invited, perhaps [illegible] a whole half-day to sit down [illegible] could not say to such an one, [illegible] five cents for your car-fare.' [illegible] not so wound the pride which [illegible] to make her brave struggle. But [illegible] could offer a street-car ticket, and [illegible] a little joke of it—'Let me give you a little lift in my carriage'—or [illegible] like that—don't you think it [illegible] grateful to the poor tired [illegible] a bit of real Christmas cheer? [illegible] of course, I don't have to wait for Christmas-time for that. And when they [illegible] it, they will rest. What a [illegible] to sit down, don't you know, when [illegible] are very tired!"

* * *

I did know. And I had my thoughts about this plan of my friend's. She is one of those women, of whom there are [illegible] who live comfortably "at home" without one little personal income [illegible] for [illegible]. How she is going to make her 'Christmas fund,' as she called it, I am interested to know, or rather, I shall be interested to learn after she has evolved [illegible]

[illegible]

THE MAN WHO WENT TO SLEEP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

wouldn't tell, he didn't know very much about womankind. It happened that she wasn't engaged; she had never been engaged, for reasons perfectly satisfactory to herself, if not to others. She told the story, however, to Senator DeWitt, [illegible] himself by laughing im- [illegible] "But if you ever let that [illegible] know that I told you, I'll [illegible] to you again," she said.

"[illegible] are you going to do with your [illegible]" asked the senator.

"[illegible]g to burn it," she replied. [illegible] the dramatic instinct.

[illegible]rse she didn't carry out her [illegible] she loved that story. For years [illegible] worked on it. It was all about [illegible] that she had known as a child, [illegible] put into it all of her love [illegible] of her childhood. That novel was part of herself.

She didn't have the courage to offer it to any other editor, however. She was afraid of having her worst fears confirmed. After all, it *might* not have been the dullness of her story that put the man to sleep. In the possibility there was some comfort.

Her feeling toward John Sanders passed through several changes. After her first moments of indignation she had felt utterly abashed. Then she became resentful. After a few weeks she longed to punish him, to make him feel— Oh, well, she wasn't used to being treated like that. Why, there were plenty of men, men of distinction, including Americans and foreign diplomats, some of them titled— But what would that contemptuous editor care! He probably believed that she was a dreadful bore.

The thought of her humiliation wore away after a while. But it returned every time she saw *The Universe.* Why did she ever look at it, then? Simply because she was curious to see the kind of stories that John Sanders put into it. Some of them, especially the serial novel then running— Well, she was not an unbiased judge. Each month she read the magazine from cover to cover. It was clever, oh, wonderfully clever, and it published stories and articles very different from those that Consuelo read in other magazines, startling, unconventional things, some of them. Besides, it was continually bringing out new writers. Mr. John Sanders, Consuelo acknowledged, was a man of courage, if not always, according to her standards, a man of taste. His visiting-card she had taken from the plate in the hall and she had hidden it in her room. Often she looked at it. Invariably it brought up the humiliating picture of that figure on the sofa, oblivious of her presence, oblivious of her very existence.

At moments Consuelo loathed the kind of people she was constantly meeting. Of course they included wonderful men; but these were nearly all married or they were absorbed in public affairs, or both. The silly, dancing little men in the diplomatic service she despised. Somehow she was beginning to find Washington tiresome.

Of all the contributions in *The Universe*, Consuelo took most interest in the editor's department. Often it contained a little more slang than she approved, but she loved the humor that read through the familiar "Talk to Readers." Occasionally it made her laugh aloud. Nevertheless, she seldom finished reading the department without feeling angry and without saying to herself, "I wonder if I shall ever come face to face with that man again."

One day, in the editor's department, Consuelo saw this announcement: "We want a serial novel. We want a good novel. We want a novel that will make our readers sit up. We want a novel with real people in it, with noble aspirations. If we find what we want we will pay five thousand dollars for it."

Consuelo shivered at the words "We want a novel that will make our readers sit up." At that instant the thought of vengeance flashed into her mind. Here was a chance. A fair chance! At any rate, no harm could come from trying. He would never recognize the story. He hadn't heard a word. And if, by sheer luck, she did succeed, what a vindication, what a triumph!

All of which explains why, six weeks later, John Sanders, sitting in his office, had an uncanny sensation. Since early [illegible] he had refused to see callers, [illegible] read last chapters of novels, or [illegible] last chapters. At last he had [illegible] "something possible," a story of [illegible] life, not remarkable, but with a [illegible]ch. The last chapter was good [illegible] to take him back to the first. [illegible] to page he read, and it was [illegible] that he had the sensation. Had he [illegible] this story before? It sounded familiar, and [illegible] unfamiliar. It was a good theme, [illegible]ventionally handled, and yet —and [illegible]— After reading the fifth chapter [illegible] pacing his office. Where? [illegible] was like a pale tracing, the vaguest [illegible] memory. With an effort he sat [illegible] and he stuck to that story [illegible] finished it. Still he was afraid [illegible] do. It was charming and [illegible] yet the marks of the amateur [illegible] it all.

[illegible] had he heard it before, or [illegible] The question began to afflict him again. It followed him out of the office. It made him absent minded at the Lambs' Club, where he dined with Tom Singleton, the comedian. It sang itself into his ears at the opera. It tormented him at Julia Freeman's supper party for Madame Sternberg, the *Isolde* of the evening. It was only when he was about to drop off to sleep that he got the answer. It made him wide awake.

That girl down in Washington, Justice Mills' daughter—she had sent the novel under an assumed name!

At first he laughed. Her sending it was so human—and so like a woman. Then he felt sorry for her. He wondered if, after all, he couldn't use the story. At any rate, he decided, he would have some fun. He had the advantage now. The thought of it gave him so much comfort that he fell asleep.

The next morning Sanders looked over the manuscript again. On the title-page he read: "Many Waters, by Lucille Vernon, Care the Clayton Agency, W. S. Clayton, Manager." So Consuelo Mills had not mailed the manuscript herself. The idea of submitting it to *The Universe* might have been the agent's. Suddenly Sanders felt that he had lost his advantage. On an impulse he decided to call up Clayton on the telephone. In a few moments he was talking with the agent.

"Say, old man," he said, "who is Lucille Vernon?"

"Lucille Vernon?" Clayton repeated, as if puzzled. Then he quickly added: "Oh, the woman that wrote 'Many Waters?' Well, I don't know anything about her."

"Haven't you her address?"

"Why, yes, I think so. Hold the wire." A few minutes later, Clayton resumed, "The manuscript came to us from Miss Vernon, care of Mrs. Gallagher in East 57th Street. She told us to offer it to you first. She thought she might get that five thousand dollars."

"Ah!" Sanders breathed deeply and his face shone. Mrs. William E. Gallagher. He knew about her. He had not studied the society columns for nothing.

"What's up?" Clayton asked. "Does Miss Vernon get the five thousand?"

"Well, I don't know about that. It's a mighty clever story—only a little amateurish. Could Miss Vernon be persuaded to fix it up?"

"I guess so," Clayton responded promptly. Sanders felt convinced that the agent was not in the secret.

"Any objection to my dealing with her direct?"

"None whatever," Clayton replied, "so long as I land my commission."

Two minutes later he was talking with one of Mrs. Gallagher's servants. "Is Miss Mills at home?" he boldly asked, and he could hardly keep the mirth out of his voice.

"No, sir," came the reply in a rich brogue.

"She's staying with Mrs. Gallagher, isn't she?"

"She's goin' home at five o'clock."

"Ah." Sanders grew cold. "Is she coming back for luncheon?" he asked.

"Mrs. Gallagher is giving a luncheon for her at one o'clock. She'll be back by twelve to dress."

"Then tell her that a gentleman will call on her at twelve-thirty on some very important business. Say that Mr. Clayton has sent him," Sanders continued.

At twelve-thirty John Sanders stood at Mrs. Gallagher's door. "The gentleman sent by Mr. Clayton," he said gravely, as he entered the drawing-room. "Tell Miss Mills it is very important."

Five minutes later, in a magnificent dress of white lace, Consuelo Mills entered the drawing-room. At sight of the editor all the color left her face.

"You!" she said, and she sat down. Then her face grew scarlet.

"Yes, it is I," Sanders replied, and he tried to keep from smiling.

"Why did you—how did you know?"

"If you will ask me to sit down, I will explain," he replied, working his dignity to the utmost limit.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Do sit down."

They faced each other without speaking. Then they laughed, merrily, uproariously, like two children. The laughter cleared the air.

"I won't offer any more apologies," Sanders began. "I'll simply say that I like your story and I want to buy it for five thousand dollars." He, too, had the dramatic instinct.

She stared at him, wide-eyed. Then her eyes filled with tears. After all, she had been humiliated. And the vindication was sudden. As for revenge, for the moment she forgot all about it. He looked at her, speechless, helpless, not daring to move. Then, to his utter amazement, the tears stopped as quickly as they had begun.

"You must think I'm silly," she said.

He longed to tell her what he thought of her. He longed to cry himself. And yet, at that instant, he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

"How did you—how did you know I wrote it?" she asked.

By the time he had finished the explanation she was quite calm. "It was like a faint tracing," he repeated at the end.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 70]

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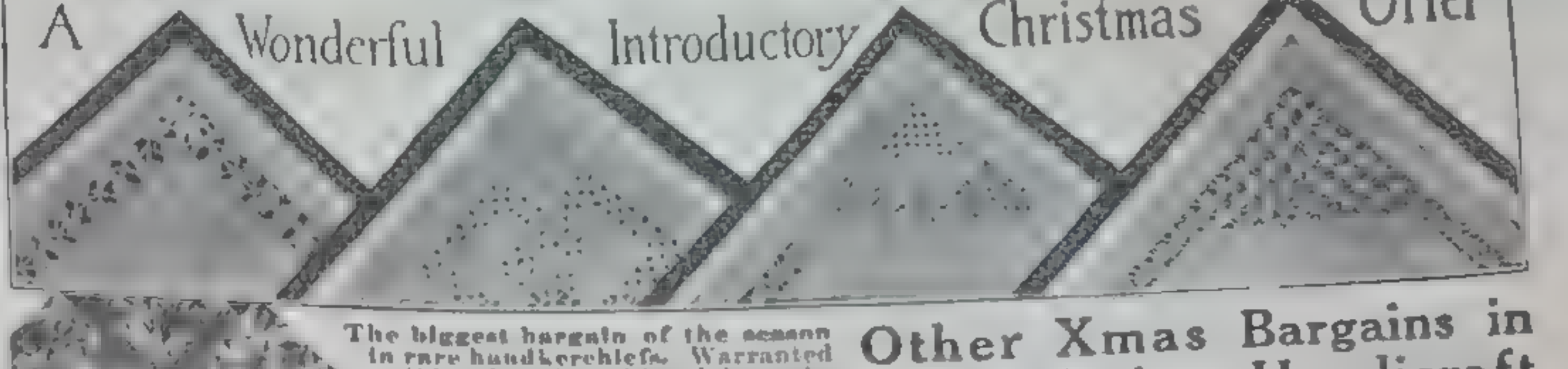

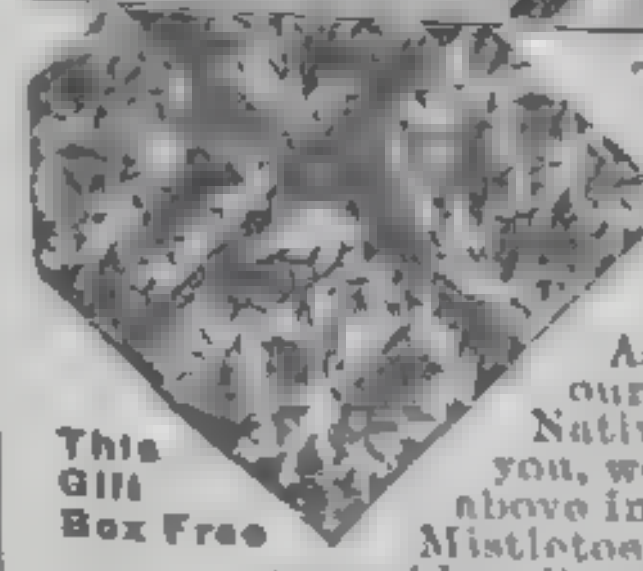

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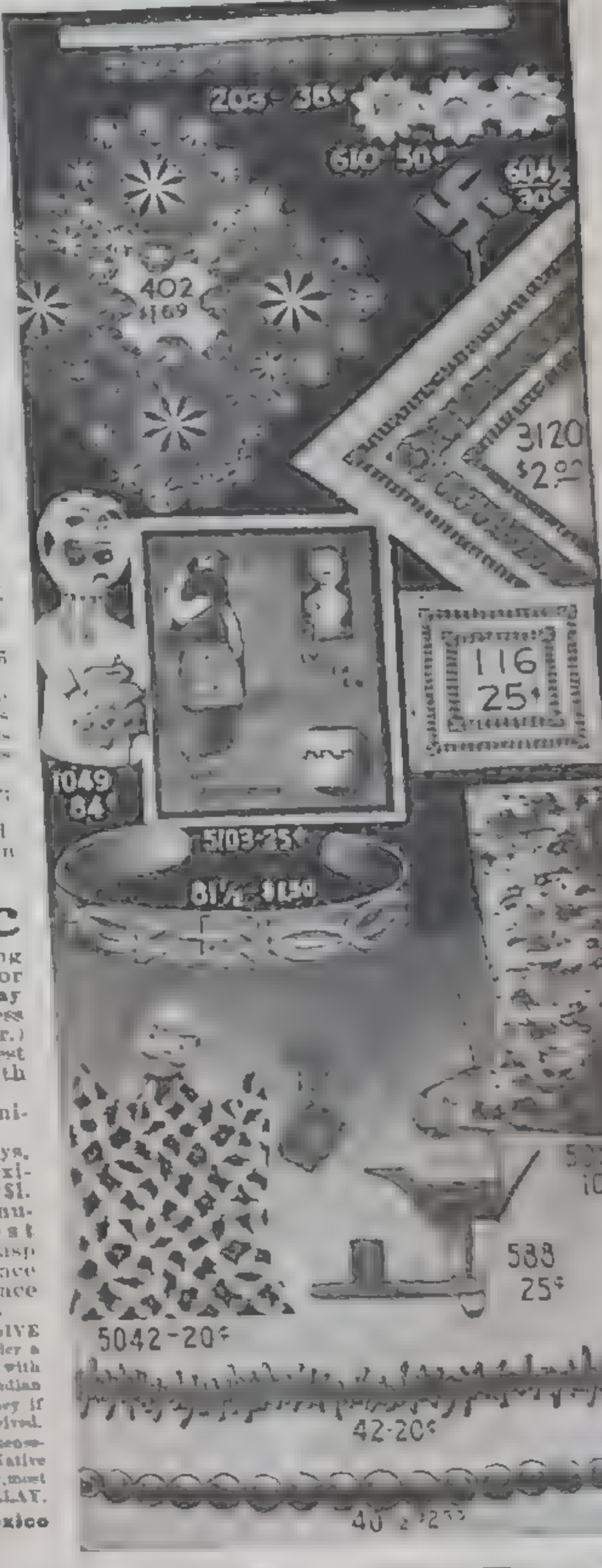

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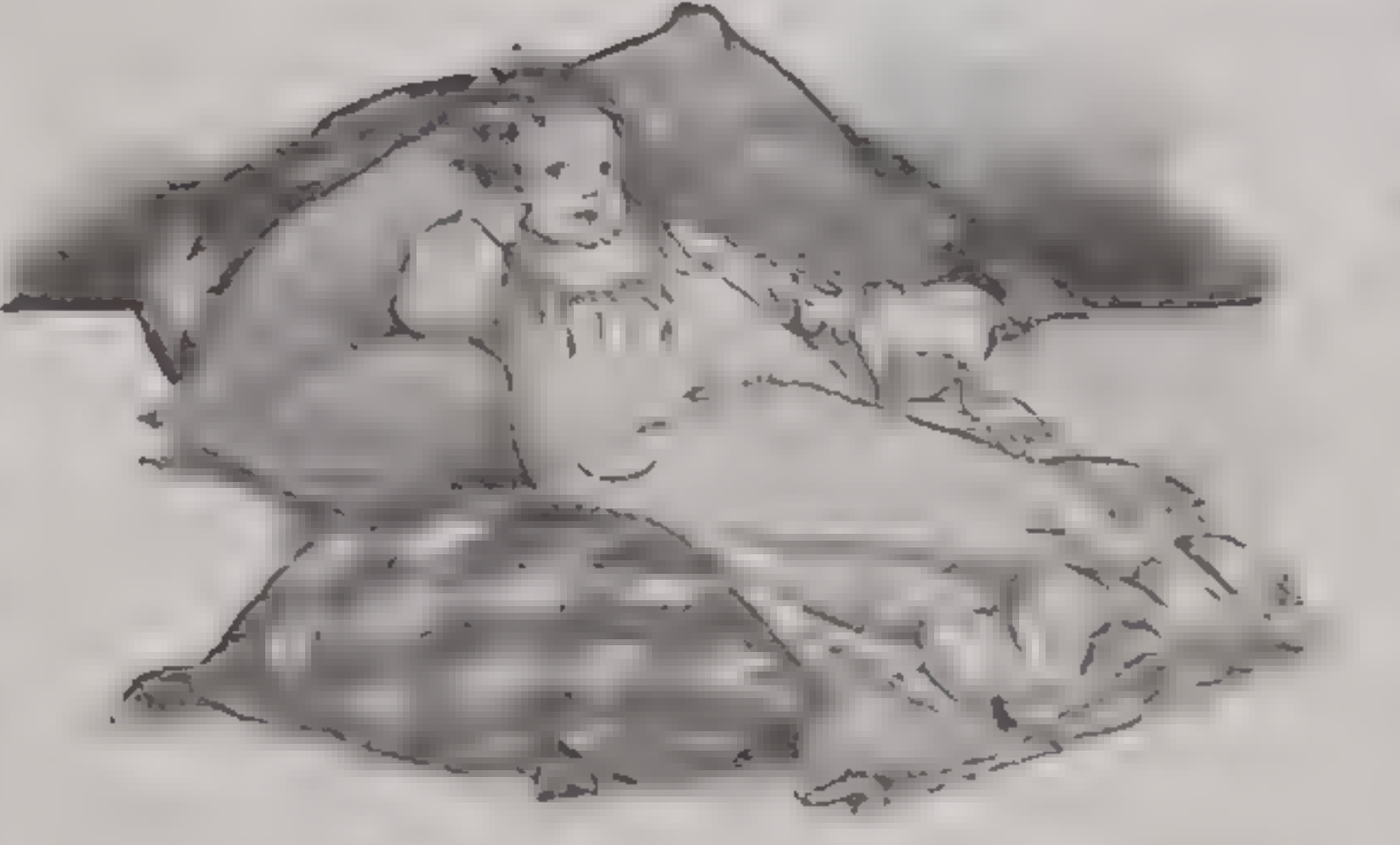

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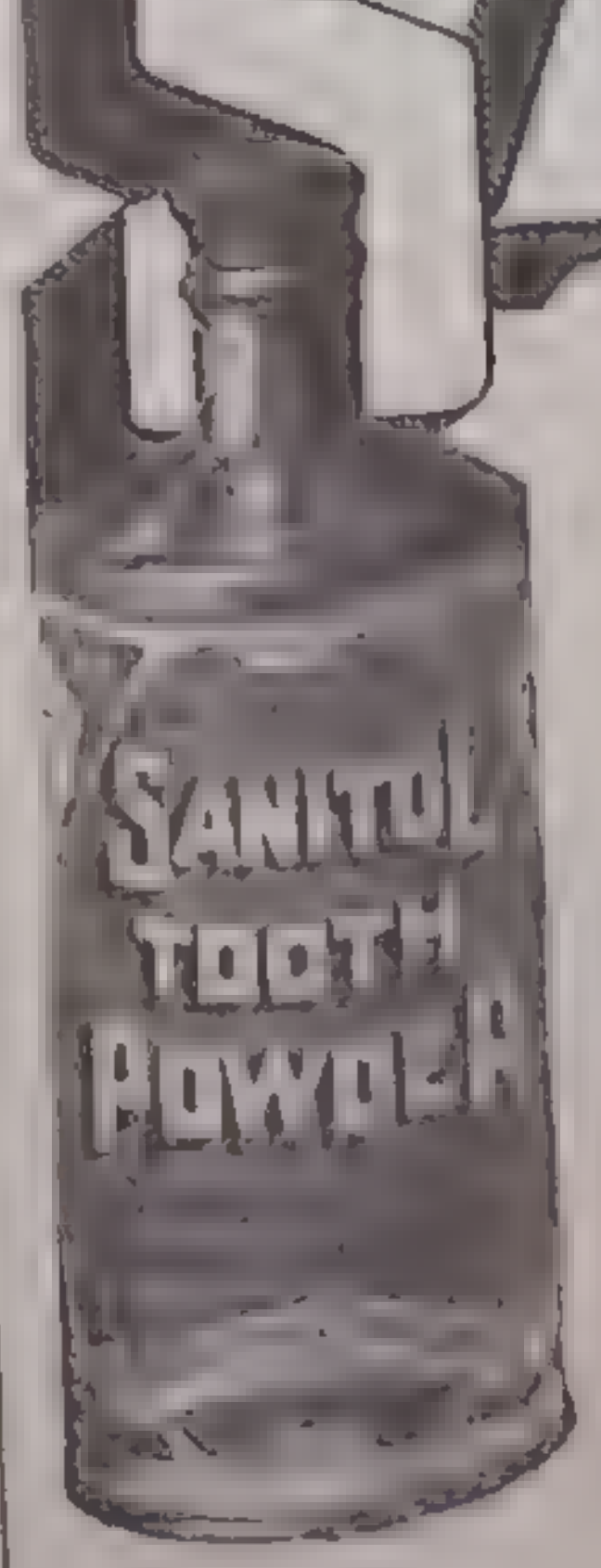

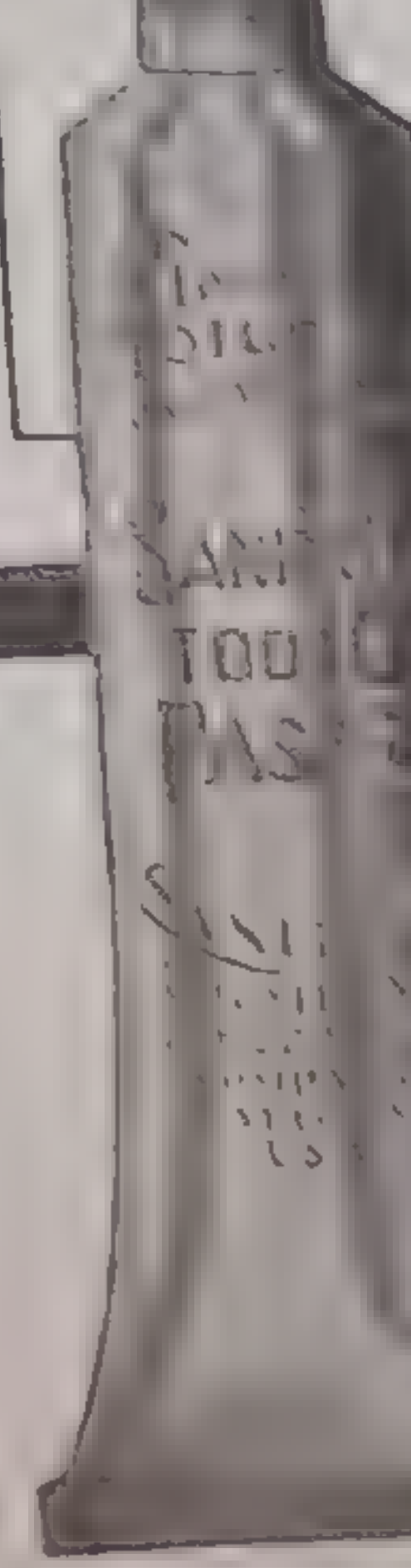

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A CHILD'S WORLD

A Story in Color Pictures

¶ Few artists have depicted children with the charm and tenderness of Jessie Willcox Smith. In the October 1907 issue of McClure's there was published a remarkably beautiful series of drawings, entitled "The Five Senses" which completely exhausted that edition. McClure's is offering in its Christmas number, now for sale, a second series representing maturer and even finer work. Six pictures all in one number and reproduced in the full colors of the originals of

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

¶ Other features of the December number will be an exquisite story by Mary Stewart Cutting, author of "Little Stories of Married Life," entitled **"The Lighted House."** Another charming piece of fiction is an appealing story by Dr. R. K. Carter, called **"My Boy Charlie."**

¶ Perhaps of even greater interest is an article entitled **"Paoli and the Queen,"** a chapter from the autobiography of a member of the Secret Police of Paris and guardian for forty years of all the crowned heads who crossed the French frontier. In this instalment, the first of a series, he describes his friendship of a lifetime with the late Queen Victoria.

McCLURE'S

For December

THE MAN WHO WENT TO SLEEP

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

"I really had heard that story in my—" He was going to say "subconsciousness," but she got ahead of him with the word "sleep."

"And what made you think I was in New York?" she asked, fixing her searching dark eyes on him.

It was his turn to be embarrassed now. "Well, just a little bit of reasoning. Most ama—most beginners in writing think a good deal of their manuscripts. I thought it not unlikely that you had brought that story over here yourself."

"I was coming anyway to visit Mrs. Gallagher," she then explained somewhat haughtily.

"Well, yes, I supposed that might be so. I knew you came often. Once in a while I—I see your name in the papers, and I—I thought there was a chance you might still be here."

"Waiting for your decision," she added with a severity belied by the expression of her eyes.

"Yes," he acknowledged, and his eyes were smiling, too.

"But you kept it such a long time I told Mrs. Gallagher I couldn't live with her *always*."

"Of course you won't go now?" he pleaded. "There are some changes I must ask you to make."

"Many?" she asked with nervous solicitude.

"Well, enough to involve several conferences. We'll want to publish the story four months from now. That means we must get it in shape at once."

At that moment Mrs. Gallagher, handsome, superbly gowned, entered the room. When Sanders had told the news, she hugged and kissed the girl and almost had hysterics. "Of course you'll stay to luncheon," she said to Sanders. "Five thousand *dollars!* Oh, you genius." She embraced Consuelo Mills again. Sanders feared if she kept on she'd embrace him, too.

"I'll stay if you persuade Miss Mills to remain in New York until the novel is in final shape."

Mrs. Gallagher took an attitude of authority. "She sha'n't stir out of this house. I'll lock her up in the library. Oh, I must go and telegraph your father." At the door an idea struck her. "Sanders! Sanders!" she reminiscently repeated. "Didn't you say he was the editor of *The Universe?* Oh!" And covering her face with her hands, she ran out of the room.

At luncheon Mrs. Gallagher related the whole story. At the end she turned to Sanders, and said, "When Consuelo told me about that night in Washington I declared, if I'd been in her place, I'd have smothered you with a pillow."

John Sanders was the only man at the table, but he didn't care. He stayed till all the other guests had gone. Then he went home to dress for dinner, and returned at seven o'clock. And for the next ten days he saw Consuelo Mills and worked with her over that novel. Then she accused him of having accepted it not because it was good, but because he wished to make up to her for his terrible behavior in Washington. He denied the accusation.

"Do you really think I can write?" she asked, looking him squarely in the face. "Do you advise me to go on?"

He returned the look with steady, determined eyes. "I think you need a collaborator," he replied.

The girl looked down, and blushed. "Perhaps—but one that can keep awake."

"Have you noticed any indications of sleepiness about me lately?" he asked.

The blush became deeper. "No," she murmured.

A GIFT FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

BY HELEN FISHER

I SAW a simple but attractive Christmas gift the other day, made by one housewife for another. It was a denim set consisting of a wall-pocket holding six sheets of sandpaper, assorted sizes, and two covered blank-books—one a child's "composition-book," for recipes, and the other a cheap day-book, for every-day accounts.

This set was intended for the owner of a green-and-white kitchen, but of course could be worked out in any color. Gray-green denim bound with braid of the same color and stenciled with a morning-glory design (that early-rising flower was certainly appropriate) was the material my friend used. The wall-pocket had a loop at the top, so it could be hung up as soon as received. The sheets of sandpaper were of different grades, from the finest, for use in ironing, to the coarsest, for scraping pots and skillets.

The composition-book and the day-book had stiff pasteboard backs, which were covered with the green denim, just as I remember mother used to cover my schoolbooks in days long past, and an indelible lead-pencil was fastened to each cover with a long strip of the binding braid. The stencil design was used vertically on the composition-book, and the word "Recipes" was outlined in the center of the space which was left.

The same stencil design was used diagonally across the cover of the day-book, and the word "Accounts" decorated the upper left-hand corner.

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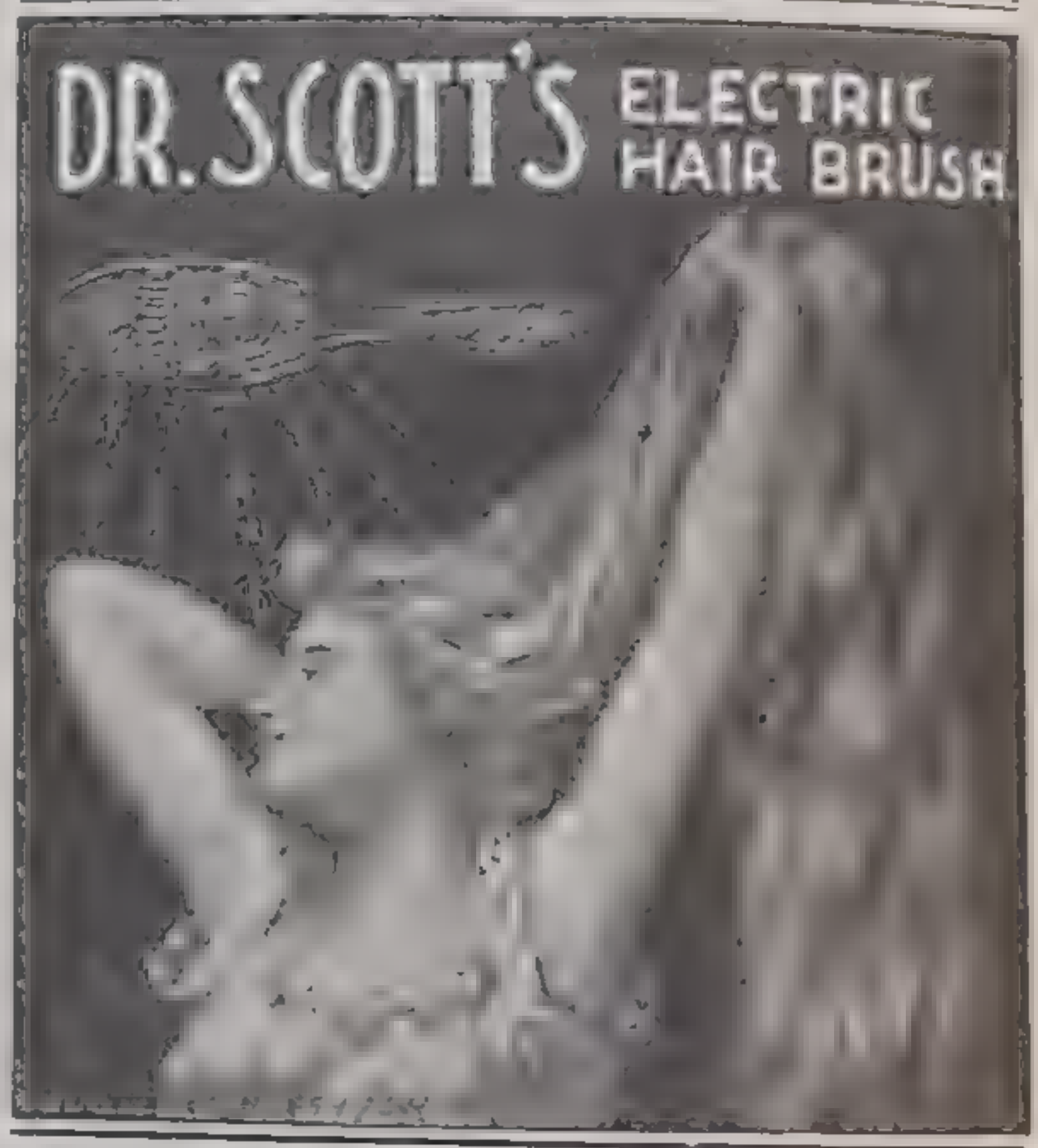

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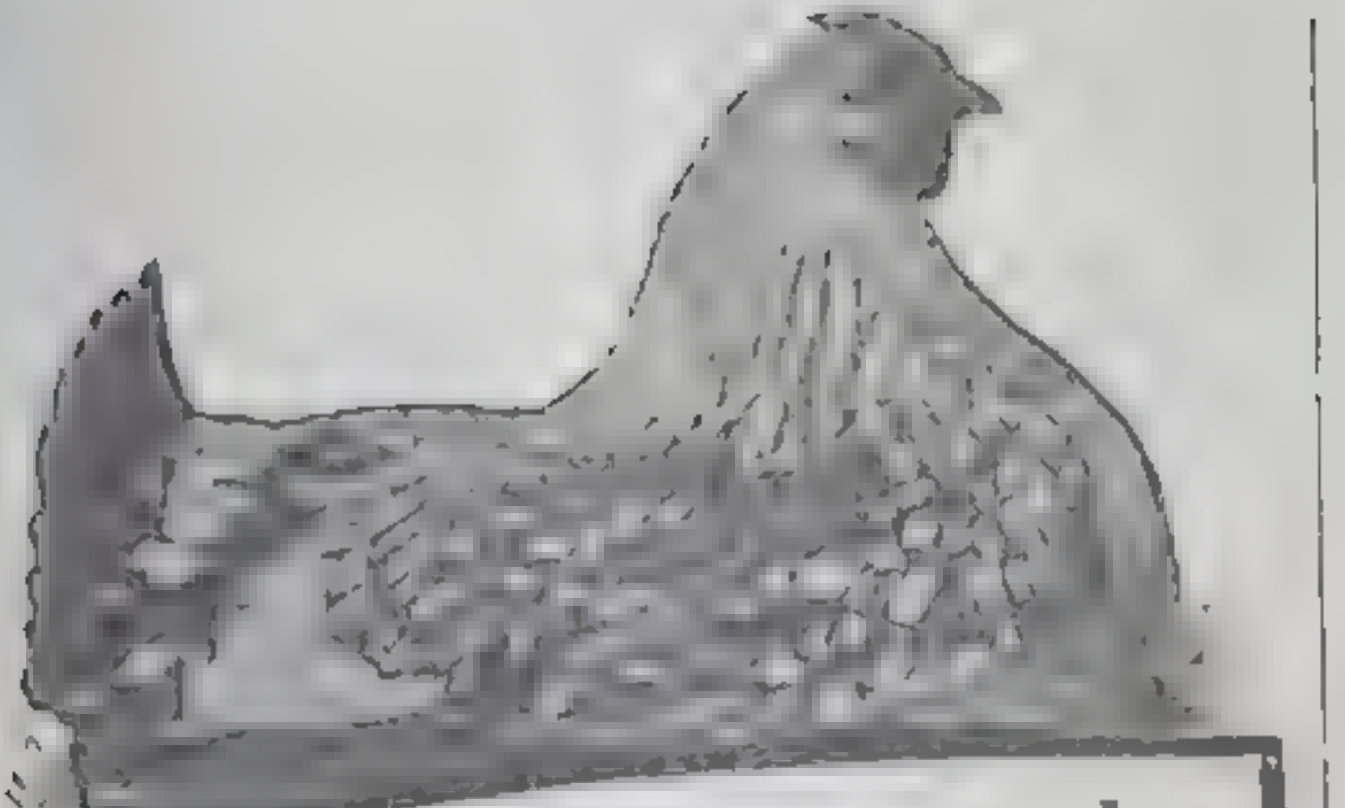

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THE SIGN OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE [illegible]]

cents to one dollar. I spoke of cretonnes or chintzes in small figures. We will discuss their value first. Have the boy or man of the house cut some thin boards into oblongs five inches wide by thirteen or fourteen inches long, others in heart shape or disks about five inches in diameter, and then cut a wooden cylinder, something like a shade-roller, but not more than an inch and a half in diameter, into twelve or fifteen inch lengths.

Take the oblongs first. Cover with sheet wadding, then with cretonne or chintz, insert half a dozen screw-hooks, cover the back with the cretonne or chintz or harmonizing lining material, finish with a hanger and two bows of ribbon and you have a tie or key rack **for a man's room.** It cost you less than twenty-five cents and you can sell it for fifty or seventy-five cents according to the quality of the chintz or ribbon employed. At some hardware-stores you can buy, for ten cents, fine nickel-plated rods with screws, such as are used on a larger scale for towel-racks. These are better than the brass hooks for cravats.

The wooden rollers are now padded, covered with chintz or cretonne, ribbon hanger and bows, and a row of half a dozen small brass screw-hooks. These serve for racks on which the baby's clothing may be hung, or a girl will hang it beside her bureau for keys, button-hook, shoe-horn, etc.

The heart-shaped pieces, padded and covered with the material are fastened together on a spindle which is really a big spool of baby ribbon for running in underwear, the whole held in place by No. 2 ribbon finished with a rosette bow. Your spool of baby ribbon will cost twenty-five cents (wash ribbon comes much higher) your other materials will not total more than fifteen cents and, if you secure a pretty color combination with quick workmanship, you can sell the trinket for seventy-five cents.

You will have some odd pieces of the cretonne or chintz remnants left over. Utilize these by making a post-card holder. Heavy cardboard form the foundation. Cut out two pieces, one measuring nine by four inches, the other four inches square. Pad both, cover with the cretonne, whip the square to the oblong at one of the four-inch ends, use three-inch strips of No. 2 ribbon as a strap or chain to hold the other end of the square away from the oblong, finish the oblong at the top with a hanger and bow of ribbon and you have a pretty post-card rack to hang by a desk. Price sixty-five cents.

Use your ribbon remnants mainly for neckwear. A new model is a very flat bow finished in the center by a buckle of equal width, made from stiff carboard and wound with ribbon. Another perfectly flat, unshirred bow has half a dozen jet nail-heads running through the center and is finished with little balls of the ribbon, attached to matching silk cord and tiny nail-heads. If ribbon of light weight is bought in remnant lengths, these bows cost less than ten cents and sell for twenty-five cents. A new model in neckwear is the dollar Princesse jabot. Make a shaped foundation stock or collar of chiffon, boned. Cover with folds of point d'esprit or inexpensive cotton net in écru, with perhaps a bit of heavy lace edging or a few medallions to finish the top. Where the stock meets the blouse, run a band of velvet ribbon, black, brown, rich blue or red, or amethyst, whatever you may have picked up in your sale-searching, a trifle over an inch in width. There should be about three fourths of a yard of the velvet ribbon, which turns at the front of the stock, and runs through a cheap gilt buckle down the center of the blouse to a point. It is finished on one side with a plaiting of the net which is wide at the throat and graduates to a point at the end of the jabot.

Show variety in dressing your dolls, and get results on the machine, not by hand. Pajama dolls, nurse dolls, polar-explorer dolls, Red Riding Hood dolls and ballet-dancer dolls are all good sellers. Among the clothing which can be made quickly and will sell in separate lots, may be mentioned pajamas, kimonos, little flannel nightingales, booties of eiderdown flannel, piqué or soft leather (old kid gloves work in here), and eiderdown bath-robes.

And finally have some ready-to-hang stockings made of tarlaton, sewed with heavy yarn and filled with all sorts of unexpected surprises. Bachelor uncles and aunts will buy these and pay from fifty cents up without a murmur. Raisins, nuts, candies, safely wrapped in silver or gold foil, cheap toys like Japanese squawkers, mouth-organs, tiny pop-guns, etc., for boys; wee dishes and cooking utensils, baby parasols and fans from Japan, "tumblers," those merry little figures filled with quicksilver and forever landing on their feet, beads, doll purses, and other five cent toys will please little girls.

All over page 28 are picture suggestions for trifles to be evolved from remnants of ribbon, lace, cretonne, etc., that will sell for a dollar or less. But if you want more ideas for any material you may have on hand, turn to other pages in this magazine, the article on pincushions, and Miss Brigham's pages of things to be made from handkerchiefs and ribbon.

If you do not know where to buy the supplies I have mentioned, write and tell me so, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, and by return mail you will receive more specific instructions.

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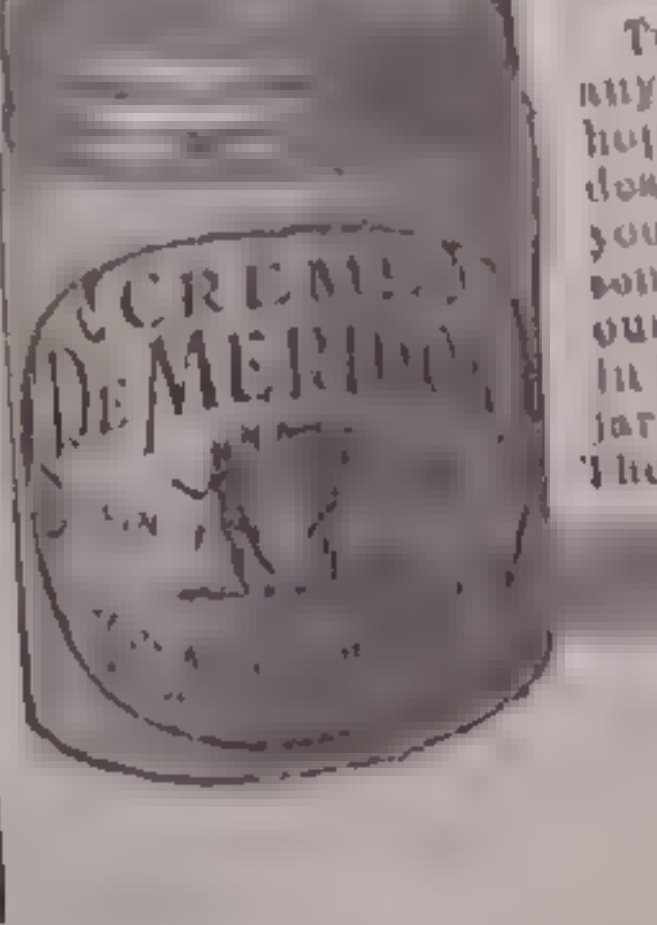

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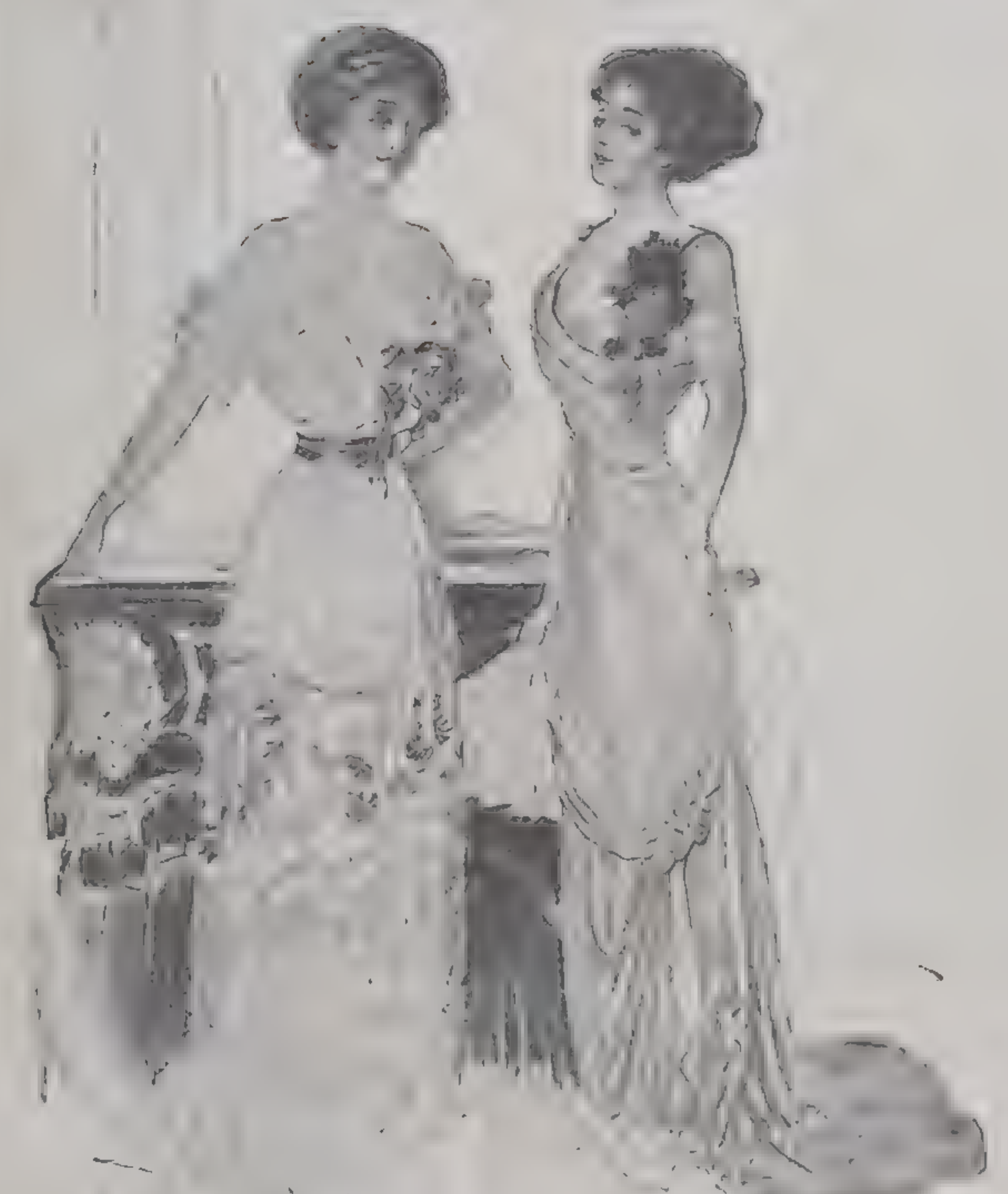

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New York London Paris Berlin

FAR-AWAY JOB

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

driving, for fear of tipping over or jostling the Christmas fixings, had more than enough time to get to Madam Weaver's, so she hurried a little when she started because she wanted to make sure that the old lady didn't get a sight of the tree. She just hopped along the road, with her dress tucked up behind, and a little brushy feather in her bonnet bobbing.

She got to Madam Weaver's, and Maria opened the door for her. "Merry Christmas!" says Maria, and Mrs. Job, she had to say "Merry Christmas" whether she wanted to or not. She rather looked down on Maria because she went out nursing, and Maria knew it, and it used to tickle her to make Eliza speak to her whether she wanted to or not.

The house was still, and it seemed queer on Christmas Day not to smell turkey and onions. Old Madam Weaver wasn't down yet. Maria said afterward she thought she wasn't quite so feeble; she had eaten quite a good breakfast, but she was pretty high and mighty, with her nose in the air and wanting to snap out at Maria, only she knew it wouldn't be becoming her dignity. Eliza came in and shut the door real softly. "I hope you got the tree into the parlor without her suspecting," says she.

"Tree?" says Maria.

"Yes, the Christmas-tree that Mr. Weaver has just brought over with the dinner," says Eliza.

"I haven't seen any tree or any dinner," says Maria.

Then Eliza, she turns pale, and stares. "What do you mean?" says she.

Then Maria says it over again. "I haven't seen any tree or any dinner."

"Do you mean that Job hasn't got here yet?" says Eliza.

"I haven't set eyes on him," says Maria.

Eliza looked as if she was going to faint away, and Maria tried to make her sit down and drink some water, but she wouldn't.

"Job started to drive here a good hour ago," says she. "I have got dressed and done up my hair and walked here since, and he hasn't got here, driving."

"I haven't seen him," says Maria.

Then she and Eliza stared at each other, wondering. "That horse couldn't have run away. She never ran in her life," says Eliza.

"It sort of looks to me more as if she might have balked," says Maria.

She said afterward that she couldn't for the life of her help saying it. It was so ridiculous to think of a horse running and not getting there in an hour, when it wasn't more than three quarters of a mile.

Eliza, she just glared at her. "I don't see anything to laugh at," says she. "Here is that dinner all getting cold. Everything was covered up, and the turkey was sitting on two hot bricks, but there won't be anything fit to eat, and the table has to be trimmed before mother comes down, and I don't know what has happened to my husband."

Maria couldn't help sort of smiling because Eliza put Job after the dinner and the Christmas things, and Eliza glared at her harder than ever. "It is very easy for a woman who has never had a husband not to know what it means when he disappears like this," says she. "I guess if you had a husband you would know what it is to worry."

"Yes, I guess I should," says Maria as meek as she could, and Eliza was sort of pacified. "Where in the world can he be?" says she.

Then all of a sudden old Madam Weaver calls down the stairs. Her door had been open, and she had been listening. "What's the matter?" says she real sharp.

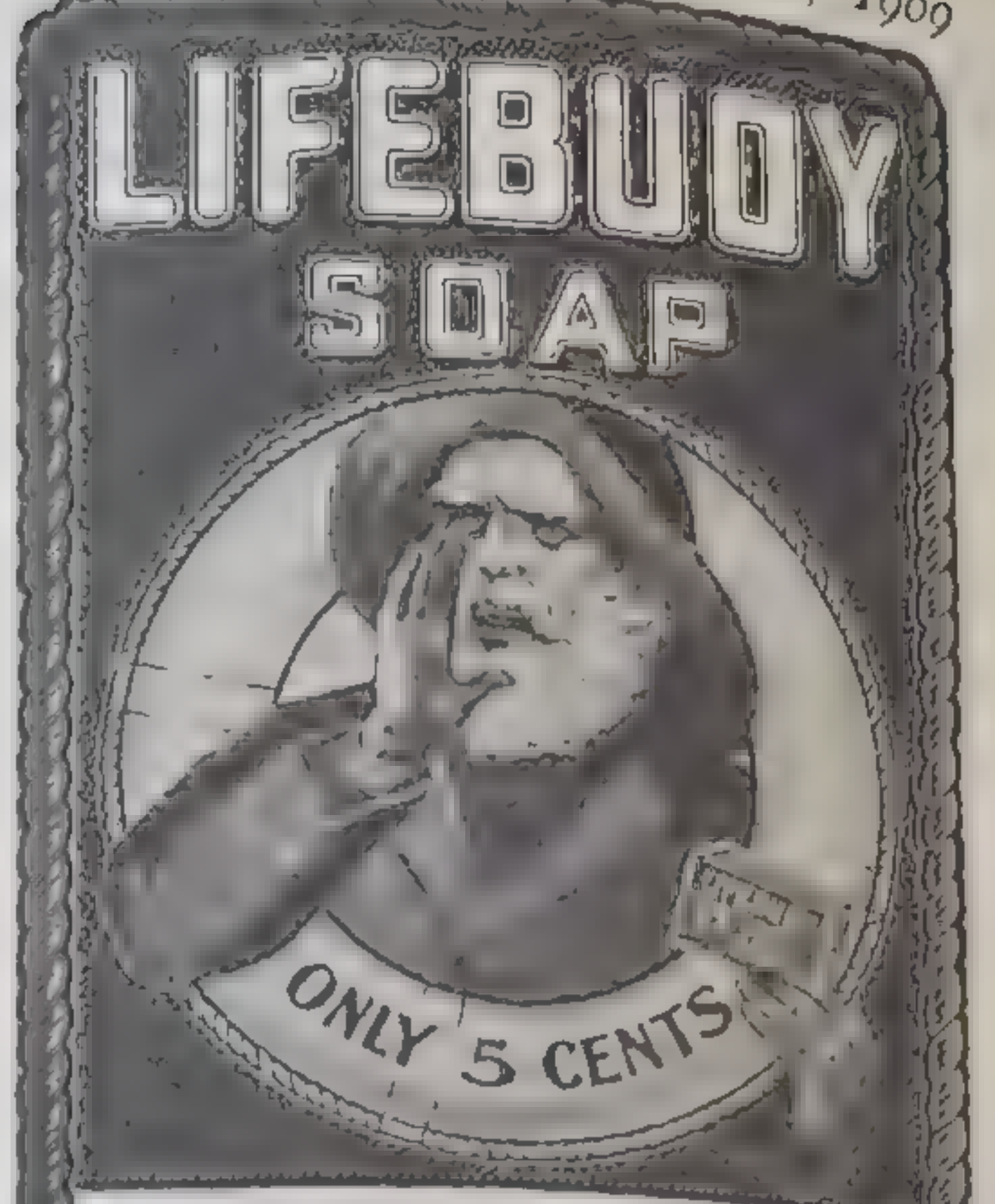
"Nothing, mother, nothing at all," says Eliza. Then she calls out "Merry Christmas" as sweet as honey, but Madam Weaver didn't have any appetite for honey that morning. She didn't take a mite of notice of the "Merry Christmas." "There *is* something the matter," says she, "and I want to know what it is. Maria, you tell me what the matter is."

Maria looked at Mrs. Job, and Mrs. Job looked at her. Then Mrs. Job answered, and she told an awful whopper. "I am afraid the squash isn't very good," says she.

Then Madam Weaver sniffed. They couldn't hear her, but they knew it. "Making such a fuss about squash," says she. "As far as I am concerned I don't care if I don't have any squash." Then she sniffed again and stopped talking, but Maria and Mrs. Job knew she was listening, and they tiptoed into the dining-room and shut the door as softly as they could.

"I don't know what to think of it," begins Mrs. Job, and then there comes a great pounding of a cane on the floor above. Madam Weaver knew they had gone where she couldn't overhear, and she was hopping mad. She pounded and pounded until it seemed as if she would have the ceiling down. "It's no use, I must go up there," says Maria, and off she goes, and leaves Mrs. Job whispering after her, trying to keep her back. Poor Mrs. Job was really beginning to be scared. It did seem sort of queer to have her husband and a horse and carryall with a Christmas dinner and a tree disappear in three quarters of a mile of straight road. She couldn't stand it when she was left alone, so she called in Madam Weaver's colored girl, and told her about it, but she didn't get much comfort from her, for the girl was awful superstitious, and had a lot of stories about

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 73]



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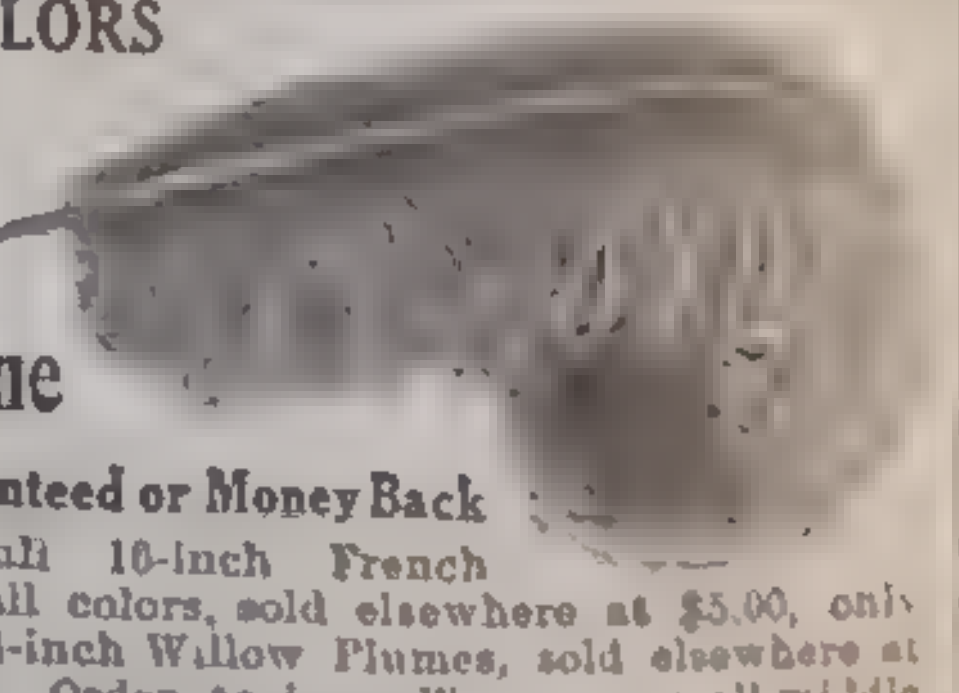

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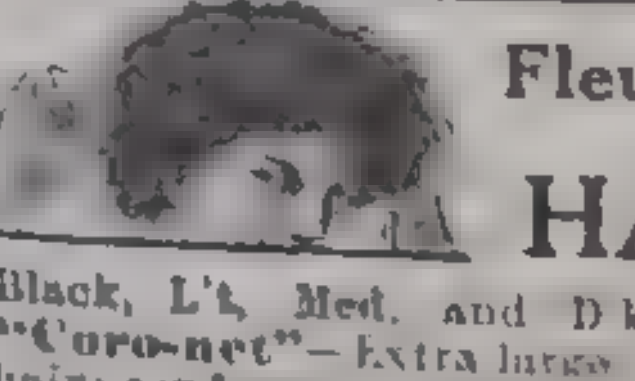

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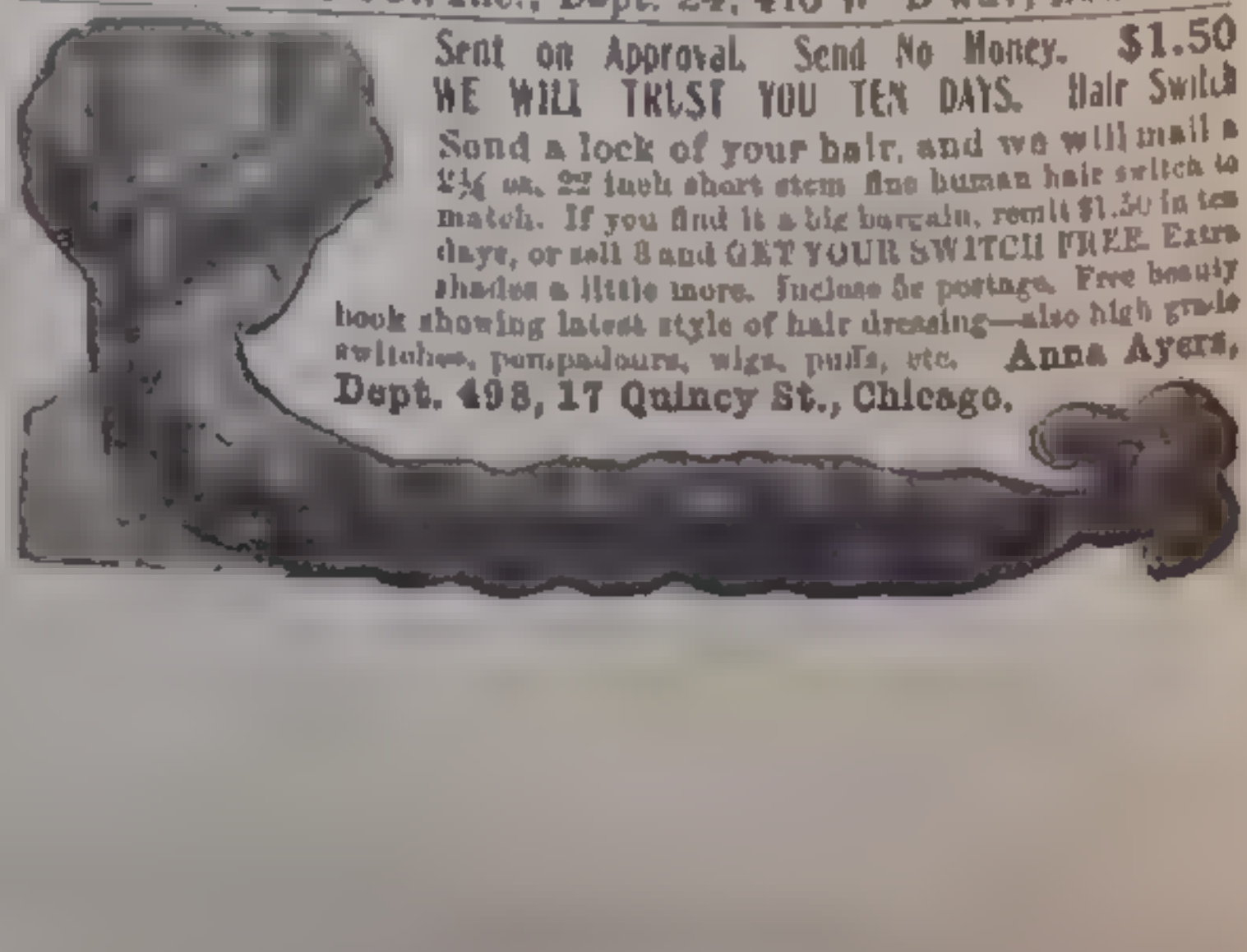

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FAR-AWAY JOB

[illegible]

[illegible] The old lady [illegible] was [illegible] a stronger [illegible] she, and she was [illegible] for here [illegible] and he has [illegible] know what [illegible] the dinner will [illegible] rward that she [illegible] but [illegible] ys she. [illegible] and Job have [illegible] as good [illegible] A Christmas-tree for *me!*"

Eliza gave up entirely then. She sat [illegible] for the best," says she.

"A Christmas-tree *for me*," says the [illegible] on another tack.

"I'm sorry I ever thought of the tree [illegible]

[illegible]

"Driving on a straight road, not more than thr[illegible]," says the old lady [illegible]. "If there had been a turn in the road I would think that the boy had one of his absent-minded spells that he inherited from his father's side; but a straight road! I don't see how he [illegible] on a straight road. I [illegible] do very strange things, [illegible] indeed, when he had [illegible] getting on the train when he [illegible] to Boston; and once he went to meeting with one of my bonnets on. He had taken it off the hall [illegible], and never knew that it wasn't his [illegible] this caps the climax."

Then the old lady got pretty white, and sat down, and Maria got some port wine for her. But meantime Maria had been doing some sharp thinking. If Job Weaver was as absent-minded as all that he might do stranger things than ever as he got older. Maria said she [illegible] to think [illegible] he had been born and brought up in the old Weaver house where his brother Horace lived, and how it was to that very house he had come home instead of going to Boston years [illegible]. She didn't say a word, but she slipped out, and put a shawl over her head, and just ran up the street to Horace Weaver's. She didn't ring the bell. She just tiptoed up the steps, and peaked around a corner of the dining-room window, and there they were, as fine as you please, just finishing on that Christmas dinner. They had come to the pudding, and they all looked as happy as could be. The tree wasn't on the table, but stuck into a flower-pot, close to little Agnes, and she looked like a picture beside it. Her pretty little face was like a bouquet of smiles.

Well, it was a cold day, but Maria, she waited outside until they had finished the pudding, then she rang the door-bell and Horace's wife came. She had on a pink dress, old-fashioned—it has been one of her wedding dresses that she had earned herself working in the store—but it was a lovely color, and she looked lovely, and so pleased and hopeful. Maria wished her a "Merry Christmas," and Lily answered with another; she had very nice manners, and then Maria asked to see Mr. Job for a minute, and he came to the door. Maria said that the minute he saw her, all she could think of was a bird that had been flying and had lit sooner than he expected, and didn't know whether to depend on his feet or wings. Mr. Job clapped his hands to his head, and all of a sudden remembered. He knew the minute he saw Maria that he had come to the wrong house and had not done what his wife had told him to do. Maria said he turned red, then pale, and just rushed into the hall, and came out

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

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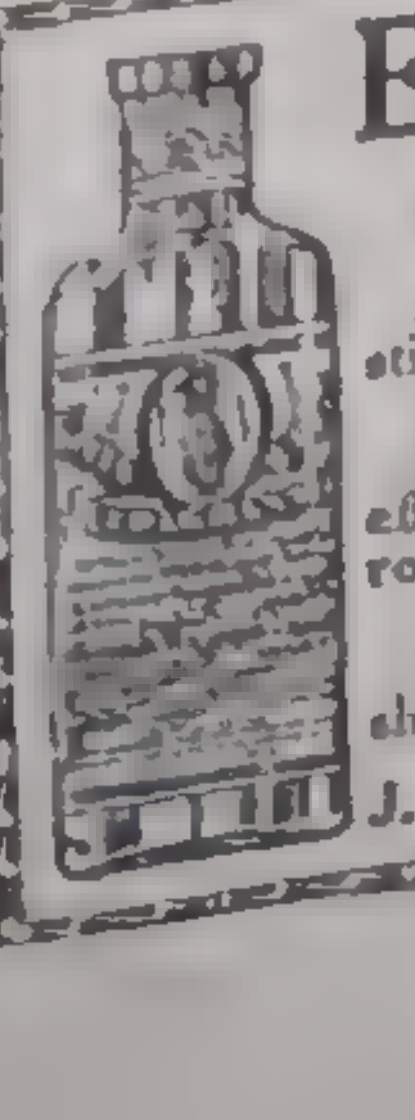

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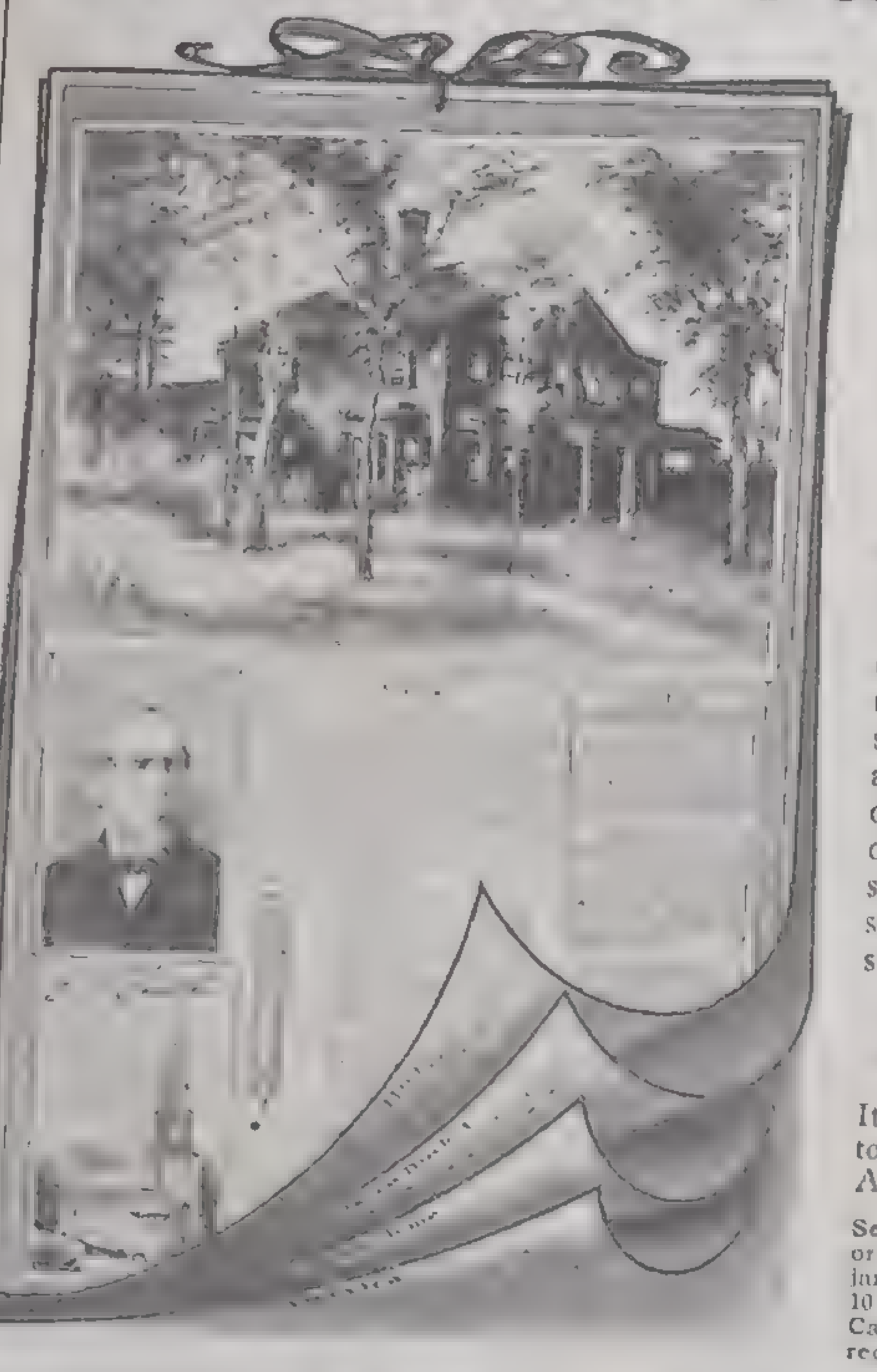

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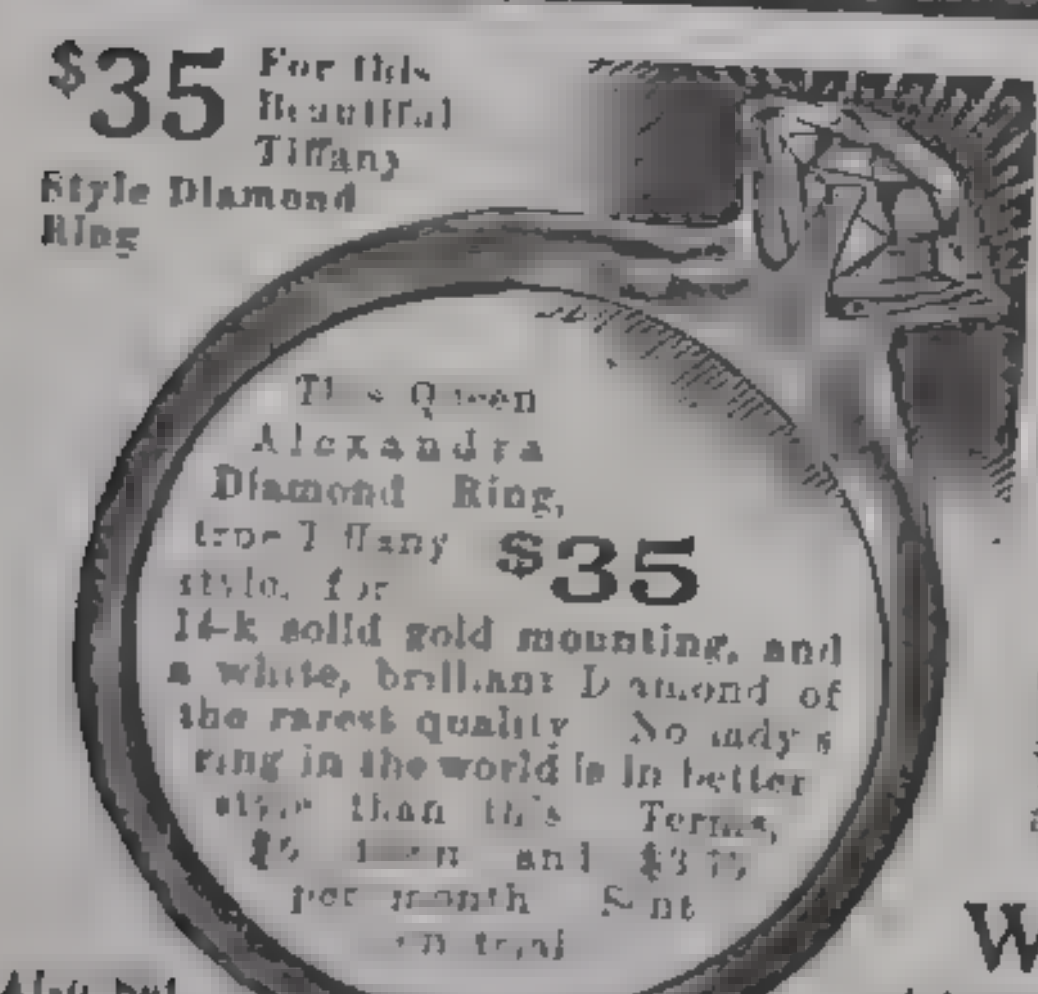

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FAR-AWAY JOB

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

with his hat jammed down over his eyes, and thrusting his arms into the sleeves of his great coat. Then he made a bee-line for the barn, and the first thing Maria knew he was driving that old horse at a gallop up the street to his own home. Maria said she always thought he was so scared that when he got there he jumped into bed and pulled the clothes over his head, like a baby in a thunder-storm.

Horace and Lily and little Agnes came out and stood looking after him. "Where has he gone?" says Horace. He looked sort of surprised, but real happy, and he didn't suspect a thing. He had always been used to Job doing something he didn't expect him to do all of a sudden.

"I guess he has gone home," says Maria. Then she didn't wait for any more questions; she started for Madam Weaver's as fast as she could go, and went in the back way, and managed to get Eliza out in the kitchen without the old lady's knowing.

Well, Eliza, after Maria had whispered a little in her ear, was taken aback, but she wasn't the woman to give up the ship, and up the back stairs she scuttles and comes back in a few minutes with a note for Rosa to take to Job. "Run, Rosa," says she, and Rosa ran, and it wasn't long before Job came driving up and he had the carryall loaded with Christmas wreaths from Eliza's windows, and a lot of cake, and a pair of silver candlesticks that somebody had given Eliza for a present; and she gave them to the old lady, and there was a monstrous chicken-pie with oyster-sauce. It had to be warmed a little, but it didn't take long, for it wasn't very cold. It was lucky that Eliza had baked that pie that morning, or there wouldn't have been any Christmas dinner at Madam Weaver's. As it happened, it was all right. The old lady was very partial to chicken-pie, and she didn't care much about turkey and fixings. She did say, for she was never one not to speak her mind, that it was the queerest Christmas dinner without turkey, and she was afraid that Job would be hungry, and Job just mumbled something and looked foolish. There he was just stuffed with turkey and vegetables and pudding, and having to eat another dinner on top of that. Maria said she didn't know but the poor man would be sick, for his mother kept worrying for fear he wouldn't have enough, and urging him to eat a little more, and he didn't dare refuse.

I don't know as Madam Weaver would ever have found out about it all, but after dinner when they were sitting in the parlor before the hearth fire, and she was looking at her candelsticks, and Eliza was looking at some silver spoons the old lady had given her, there was a little rush into the room, and there were Horace Weaver and Lily and the little girl. Poor Horace looked sick and thin and shabby, but his face was beaming, and Lily was frightened almost to pieces, but looking sweet; and as for the baby, she just gave her grandmother one look and jumped into her lap for all the world like a kitten that has always been petted and expects it of everybody. She was the most loving little thing, anyway, and such a little angel face as she had, and her mother had contrived to dress her up real pretty in a little white coat and bonnet made out of one of her own old dresses.

Well, old Madam Weaver sort of gasped at first and turned white, but she had grit. I suppose nobody will ever know how she had hungered to have that blessed baby in her arms. Over that little head she looked like a queen at Horace and Lily, but before she could speak Horace got in his word, and that saved the day. "Oh, mother, mother," says he, "you will never know what it has meant to us, you will never know what you have done for us this day and how we will love and bless you for it all the days of our lives!"

"What have I done?" says Madam Weaver in a queer voice.

Then poor Lily begun, for Horace was actually trying not to cry.

"Oh," says she, "to think of your sending over that beautiful dinner and the lovely tree for Agnes and this beautiful, beautiful pearl pin for me!" Then Lily began to cry.

"Who did you say brought the things?" says Madam Weaver still in that queer voice, but she bent her old head down and kissed the top of the child's white hood. Then she begun to untie the strings with her trembling old hands, shining with rings. "Why, brother Job brought them," said Horace in his hoarse voice; and he looked at Job and he looked at his mother for all the world like a stray dog that has got home. He had beautiful blue eyes and the baby's were like his.

"I am very glad Job brought the dinner and the tree," says Madam Weaver, and she took off little Agnes's hood and looked at her. Then she kissed her. "Is she dressed warm enough?" says she, feeling of her coat.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so," says poor Lily trembling. "Her coat is all lined and wadded."

Then old Madam Weaver looked at her, and the softest flush came over the poor girl's cheeks. She did not know what to say, and she was so anxious to please, and so grateful that Maria said she cried at the sight of her.

"You don't look very warmly dressed yourself," says the old lady, and then Lily smiled, and said very prettily that she had not felt the cold at all.

"Come here, Horace," says Madam

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 75]

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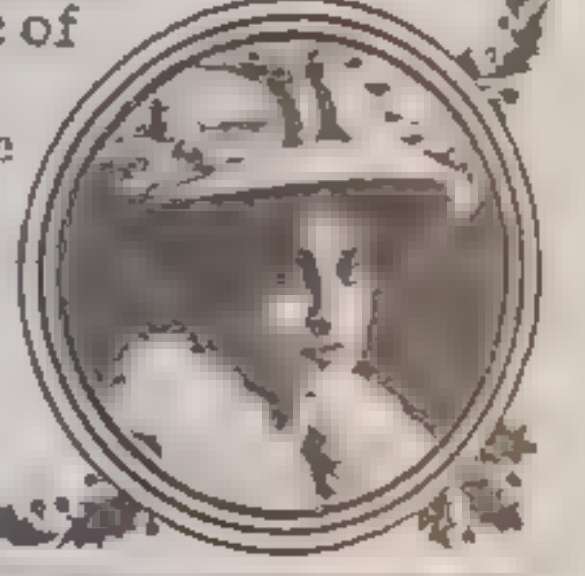

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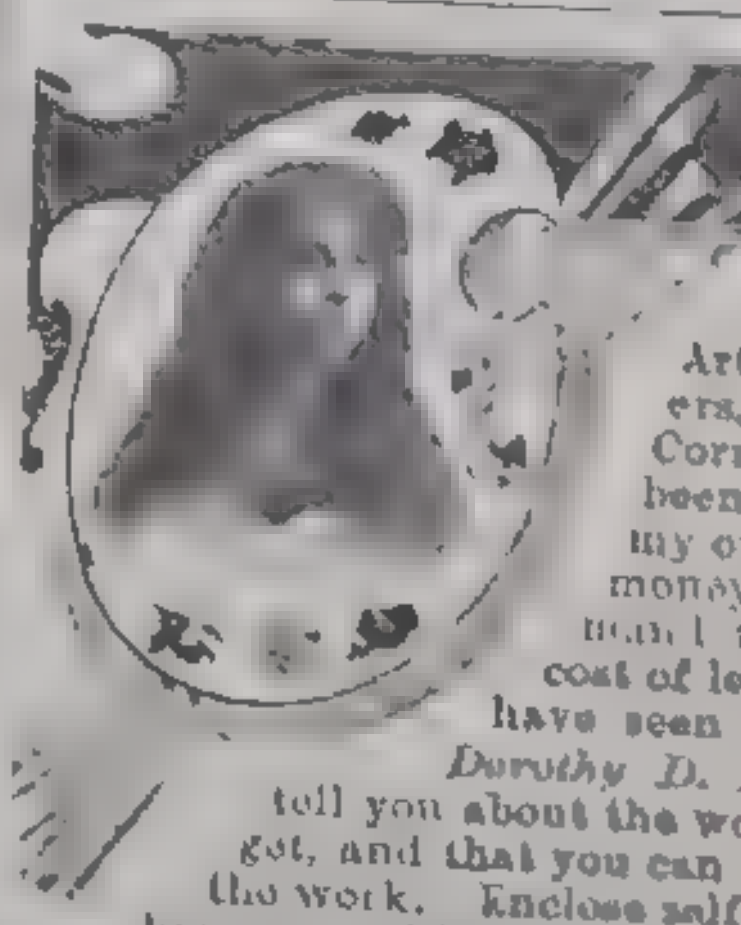

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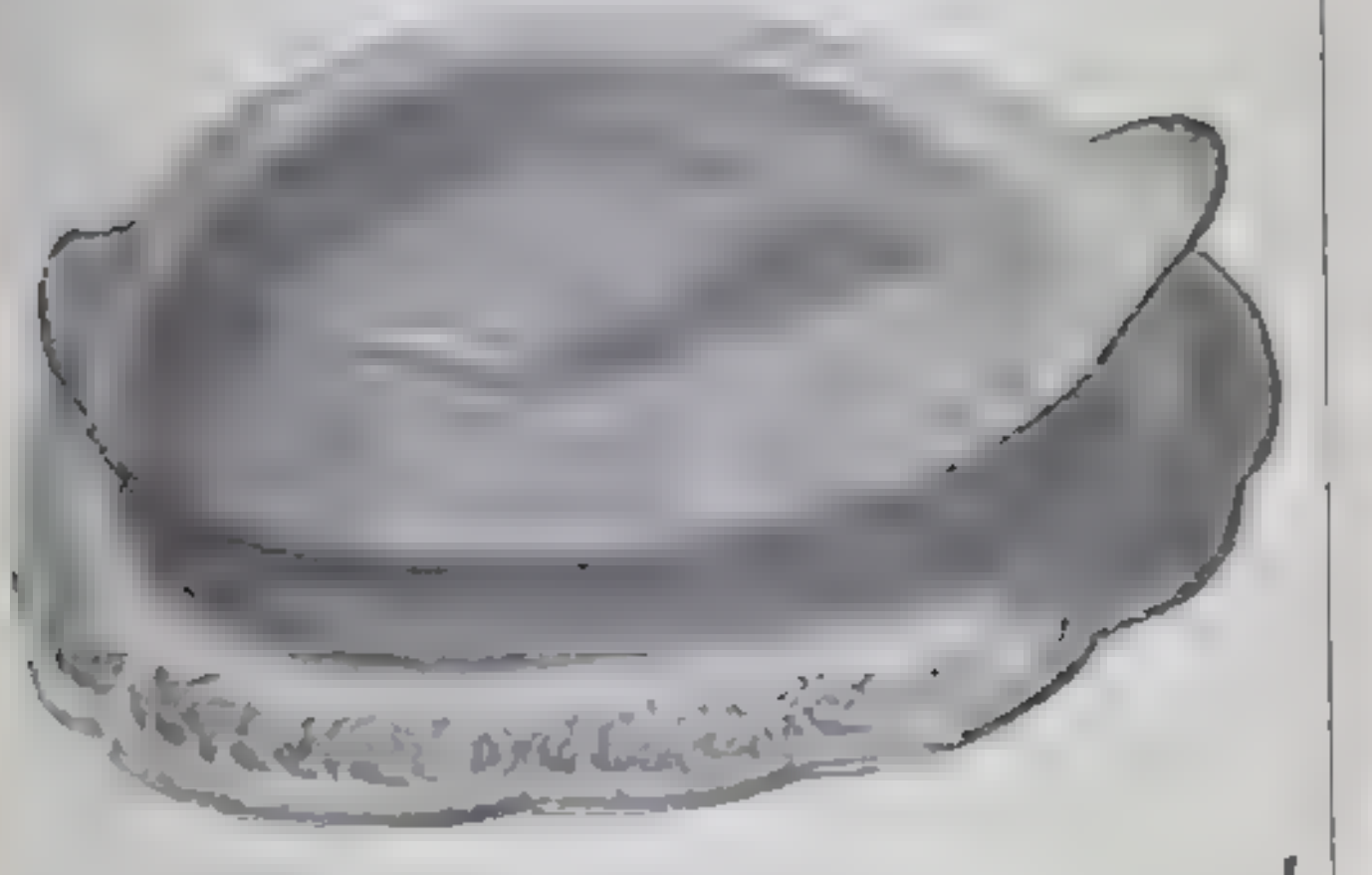

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WELSH RAREBIT

It is made digestible and much more palatable with

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats, Chops, Game, Gravies, Chafing Dish Cooking, Welsh Rarebit and Salad Dressings are greatly improved by its use.

For four generations it has stood unrivaled as a seasoning.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agts.
New York.

$100 IN PRIZES FOR 50 BEST RECIPES

Nearly every housewife knows at least *one* excellent recipe for preparing meat, fowl, fish, or anything *extra* good in a

"SAVORY" SEAMLESS ROASTER

Send your best recipe for "Savory Prize Recipe Books," and you get the book free. Best recipe gets $15; 2d $10, next three, $5 each: next ten, $2.50 each; and next thirty-five, $1 each. Send yours now. Offer closes Dec. 15.

The Savory Seamless Roaster preserves all the sweet juices, cooks a tough roast or fowl tender. Self-basting; self-browning; can't burn. 3 sizes, blued steel or enameled. Sold everywhere. Booklet free.

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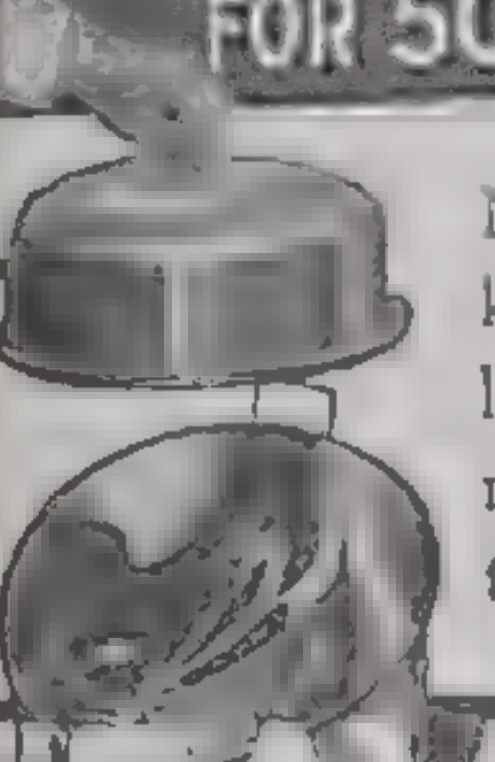


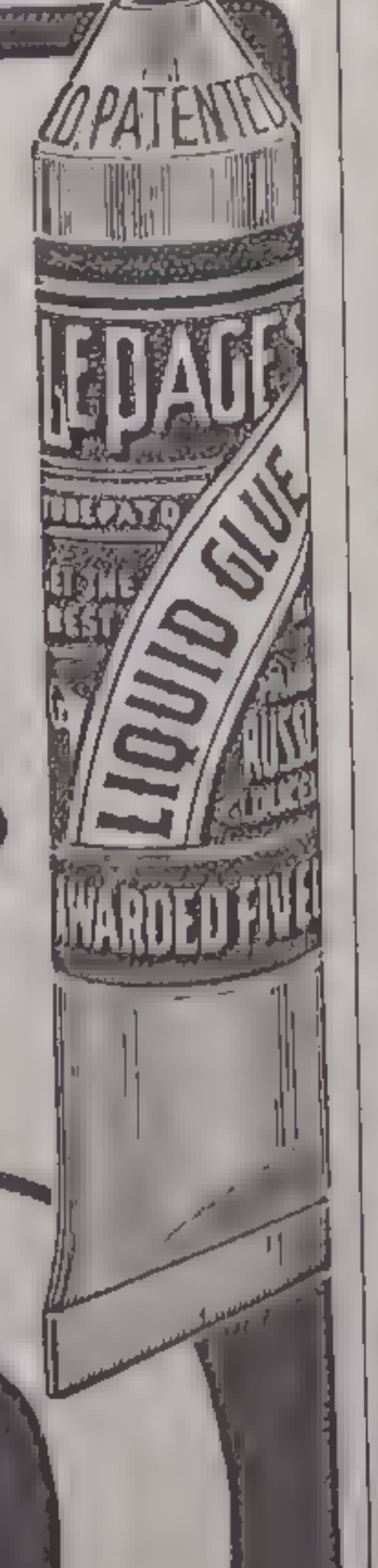
Oh! How handy! This well-known glue at last is yours for the asking in non-leakable tube form. Of course your dealer has it, or sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price — 10c. — by

RUSSIA CEMENT CO.
Gloucester, Mass.

Also sold in a patented cap bottle form — 10c.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

10 CENTS



LITTLE FIVE-CENT PRESENTS

BY ALICE COOK FULLER

There is a great satisfaction in making one's Christmas fund go a long way. So try my tested recipes for five-cent presents and yet give acceptable gifts to those you wish to remember.

Materials for Dolly's Wardrobe

Collections of silk and satin scraps of a size to make a bonnet, a muff or an apron, with larger pieces of dimity, organdy or gingham neatly arranged and placed in a dainty little "piece-bag," with the addition of a tiny thimble, will delight the heart of any miniature mother.

Ball for Baby

Take a ball of knitting-cotton and wind twine about it, dividing it into sections from end to end like a muskmelon. Thread a needle with yellow zephyr, and work around each end where the twine crosses like a spider-web, weaving under the twine, then over and under again, making a covering for the twine, then on to the next and under, cover, and under as before. After working the yellow to a depth of half an inch, work in a band of crimson the same width, and then without breaking the threads, but passing them under the other color, begin once more with the yellow. Continue until the ball is covered. A chain of the zephyr attached to the end of the ball, by means of which it may be suspended, finishes it.

A Doll's Bed

This may be made from a cigar-box. Cut down the sides, and shape the head and foot-boards to suit. Glue spools on for legs; make a mattress of cotton batting, a bolster of corrugated paper (which you will get around your bottle of salad dressing). This should be covered with pale blue cambric, and another cover of flowered dimity with fringed or lace-trimmed ends added. Tie the ends with baby ribbon. Make a fringed spread of the same over a cambric lining. This may be further elaborated by the addition of tiny sheets, pillow-slips and quilts. Any of the material may be found in the piece-bag.

A Booklet for an Invalid

A short story which you have heartily enjoyed may be removed from a magazine by loosening the wire fasteners, bound with booklet paper in any desired shade, decorated in fancy lettering on the cover, or with an original book-cover design, punched, and tied with silk cord or ribbon.

Yarn Doll

Wind white knitting-cotton lengthwise around and around a small book. When enough has been used to make the doll, tie a white thread around the cotton at one end of the book, so it will not slip or pull out. Then cut the cotton evenly at the other end of the book.

Tie a thread around the place where the neck should be, and over this a narrow ribbon. Separate from the body sufficient cotton to make the arms, and after cutting them off to the proper length, tie at shoulder and wrist.

The waist is defined by a thread tied tightly to position, and finished with a ribbon. The hair, in either a braid or a roll, is crocheted onto the head, and the features are marked on with ink—the cheeks and lips red.

FAR-AWAY JOB

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Weaver, and Horace goes to his mother, and everybody looked away while she reached up and kissed him. "Tell your wife to come, Horace," says the old lady, and she showed then a vestige of her pride, but neither Horace nor Lily minded. Horace's wife went to her mother-in-law and kissed her, and Maria said (she was always a little flowery) that it actually seemed to her as if she could see peace shining out in the room like a lamp.

Well, Horace and Lily and the child stayed there that night. Finally the old lady went to live with them in the old Weaver house, but she had a lot done to it first, for it was out of repair, and she kept her son and his family with her until it was ready. She hung onto Job and his wife that Christmas night, though they were dreadful uneasy and kept saying they must go, but she wouldn't let them until after Horace and Lily had gone up-stairs for the night. She made them go early. She said they looked tired, and they surely did. Maria said tired and thin and half starved, for one good dinner could not undo the lack of so many. When they had gone she turned on Eliza and Job. Job faced her like a man, but Eliza, she looked scared. The old lady laughed. "I see through it all," says she, "if you did think I was far enough in my second childhood to rig up a Christmas-tree for me. I can see through some things that younger folks think I can't, and, what is more, they never will; but you meant well, Eliza, and I have more to thank you for than you planned." Then she looked at Far-Away Job, and she laughed again real lovinely. "Job," says she, "I used to spank you when you were a little boy for being so absent minded, and going one way when I sent you an other, but I rather think now that you know which is the right way better than I do if you are left alone. Anyhow," says she, "you have taken a side track to peace this day, and given your mother a happy Christmas in spite of herself."

Christmas Candy—all the fun of making it at home and a sure success if you use Karo—the great candy syrup. Karo fudge, taffy, caramels, pop-corn balls are famous. You can eat them more freely than other sweets—they are wholesome and digestible.

Eat it on
Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Karo CORN SYRUP

Use it for
Ginger-Bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo is delicious on buckwheat cakes.—It is the best and purest syrup in the world for all table uses, for cooking and home candy-making. It agrees with everybody. As a spread for bread, you can give the children all they want.

*Send your name on a post-card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages *including* thirty *perfect* recipes for home candy-making.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. C, New York

Karo
CORN SYRUP
WITH CANE FLAVOR

Karo
CORN SYRUP
WITH CANE FLAVOR

An Ideal Christmas Gift USEFUL—PRACTICAL LOW IN PRICE

For wife, mother, daughter, sister or friend, that will save much work, time and worry and enable her to prepare the family meals better than she possibly could in any other way. A gift that will be enjoyed by the entire household **every day in the year.**

No matter how doubting you may be SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET which explains and **clearly proves** how in a

"CALORIC COOK STOVE"

practically everything for the table—soups, meats of all kinds, to the daintiest pastries can be cooked perfectly. We will show you how, by the "Caloric" way, you can BAKE and ROAST food in its raw state without first partially cooking on an ordinary stove or without re-heating it before serving, as well as Steam, Stew, Boil, etc. WRITE us and learn how thousands of women are doing practically all their cooking by the "Caloric" way every day and every month in the year. We will explain and prove why the "Caloric" cooks better—more thoroughly—more appetizingly, and ever so much easier. Why all the nutriment and delicious flavors are retained. Why tough meats are made as palatable as the more expensive. Why nothing can be burned or overcooked—all at a saving of at least 75% in fuel alone. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT A CALORIC. You can use it the year round—Winter and Summer.

It Pays For Itself In What It Saves Don't fail to investigate the "Caloric." It is the original and different from any other—far superior in every way, and we will prove it when you write. The interior of the "Caloric" is absolutely sanitary—is lined with luminite metal which can be scalded and wiped clean. No cushions or other parts for disease breeding germs to lodge, or to absorb foul odors, moisture, decayed food, etc. We positively guarantee the "Caloric" to give complete satisfaction,—you to be the judge. Your money back if you are not satisfied. Made in ten sizes—for large or small families. Used by sanitariums, Domestic Science schools, the U. S. Army. Ask your dealer to show you a "Caloric"—if he cannot, we will tell you who can. Write for FREE booklet anyway—do it now. You'll find it interesting. Cookbook Free. Handsomely bound 160 page cookbook free with every Caloric or mailed for 50 cents which will be refunded when you buy a "Caloric."

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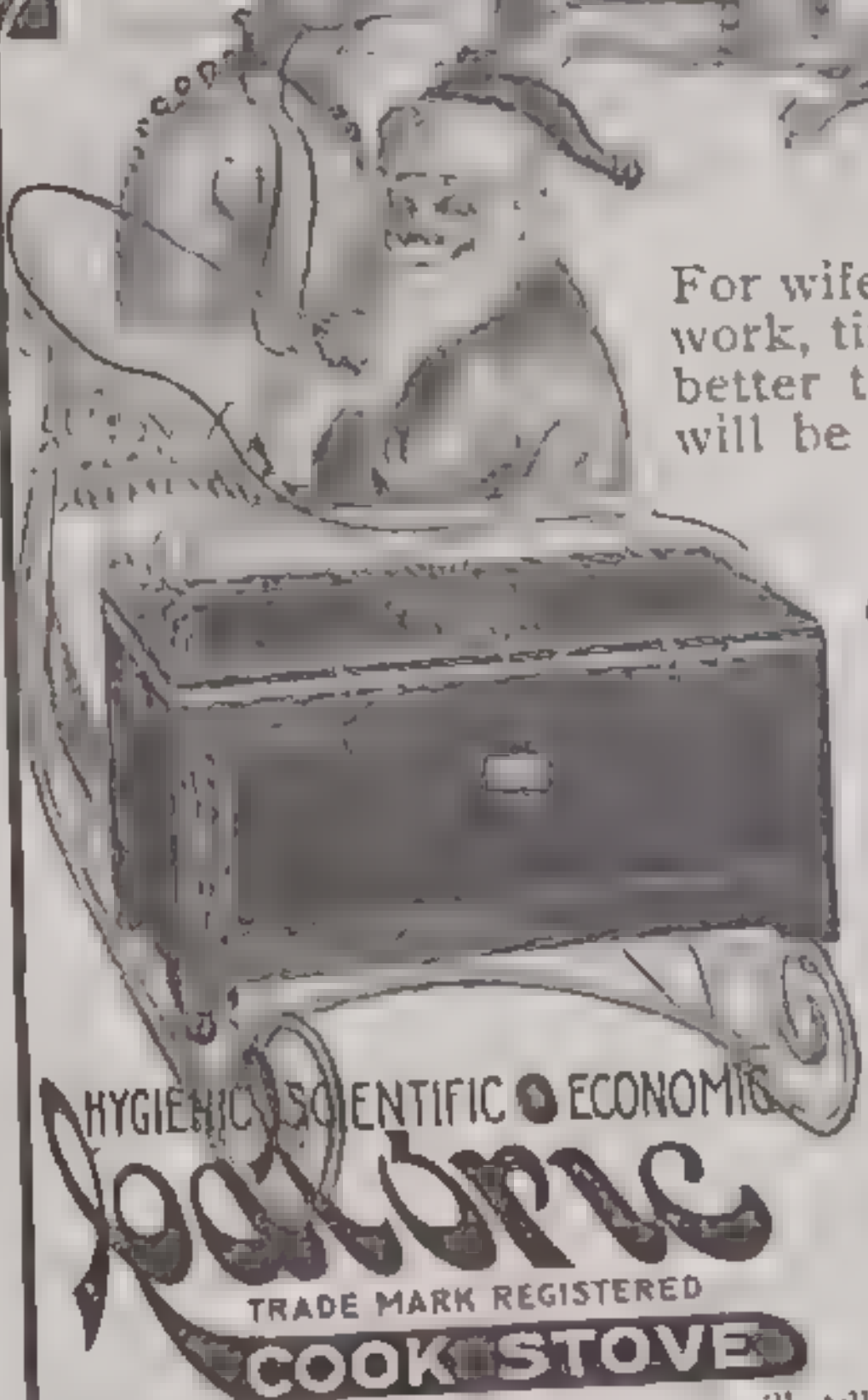
THE ONLY MANUFACTURERS OF CALORIC COOKSTOVES IN THE WORLD



SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

Makes Your Stove an Ornament, and does it so easily that you will look and feel pleasant all over after you have tried it. No dust at all—we mean it—absolutely not a particle of dust from it, and the quickest, blackest shine ever produced by any stove polish. Just what you want, isn't it?

Insist on having only the best—costs no more.

Morse Bros. Props. **RISING SUN** Stove Polish, Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

A YEAR OF SPLENDID STORIES

What We Shall Have in 1910

STORIES, Stories, Stories—Clean, Stirring Companion Stories

The list of COMPANION story-writers is the list of the best writers now before the public. We will not attempt to name them all; and the same with the illustrators—Keller, Flagg, Alice Barber Stephens and the rest. Our readers know that we believe in giving more stories and better stories than any other woman's magazine—in fact, more stories than the fiction magazines, more pictures than the picture magazines, and more practical departments than any other magazine. This coming year the COMPANION'S stories will be more than usually popular because so many of them are by writers already well known to the COMPANION family. The stories alone will prove the COMPANION'S right to be called a more entertaining magazine in 1910.

Another Novel by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

No author holds a warmer place in the affections of COMPANION readers than the author of "A Derelict" and "The Mountain Doctor." "Give us another 'Caspar Diman story,'" "Tell us more about Cassandra"—these were the requests that crowded our mail during the closing months of "A Derelict." And Miss Tompkins has done it—how well you shall see when you read the new story, complete in itself, the scene of which is laid in an extremely cheerful sanatorium. Mr. A. I. Keller is making the illustrations.

Six "Susan Clegg Stories" by Anne Warner

Susan Clegg and her friend Mrs. Lathrop are still talking—at least, the voluble Susan is talking most of the time throughout the six sterling stories which Anne Warner has written for the COMPANION under the general title of "Susan Clegg's Courting." The pictures by Florence Scovel Shinn bring out all the fun of the unique situations in which Susan finds herself. These stories are full of laughs and good times. You'll laugh.

"Stories of Society" by Four of the Companion's Favorite Authors

"Shirt-front stories" we call them in the editorial rooms, because they are about well-dressed people who move in the highest society, and they are good stories, too, because they are written by Harrison Rhodes, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Mary Hastings and Hulbert Footner. These stories have no connection one with the other, and will be scattered throughout the year, taking us into the life of house-parties, motor trips, private yachts, dinners, balls and sports—in fact, into all the wholesome activities of society folk. And we shall find them a rather decent sort—most of them.

Notable Stories by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Josephine Daskam Bacon

Most people thought that "Tammyshanty" and "Lady Joan" were the best short stories of last year, and we feel especially glad to announce that the famous authors of these stories are now at work on other stories which will, we are sure, be worthy successors. In addition to the story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "The Unseen Neighbor," we are publishing a Christmas poem by the same author.

"Stories of the Country" by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Alice Brown, Octave Thanet and Zona Gale

In addition to "Room Number Three," by Anna Katharine Green, and the Susan Clegg stories by Anne Warner, the COMPANION will publish more than the usual number of stories of real life in the country and in the small town. The four famous writers whose names we have mentioned are well known to our readers; their stories will be some of the most delightful features of the COMPANION'S biggest year. They are good, straightforward COMPANION stories.

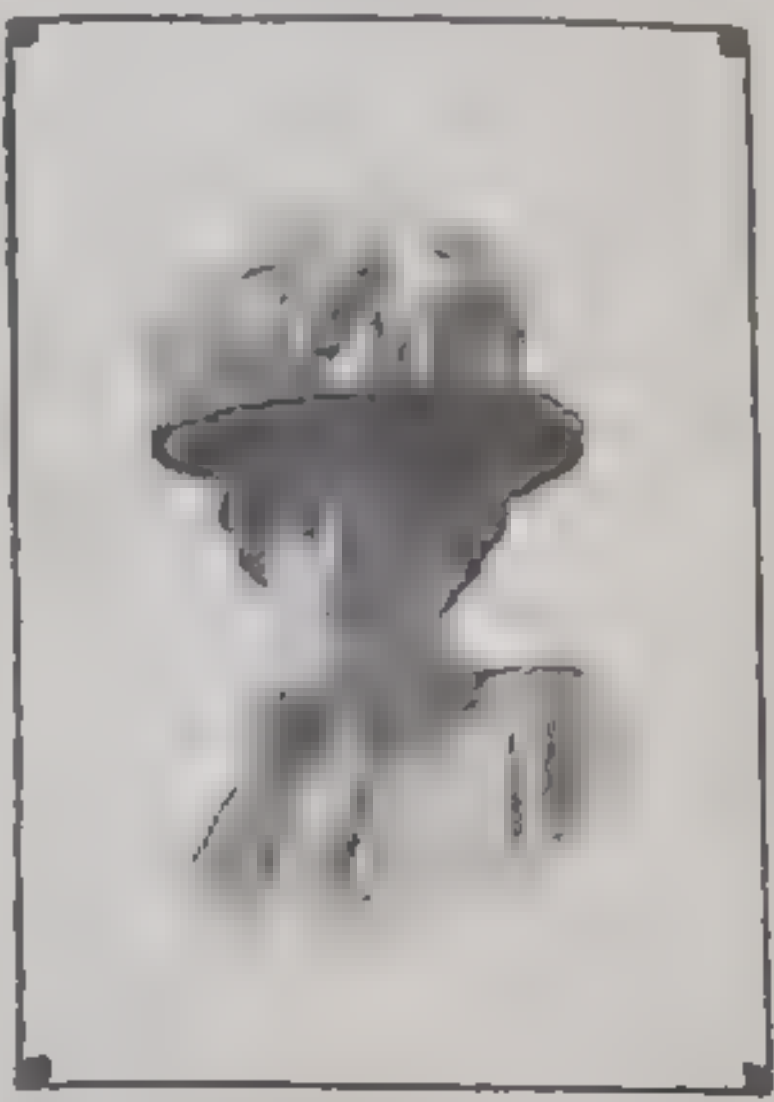
Several Short Stories by Myra Kelly

"Games in Gardens" in the October number gave an idea of what may be expected from the author of "Little Citizens." In her stories of children Myra Kelly takes COMPANION readers into a life which is for the most part new to them; in her love stories and her stories of older people she shows a sense of humor which COMPANION readers never fail to appreciate. Look out for the Myra Kelly stories in 1910.

A Word About the Pictures

Good pictures cannot make a poor story good, but they go a long way toward making the characters in a good story live in the eyes of the reader. The COMPANION believes in good pictures, painted by the best illustrators and reproduced as large as practicable. The names of our illustrators for 1910 read like the list of exhibitors at a National Salon—and better than that, each artist is at work on stories that appeal especially to his medium and style. You may expect great things of our 1910 art features.

MYRA KELLY

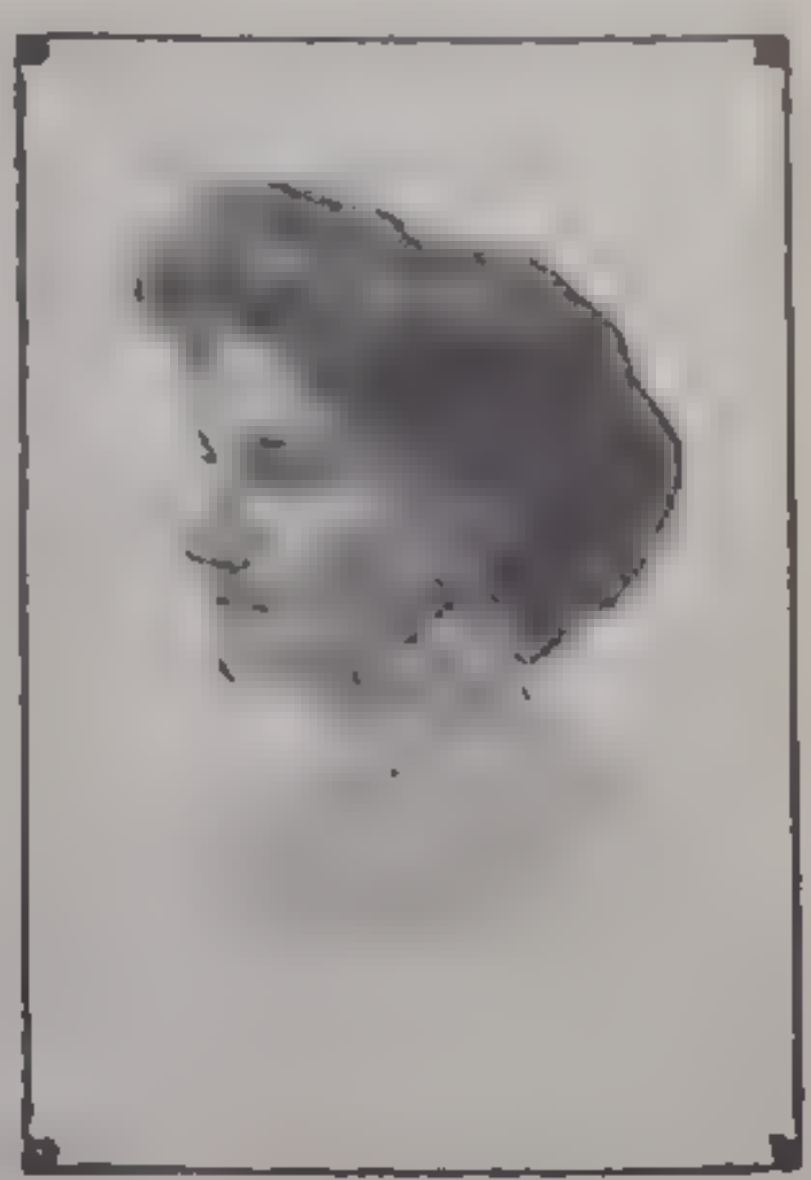


JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

ANNE WARNER

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

OCTAVE THANET



MARY HASTINGS

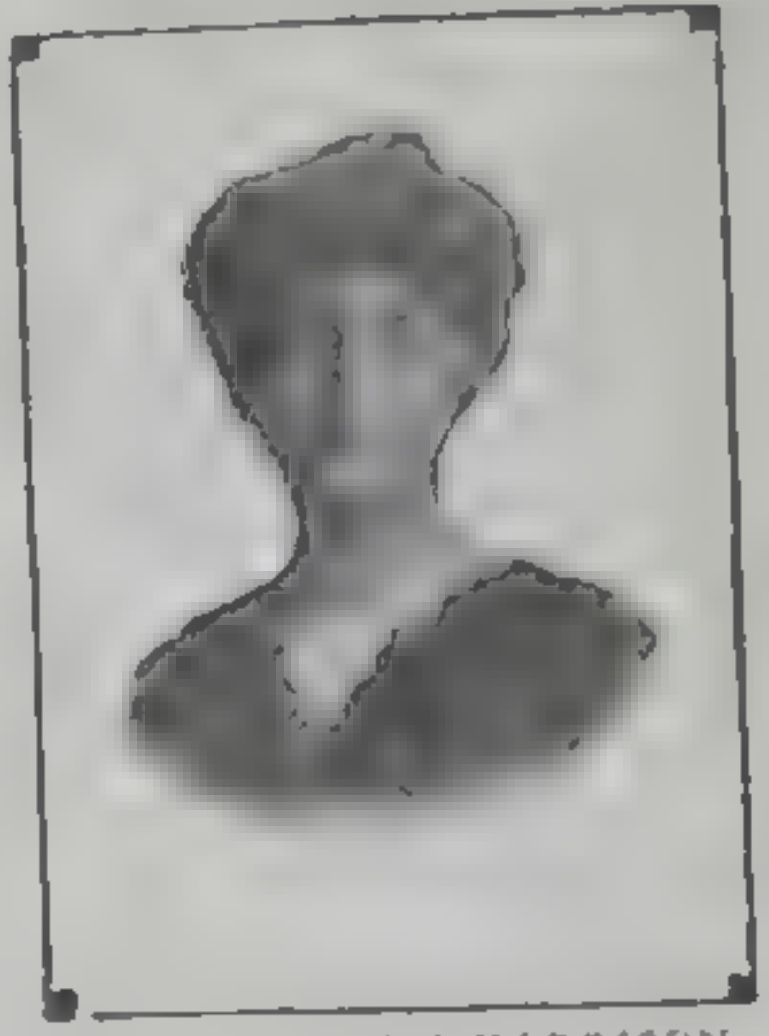
THE COMPANION'S BIGGEST AND BEST YEAR

A FEW OF THE EDITOR'S PLANS

Important Features for 1910

SEVERAL New Departments for the Companion

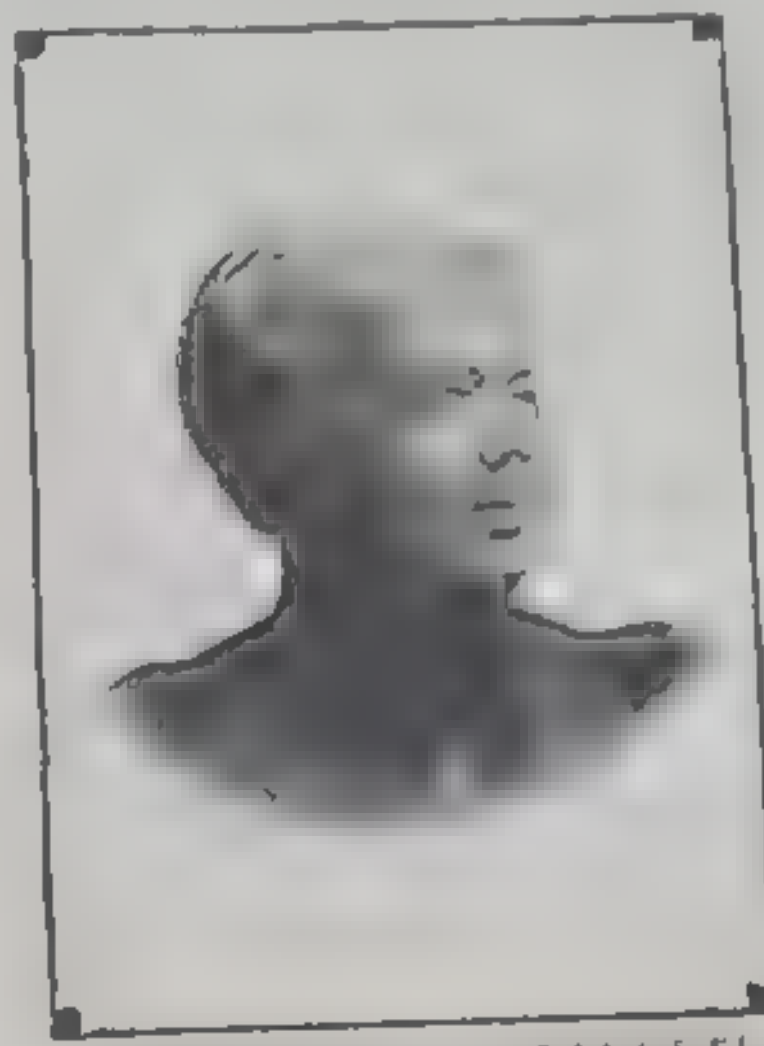
The larger magazine that we are now able to send our readers makes room for more practical departments for the backbone of the magazine. There will be two more pages for mothers—one conducted by a physician on the physical care of children and the other filled with suggestions on every side of a mother's task, except the physical care. Then there is the important new department for girls, "The Tower Room," conducted by a girl of large experience and sympathy, and, finally, something for which the COMPANION has long been searching, a practical department for church workers, "The Idea Club." The addition of these four pages, together with the enlarged and improved fashion department, clinches the COMPANION'S right to be called a more useful magazine in 1910.



MRS. BURTON HARRISON

The Way People Live—Our Biggest Series

Each year the COMPANION publishes a series of articles on some strictly American topic which requires months to prepare, and is bigger and more important than anything else the magazine does. Often this feature rouses national comment and discussion; to know nothing of it is to fail to be up to date. "The Way People Live" is the general title of this year's articles. "Cincinnati—A Happy City" in this number is a fair sample of what may be expected of this series during 1910. Omaha and Denver are next in order—and the stories read like fiction, but are far more important and convincing.



MRS MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Stories of American Drawing-Rooms, by Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Burton Harrison and Others

Doctor Hale's Reminiscences have proved so popular with COMPANION readers that we have planned these important accounts of men and women who have been famous in the social, political and literary life of our country during the last years of the nineteenth century. These articles will be illustrated from rare photographs and paintings of celebrities. The names of the writers are sufficient evidence of the importance of this series. It will be a literary treat.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

The Love Stories of the Queens by Kellogg Durland

"The Love Story of Queen Elena of Italy," concluding this month, is the first result of a year's work which Mr. Durland has been doing for COMPANION readers. In response to requests for more royal love stories like "The Romance of an Empress," we sent Mr. Durland to Italy to get the true story of Queen Elena. We have the story, and we have also Mr. Durland's promise that he will do the same thing for the Queen of Spain in time for early numbers of the COMPANION.

KELLOGG DURLAND

"Verses of Childhood" by Jessie Willcox Smith

This most popular of all contemporary painters of child-life has just finished for us an important series of full-page paintings illustrating some of the famous verses of childhood. The first of these, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," is one of the art features of this Christmas number, and is by far the most elaborate and expensive reproduction we have ever published. The paintings by Miss Smith will be shown in full color, just like the COMPANION cover designs, and on heavy plate paper suitable for framing. This is one of the many new features of the greater COMPANION.

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

Marion Harland, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, William Armstrong, Walter Prichard Eaton and Christine Terhune Herrick

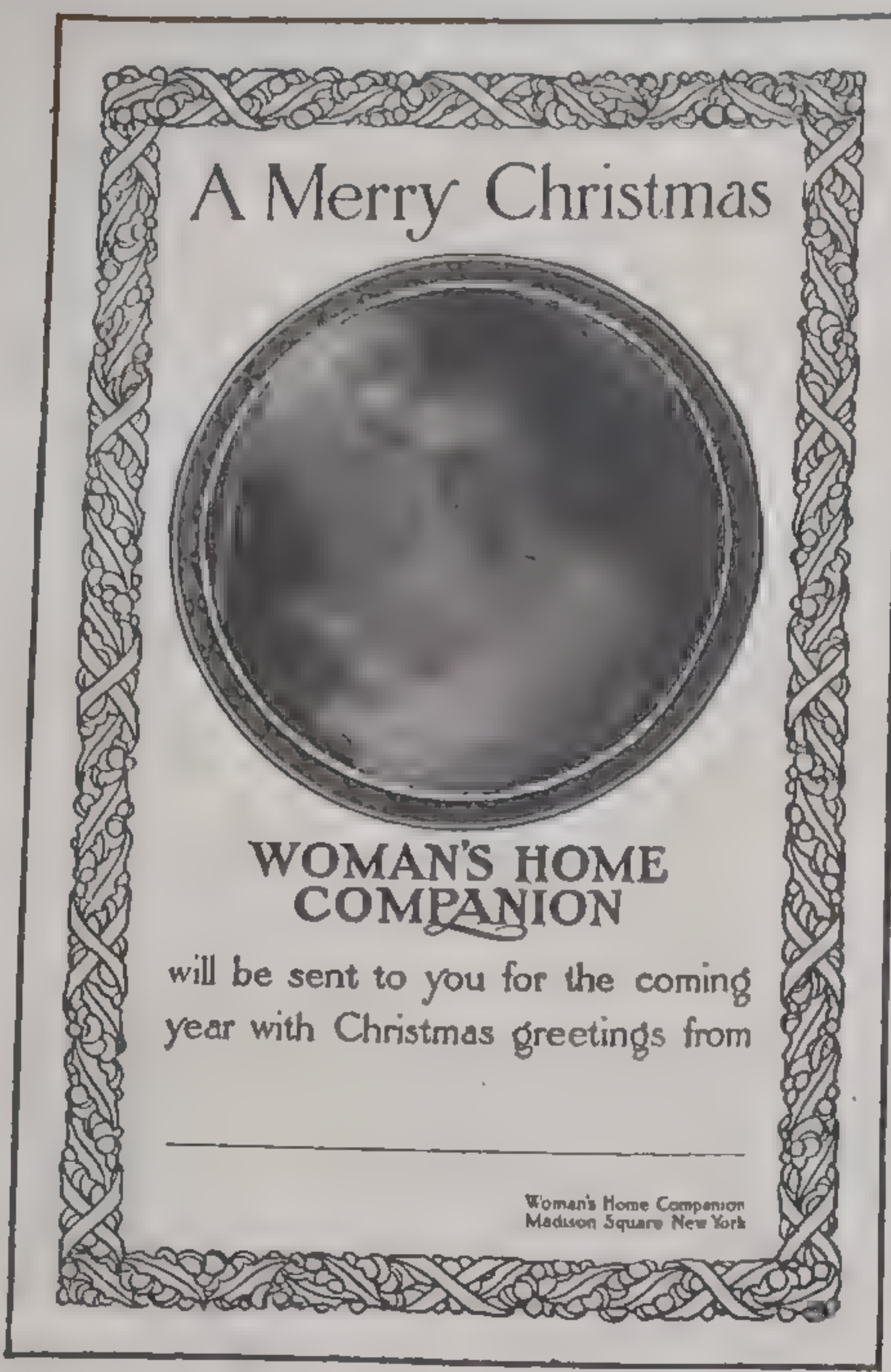
The articles which these well-known writers are working on at the request of COMPANION editors cover a wide field of interest. Marion Harland will give us more of her literary pilgrimages; Doctor Hutchinson will frequently puncture popular fallacies in the field of medicine; William Armstrong will continue his important series, "The Music Student Abroad;" Mr. Eaton, who was formerly dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*, will contribute authoritative articles on the stage, and Mrs. Herrick has written a helpful series on the place of the boy in his home. Many more articles to name—if we had room.

DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

Mrs. Sangster and the Other Department Editors

There is not room here to give in detail the plans of the COMPANION'S busy staff of department editors—Miss Gould, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Parsons, Mrs. Sangster, Mr. Loyd and the others—but they all have their plans for 1910, and important ones, too. Hardly a mail passes without some word of appreciation from our readers of the sterling work of these old friends of the COMPANION. Other departments are added from time to time and win their way into the hearts of the COMPANION family, but none can take the place of the long established pages which have given to the departmental part of the COMPANION the name by whch it is always called in the editorial office—the backbone of the magazine.

THE COMPANION'S BIGGEST AND BEST YEAR


A Merry Christmas

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

will be sent to you for the coming year with Christmas greetings from

Woman's Home Companion
Madison Square New York

A Twelve-Time Gift

THE longest remembered and most thoroughly appreciated Christmas gift is a year's subscription to the Greater WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Make out a list of the friends to whom you want to give the greatest pleasure and send it to the Subscribers' Bureau. The COMPANION will come to each of them on Christmas morning, and it will keep coming once every month throughout the year—a twelve-time reminder of you.

The custom of giving magazines for Christmas has grown to be one of the most delightful as well as altogether fashionable features of the great holiday season. Last year thousands of readers gave the COMPANION for Christmas. No other gift for the money spent so adequately represents the individuality of the giver—twelve gifts for the price of one—for less than the price of one if you order now.

The Christmas Card

AN EXQUISITE Christmas card, bearing your name as donor of the gift will reach each friend on Christmas morning. Or, you can send the card yourself—we will send you, with our compliments, as many copies as you need. The Christmas card is itself a delightful holiday remembrance. It is hand-lettered and printed in duo-tone on the finest card stock. The small reproduction above gives but little idea of its beauty.

We want every reader of the COMPANION to have ample time to subscribe for herself and her friends before the final advance of the subscription price to $1.50.

If You Order Now

IN BEHALF of the many thousands of our readers who give WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to their friends at Christmas time, we have decided to accept subscriptions at the old price of $1.25 up to December 20th. Subscribe now for yourself and for your friends.

You may send us $1.25 for each yearly subscription up to Dec. 20th.

To insure the receipt of the Christmas cards by your friends on Christmas Day, your order should be mailed by the middle of December. Your order must positively be mailed by December 20th.

The Subscribers' Bureau, Woman's Home Companion
Madison Square, New York

SONS OF DANIEL BOONE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

INDIANS—Wah! Wah! Wah!

BLACK FISH—He take him wigwam now.

GENERAL—Yes, it is useless, Boone. But you must take my fur coat. You will need it on your march.

MAJOR—Take my fur gloves and leggings, Boone.

BOONE—No, no, gentlemen! I am a poor man. I could never hope to pay you.

GENERAL—No, we do not want any pay, Boone.

BOONE—I cannot take such gifts. But I thank you, gentlemen, I thank you.

BLACK FISH—Come, my son. We go now—wigwam.

BOONE—Farewell, friends! Farewell, comrades!

(He goes with Indians.)

SCENE III.

TIME: *Three months later.*

PLACE: *Boonesborough Fort.*

(Gates of fort are open. Pioneers are seen outside, surrounding Wilson. A pioneer runs to fort.)

PIONEER *(calling)*—Wilson has escaped from the Indians! He is here with us—outside!

(Enter from fort other pioneers and Kenton. They grasp Wilson's hands.)

KENTON—Wilson! I feared we would never see you again!

WILSON—I took my first chance to escape.

A PIONEER—For three months you've been gone!

WILSON—I am thankful to get here alive.

KENTON—What news of Boone?

WILSON—Daniel Boone has become an Indian.

KENTON—Boone an Indian!

WILSON—He consented and was made a member of the chief's own family.

A PIONEER—The traitor!

WILSON—Aye! He's a traitor to his race!

PIONEERS—Aye! Aye!

KENTON—He may have had some reason.

WILSON—No, I think he likes the Indians and wants to live with them.

SECOND PIONEER—We'll drive him back should he ever come to us again!

PIONEERS—Aye! Aye!

THIRD PIONEER—I've noticed he was always kind to Indians where others would be harsh.

FOURTH PIONEER—I've seen that many times, and wondered at it!

KENTON—Boone was ever just to Indian and to white. You all know that full well.

FIFTH PIONEER *(looking off)*—On guard! An Indian! *(Pioneers raise guns.)* See him running in the valley! Shoot him! Shoot him!

KENTON—No, no! He calls to us! Listen!

INDIAN *(faintly from a distance)* Boone! Boone! Boone!

KENTON—Do you hear? He calls "Boone!"

A PIONEER—It's only an Indian trick! Shoot him!

SECOND PIONEER—Aye! It's a trick! Shoot, men!

KENTON—No, no! Listen!

INDIAN *(calling nearer)*—Boone! Boone! Boone!

THIRD PIONEER—It's a trick to keep us here!

FOURTH PIONEER—Aye! While the rest of them surround us!

FIFTH PIONEER—Shoot him now, I say!

KENTON—I forbid it! He may bring news of Boone.

WILSON—What is that to us? Boone is a traitor to the white man!

PIONEERS—Aye! Aye!

KENTON—Well, come within the fort. We'll soon find whether it is a trick or no. And then we can shoot them from safety.

PIONEERS—Aye! Aye!

(They enter fort and close gates. Pause. Enter Boone running. He wears the Indian dress.)

BOONE—Open the gates, friends! It is I—Boone! *(Silence, pause. Boone tears off his head-dress of feathers and throws it on ground.)* Don't you know me? I am Boone—Daniel Boone! *(Silence: pause.)* Men, men, do you shut me out from you? Is that what your silence means? *(Silence, pause.)* Do you think I joined the Indian tribe by choice? Do you think I am a traitor to you and to my race? *(Silence, pause.)* Your silence answers. How small is your faith in me! I took my first chance to escape. One hundred and fifty miles in four days I have come; stopped once and only once to eat and not at all to sleep. And this I have done to warn you—to tell you that Black Fish comes to attack you! With four hundred warriors he is now upon the march! Within two days he will be upon you! Now drive me from you if you will. Daniel Boone was never traitor to his kind—never was and never will be! But traitor to the Indian he is! To learn their plans he became an Indian. He tricked them and deceived them, but 'twas to save his own. Do you hear that, men? It was to save his own!

(The gates are opened and the pioneers rush out. They grasp Boone's hands.)

KENTON—Boone, Boone, you have saved us! Forgive us!

PIONEERS—Forgive us! Forgive us!

BOONE—I do forgive, for I know you did not understand. You are all my friends and comrades.

THE WASHABLE SANITAS WALL COVERING

WHENEVER you have any decorating in mind—for your home or place of business, new walls or old—**get samples of SANITAS.**

PRINTED in oil colors on strong muslin, Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, crack-and-tear-proof—a wipe with a damp cloth instantly cleans it bright as new.

HERE are six Sanitas interiors—living room, dining-room, hall, bath, kitchen and office—Sanitas samples demonstrate how handsome and clean they are.

SANITAS reproductions of fine wall papers and wall fabrics are wonderfully true to the originals in effect, and even higher in effect value. Sanitas plain and decorative tiles make ideal baths, kitchens and pantries.

With all its extra beauty, cleanliness and service, Sanitas costs no more than good cartridge paper.

Write today to our Department of Home Decoration—describe the room or rooms you have in mind—and receive free Sanitas samples with sketches of clever new interior effects.

MERITAS STANDARD OTC COMPANY OILCLOTH

When you buy table oil cloth, ask for
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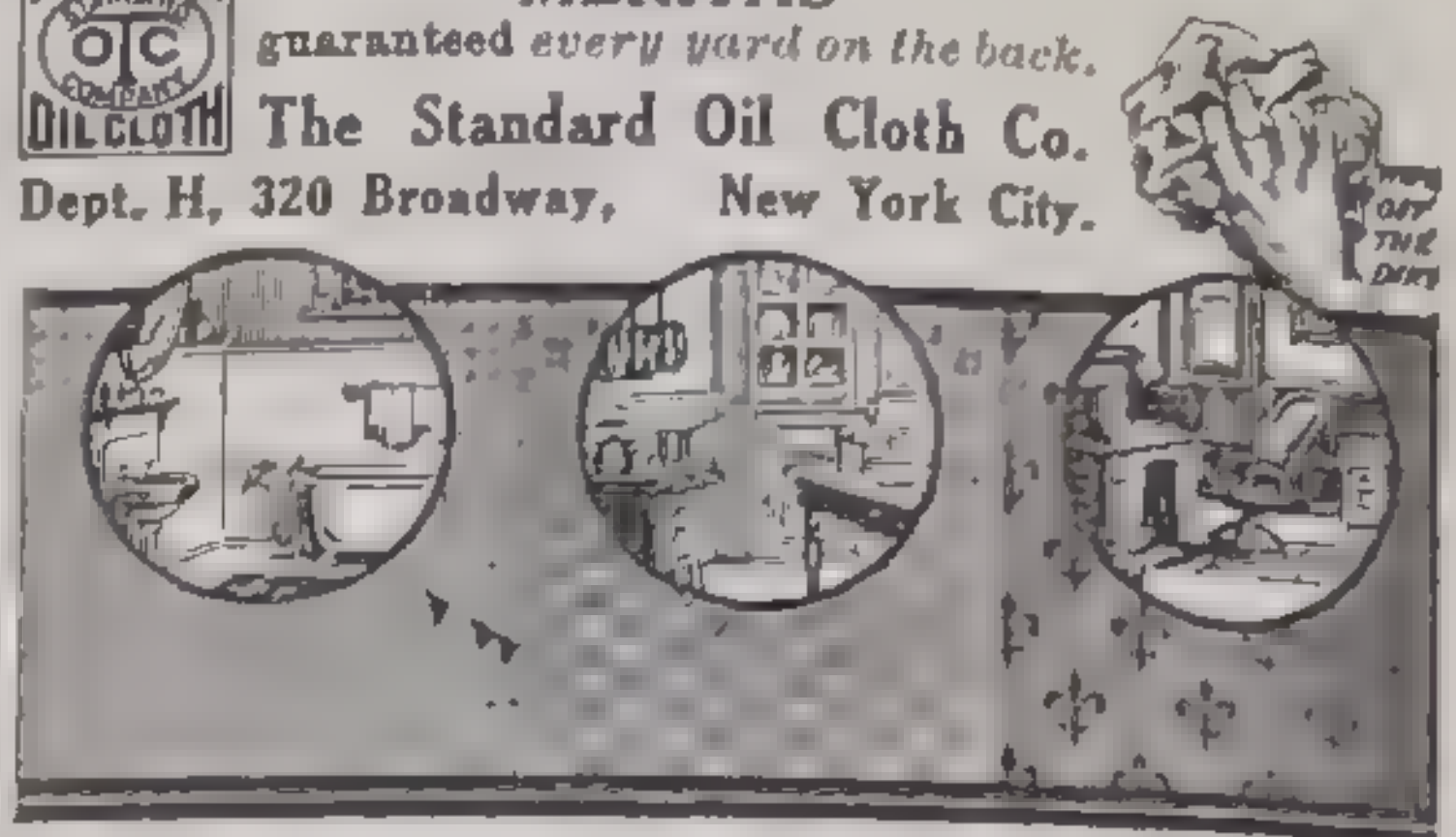
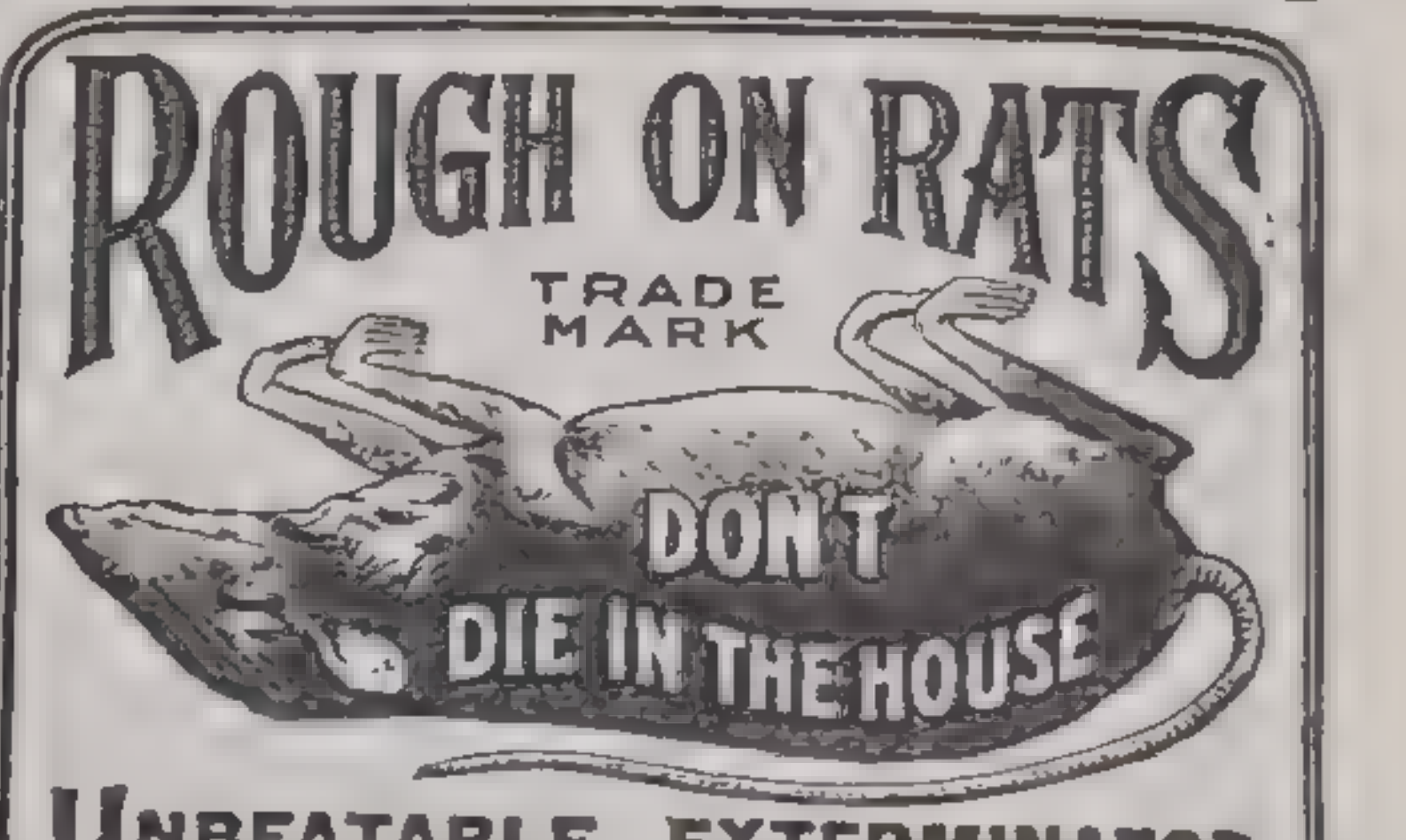
guaranteed *every yard on the back.*
The Standard Oil Cloth Co.
Dept. H, 320 Broadway, New York City.





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Rough on Rats fools the rats and mice, but never fools the buyer. The secret is, you (not the maker) do the mixing. Take a hint, do your own mixing; pay for poison only, then you get results.

Beware of imitations, substitutes and catchpenny ready-for-use devices.

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15c., 25c. and 75c. at druggists and country stores.

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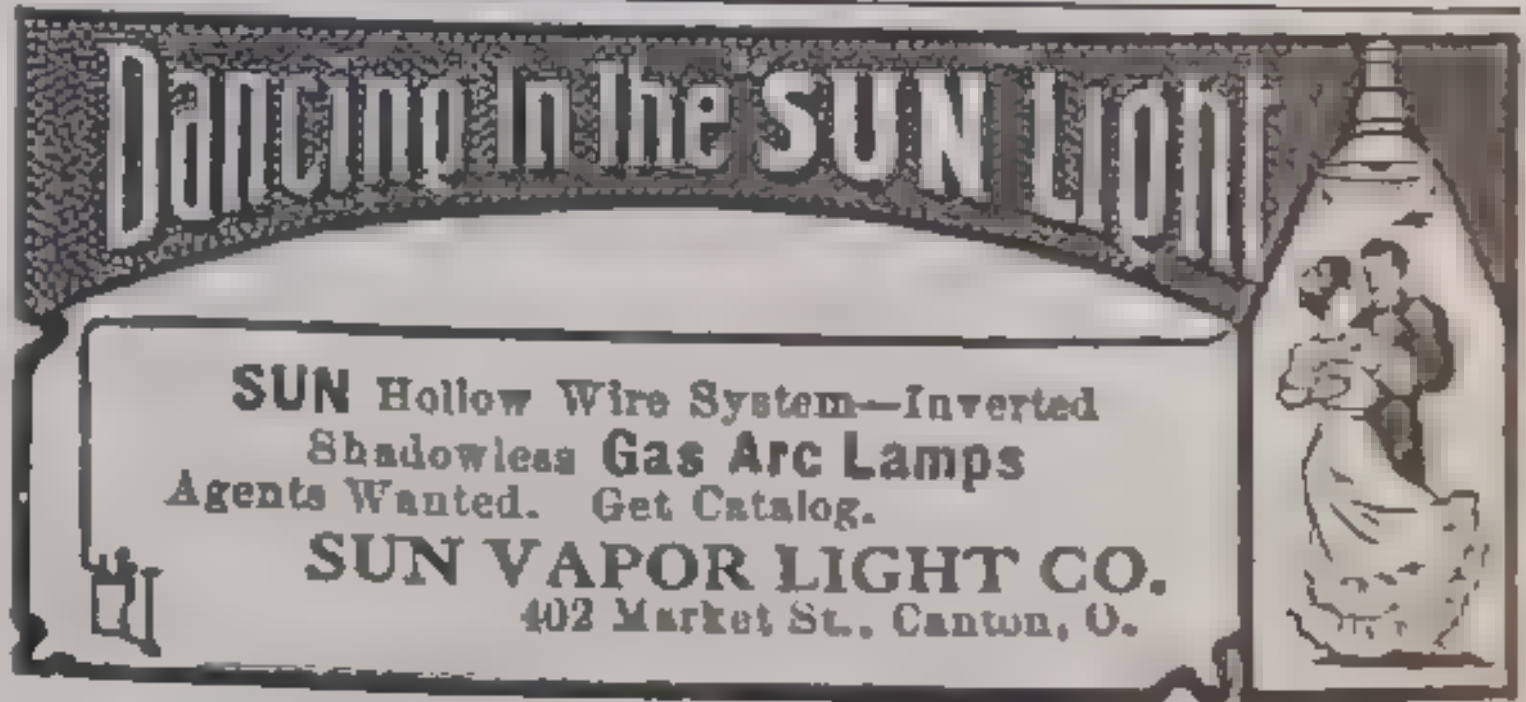
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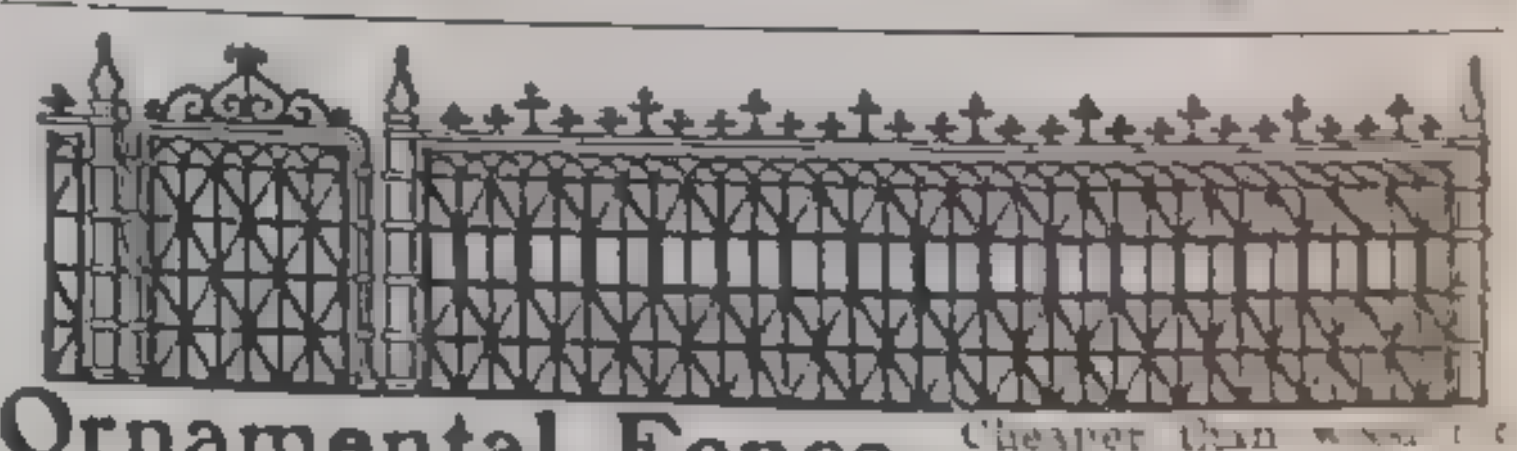
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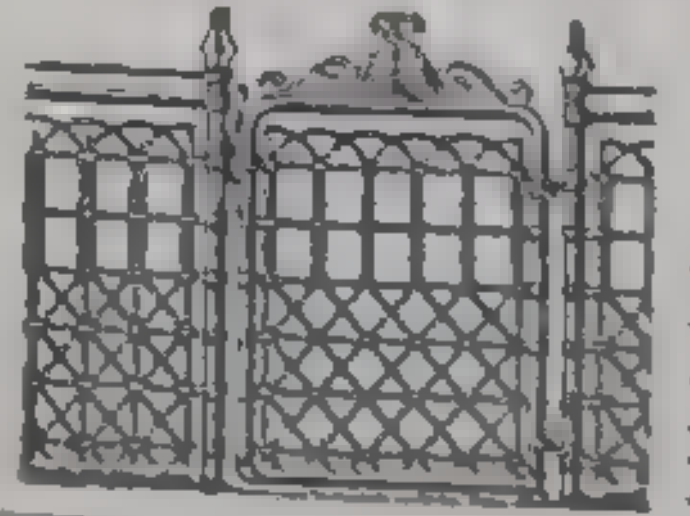
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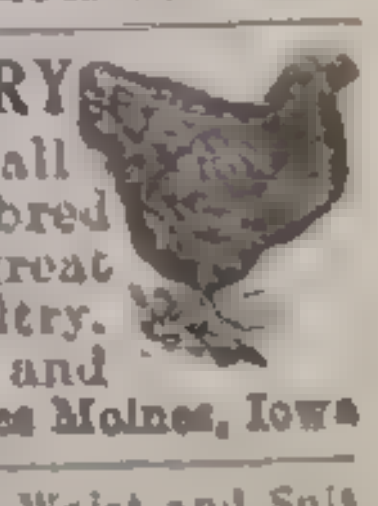
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And Squabs. Tells how to start in small and grow big. Describes largest pure-bred Poultry Farm in the world and gives a great mass of useful information about poultry. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4c. **F. Foy, Box 59, Des Moines, Iowa**

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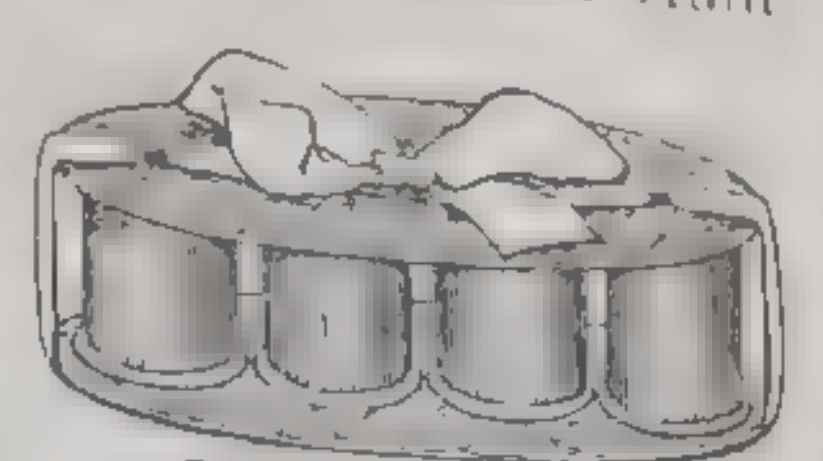
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THAT BOYS AND GIRLS CAN MAKE

As the Christmas gift-giving season draws near, ever so many boys and girls write: "Aunt Janet, won't you please tell me what to give mother for Christmas? I haven't an idea!" or "Please, Aunt Janet, do tell me what to give Bob for his Christmas. Something for his room I think would be nice." There are doubtless hundreds of boys and girls with the same questions on their lips. The simplest way to answer them all is to publish here a few of the suggestions for Christmas gifts that have been sent Aunt Janet in answer to the September Prize Contest.

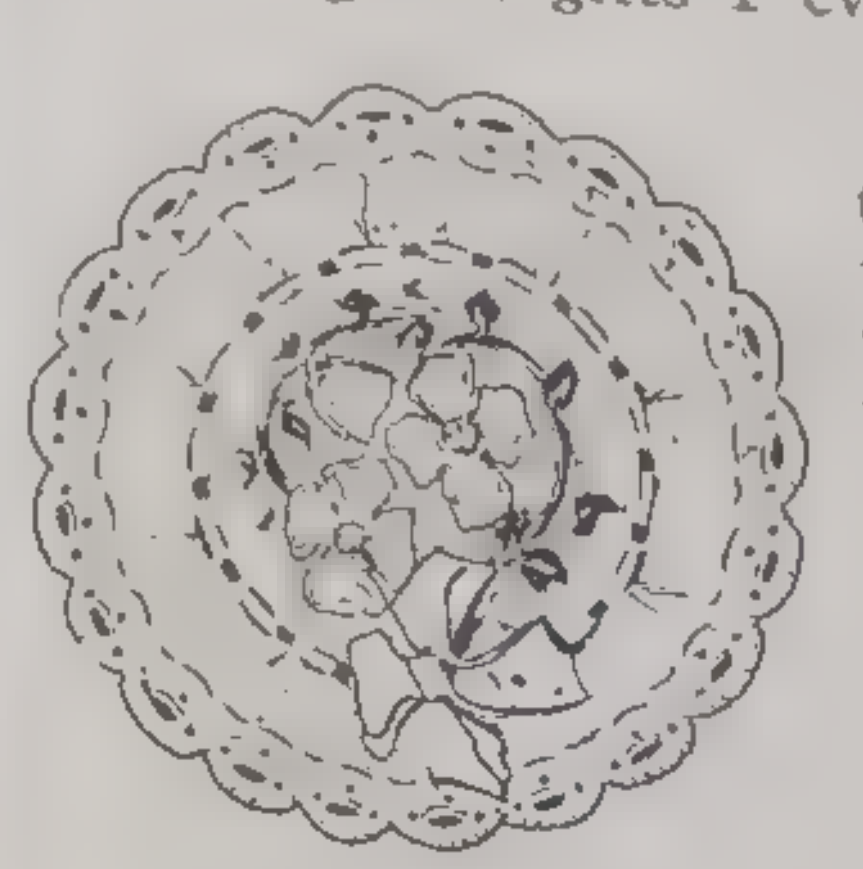


The Spool-Case

Bags of every variety are always popular Christmas gifts. Shopping-bags, opera-bags, laundry-bags, string-bags, handkerchief-bags, button-bags, broom-bags, and so on, almost without end. I know one girl who made a lot of bright-colored little bean-bags for her small cousins and the little people appreciated them more than any of their gifts.

Match-scratchers and calendars will always be popular and they are so easily and cheaply made, and in so many designs that it is unnecessary to tell about them here.

The boy who is handy with tools will find numberless gifts that he can make. One boy I know is making a doll-house for his little sister. Another has told me of the flower-box that he has made for his mother and in which he has planted violets that will be blooming at Christmas-time. He burned a design on the box, gave it a coat of shellac, filled it with good rich soil and set out the little violet-plants. It is one of the most delightful gifts I ever saw.

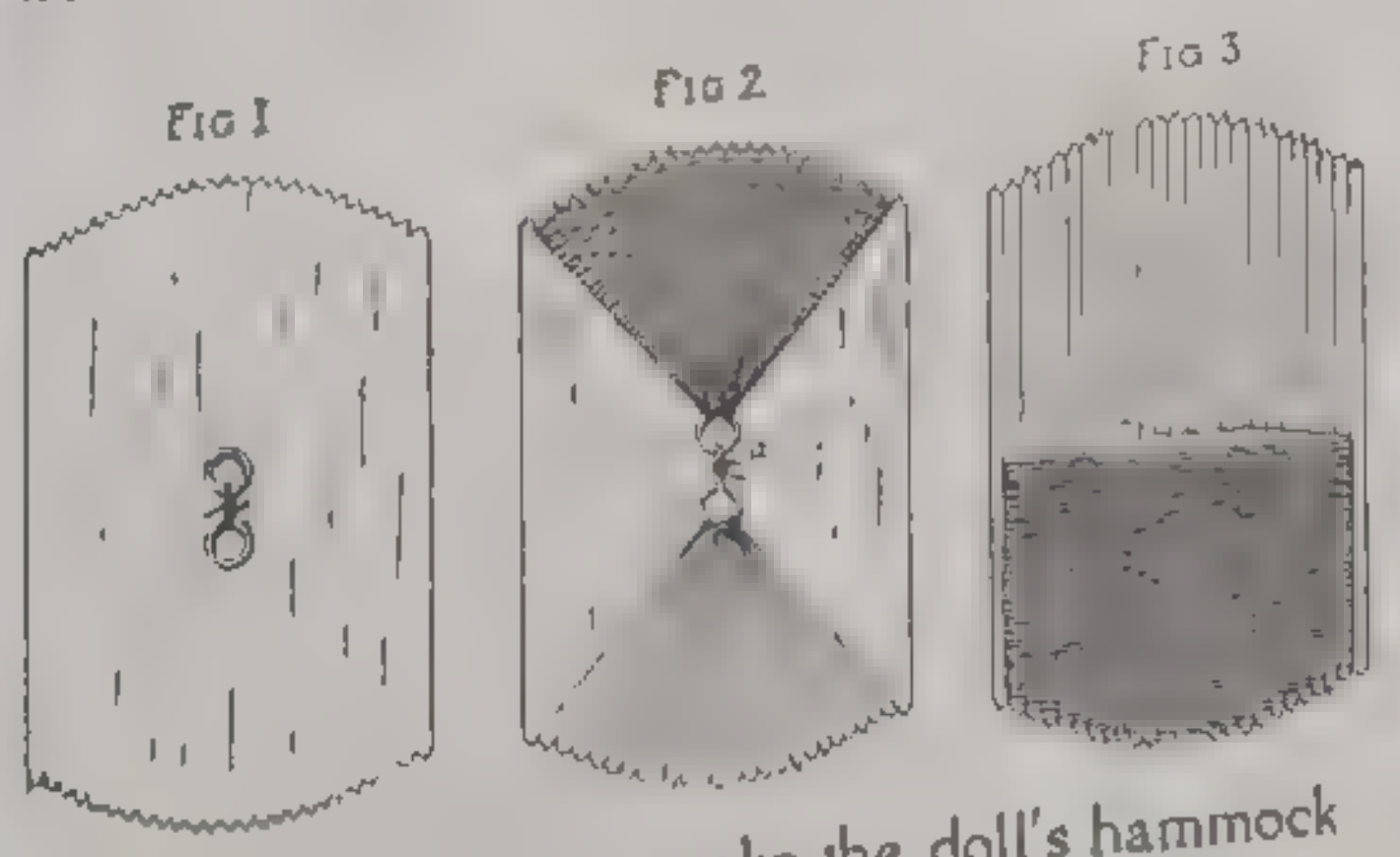


A Round Sachet

A very dainty and useful little spool-case which will save mother much weary reaching for spools that have fallen from her sewing-table is the one pictured here. It is made of two oval pieces of cardboard four and a half inches long and two and a half inches wide, covered with flowered silk. The four spools are placed between the two oval pieces and are held in place by a piece of ribbon woven in and out through the center of the spools and the upper and lower pieces of cardboard. The ribbon should be tied in a large bow on top.

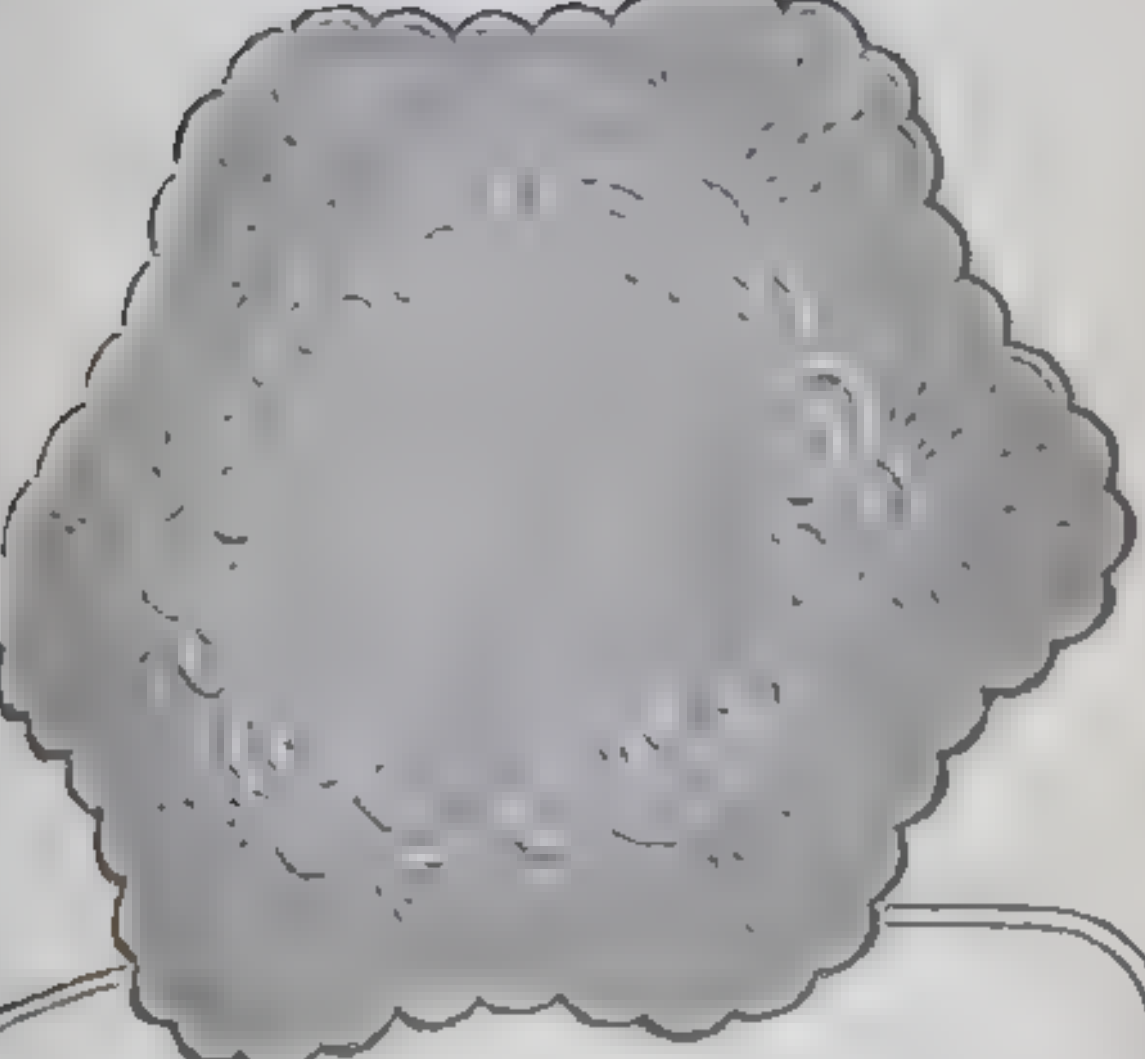
The boy or girl who has a pyrography outfit might be able to make a very pretty spool-holder of burnt wood instead of the cardboard.

Try making a round sachet of two small paper doilies, a little cotton batting, half a yard of baby ribbon and the sachet powder. Put the doilies together and cut little crosswise slits all the way around, about a quarter of an inch apart. Take as much cotton batting as will fill the center of the doilies when the ribbon is run through the slits, and sprinkle the sachet-powder lightly over it. Run the ribbon through the slits and tie in a bow.



This shows how to make the doll's hammock

For a doll's hammock, cut a frame out of pasteboard or shingle and make notches in the ends to hold the thread in place. Cut two holes in the middle of the frame and tie two rings over the holes to fasten the thread to, and also to hang the hammock up. Fasten the thread in the rings and wind it around the board in every notch as shown in Figs. 2 and 3. Have the notches on both ends even. Begin at rings as shown in Fig. 2. Weave in and out over the threads that you wound around the frame. Have threads close together. When the hammock is woven, cut the string "a" that you tied the rings on with, and the hammock will come off the frame. Carpet warp or yarn is used to make this doll's hammock. Fig. 1 shows the frame. Fig. 2 shows front with thread around and showing it partly woven. Fig. 3 shows back with thread around and partly woven.



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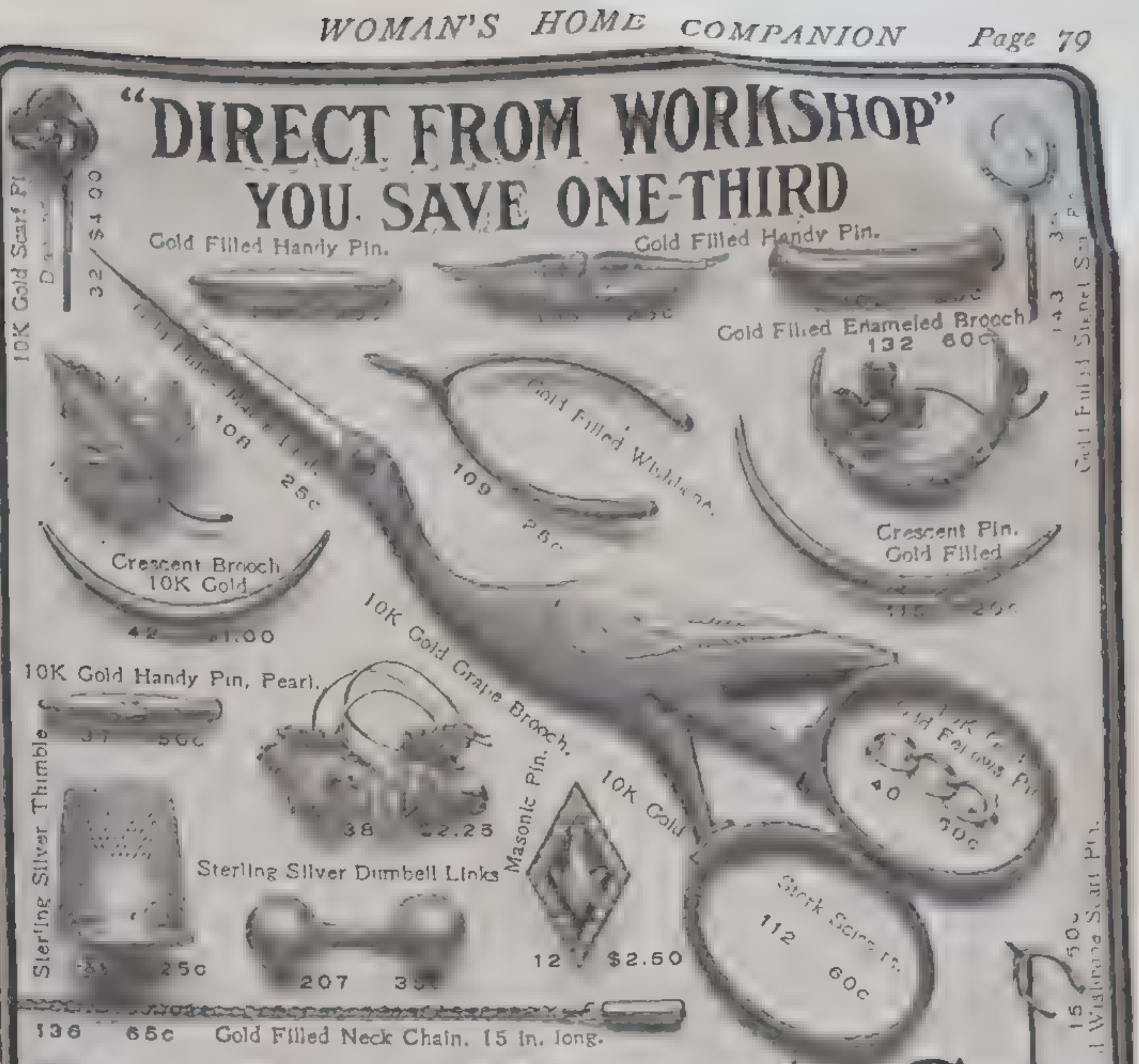

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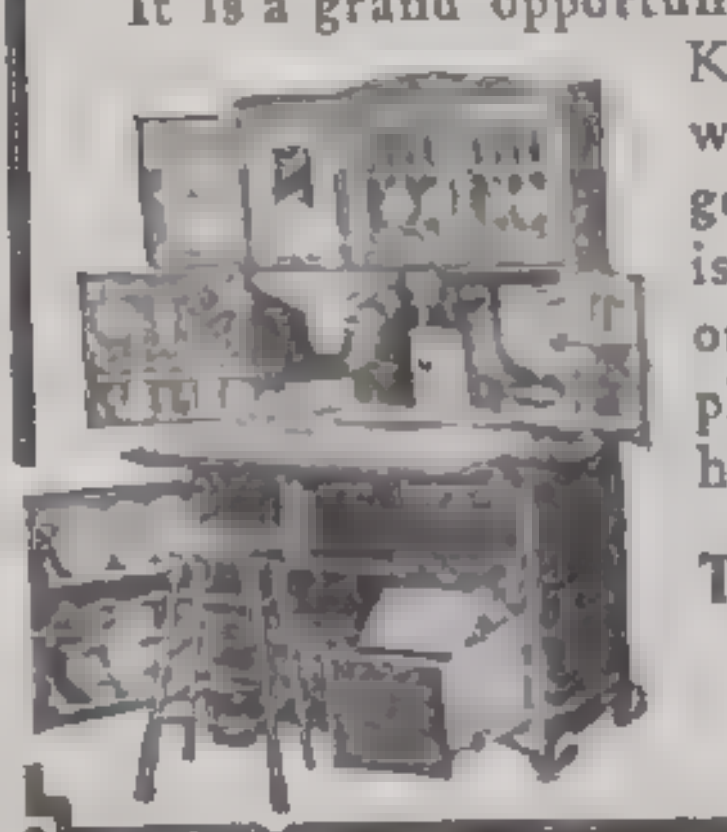
Write us at once for Hoosier Club Plan booklet, mailed free, which tells a simple story that will surprise you. No town is too small.

It is a grand opportunity to get the leading Kitchen Cabinet of the world *free*—the $25 goes with it. This offer is for a limited time only, and does not apply in towns where we have dealers.



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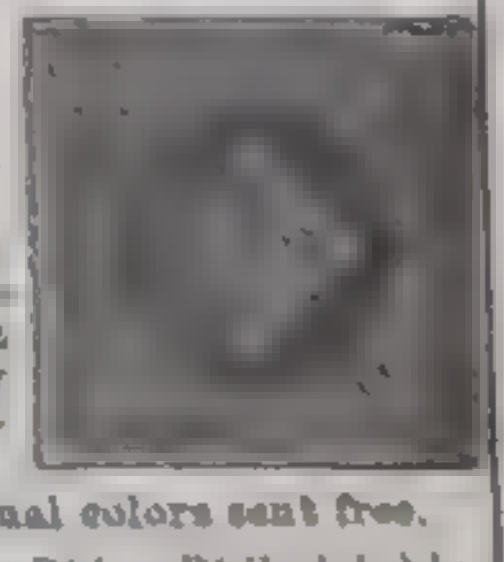

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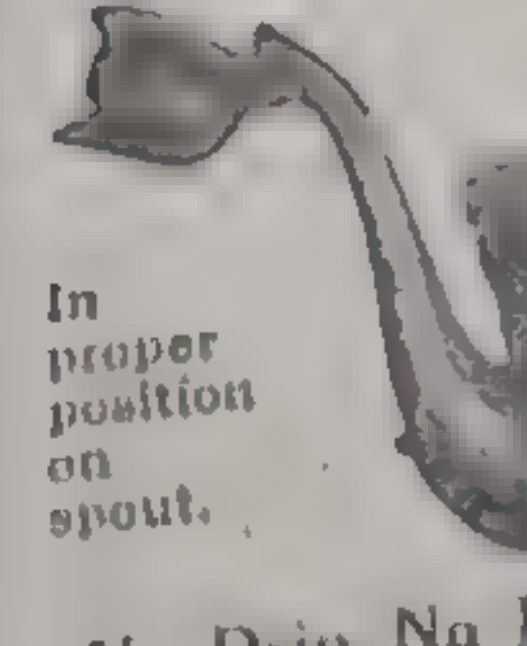
The Barrett Sanitary No-Drip Strainer For Tea or Coffee

"The Little Strainer with the Spout."

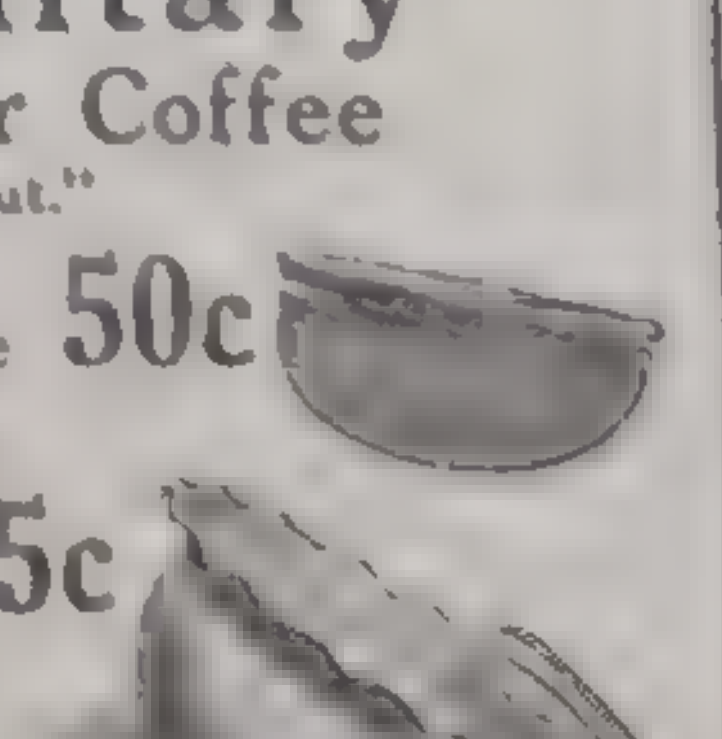


In proper position on spout.

Fits any spout—at any angle. Straining basket is *removable* and does not touch sides or bottom of strainer cup. Cannot choke up or slop over.

Quadruple Silver Plate 50c

Hammered Copper or Brass 75c



Showing removable basket feature.

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Quadruple plate strainer has fluted rim. Hammered copper or brass made in arts and crafts style. Other numbers in plain or hammered Sterling silver. For Christmas Giving! Mailed postpaid in handsome plain box to any address, on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfactory.

At your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, remit direct to us.

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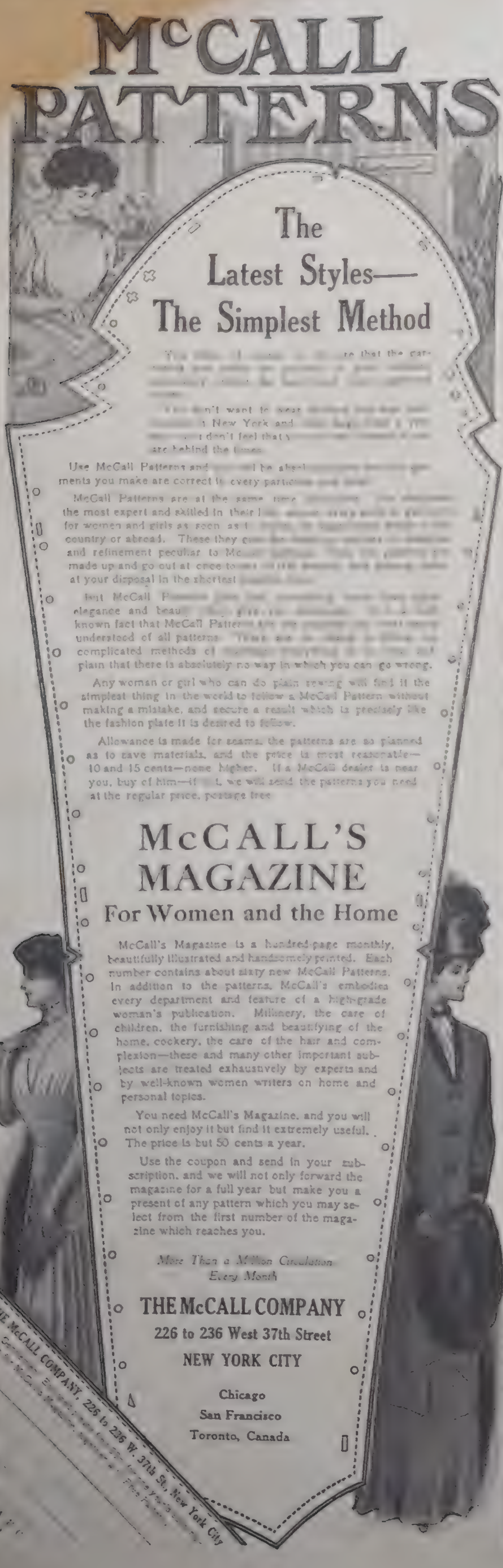

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The Simplest Method

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Use McCall Patterns and [illegible] be absol[illegible] ments you make are correct in every partic[illegible]

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But McCall P[illegible] elegance and beau[illegible] known fact that McCall Patter[illegible] understood of all patterns [illegible] complicated methods of [illegible] plain that there is absolutely no way in which you can go wrong.

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For Women and the Home

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[illegible]

ELENA THE QUEEN

[illegible] as it [illegible] Marche[illegible] [illegible] inconvenience [illegible] "I did not know [illegible] This, surely, was worthy of [illegible]

That Queen Elena positive[illegible] been practically nothing whatever [illegible] life of the capital [illegible] an disaster. Last year it was [illegible] of the king of Portugal. Other coun[illegible] [illegible] remarked [illegible] perched [illegible] presence and interest in nationa[illegible] [illegible]—is a matter of universal [illegible] she promised so much, she [illegible] or "trial?" one hears everywh[illegible]

[illegible] Elena of to-day does not seem the [illegible] Elena who came from Montenegro [illegible] dashing, out-of-door woman. The reason for her change of character is beyond my ken. But these are facts. As [illegible] Elena comes close to the line of [illegible] Each time she steps into the [illegible] of popular admiration the sentiment toward her seems to change, but I notice that, like the fickle waves of the sea, this quickly recedes. In the quiet of family [illegible] we find the real Elena. Since there is so little to be said for her as queen, let us hasten back to the brighter phases of her life's story.

Queen Elena has always been given to hobbies, and as her children take to one hobby or another, their regal mother shares their enthusiasm and interest. The king, too, has one hobby that he has indulged since boyhood, and that is the collecting of coins. This fad he took up when he was a very small boy. According to his own statement, it was in the year 1879, or thirty years ago, that one rare coin fell into his hands, and he determined to make a "collection." To-day his collection is reputed the largest and finest in Italy. With him, the collecting of the coins is but a part of the hobby. Around each set of ancient and obsolete coins he has grouped a summary of historical facts so that his collection, if studied carefully, would constitute an education in itself. I have been told that the king has nearly sixty thousand different coins! This is the king's one hobby.

The queen, on the other hand, still indulges several. In the Quirinal Palace in Rome she maintains a studio where she spends many an afternoon working over her sketches and water-colors—some of which she sends to old friends and relatives for Christmas and birthday souvenirs.

The queen's particular hobby at the present time is photography, and readers of the COMPANION have already seen examples of her work in the photographs of the royal children taken by her majesty and printed in the June COMPANION.

Queen Elena is still a young woman. If the time ever comes when she determines to throw as much energy and enthusiasm into the every-day work of queenship as she does on the special occasions of [illegible], she may yet make her mark upon Italy. So far she has not done this. In these articles I have tried to portray Queen Elena as she is—a real live woman who enjoyed a romantic youth; who made a brilliant marriage; who is a devoted wife and mother; a mediocre queen. I have striven for accuracy rather than readableness. I have written without malice and without prejudice. My task is done if my readers can now visualize Queen Elena—can picture her in her mountain home, a daring, untrammeled girl, can see her as she is to-day, [illegible] in her domestic tasks, lunching and dining and driving alone with the king, bathing the babies and watching over their early slumbers. For to-day Elena is wife and mother above all else—and queen incidentally as well as accidentally.

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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION makes the most charming and unusual Christmas present. A year's subscription makes twelve gifts in one—a reminder of the donor of the gift every month of the year.

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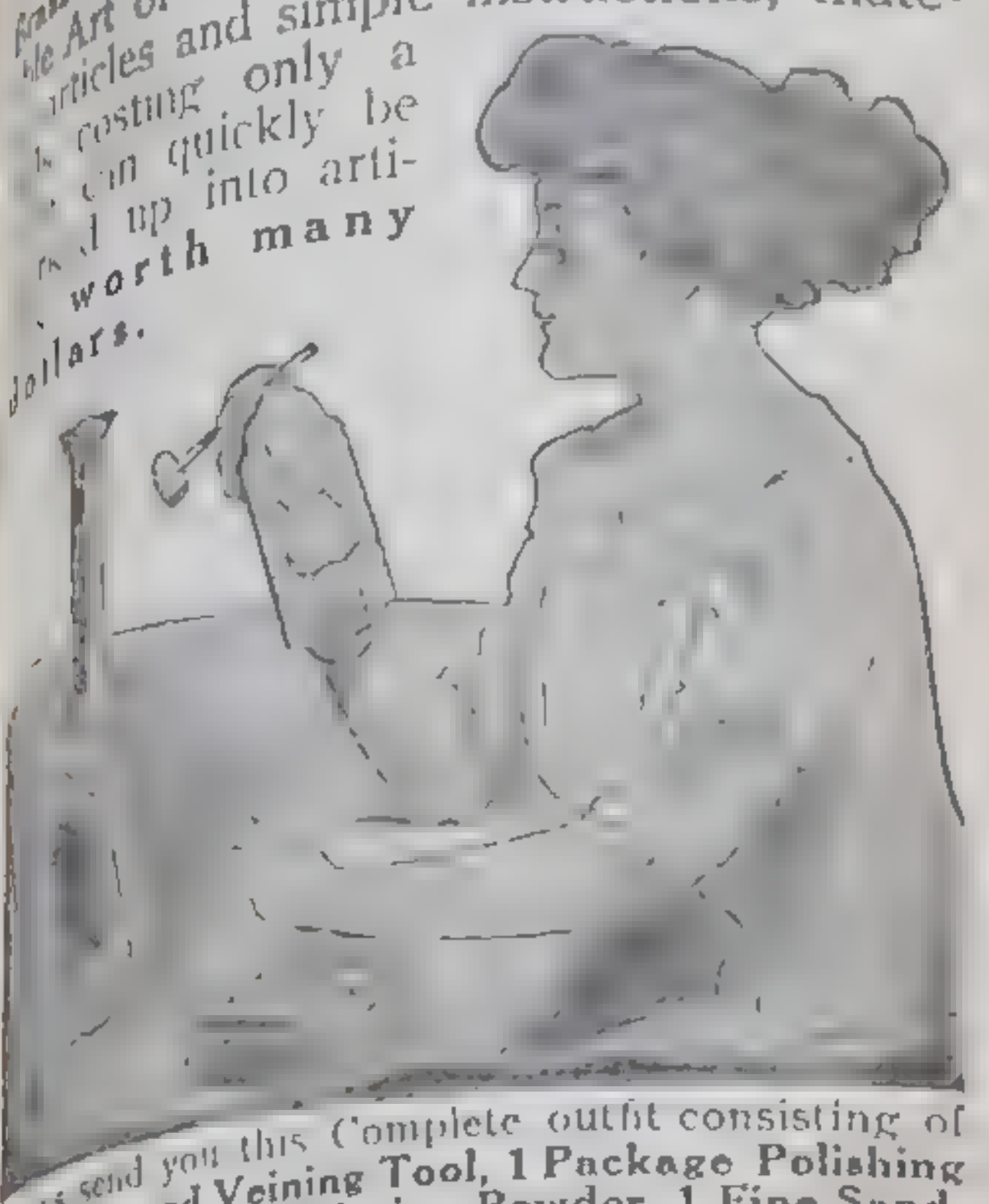
We will pay you liberally for looking after our Christmas subscription business in your vicinity.

We will pay you a definite commission for every subscription you get; we will guarantee to you an additional income depending on the amount of work you do, and, furthermore, you can obtain a portion of the $3,000 prize-money that we shall pay to members of the Subscription Staff in December.

You know better than any one else how big and fine; how useful and interesting the COMPANION is. You know how much any woman will enjoy the COMPANION — what a superb Christmas present it will make. A pleasant word—a suggestion —a chat with a neighbor, and you will have earned some Christmas money.

A postal to us to-day, will bring you a letter, telling you just how to make your Christmas money—to earn your own renewal—and to share in the $3,000 of prize-money.

Manager, Subscription Staff
Woman's Home Companion
Madison Square
New York



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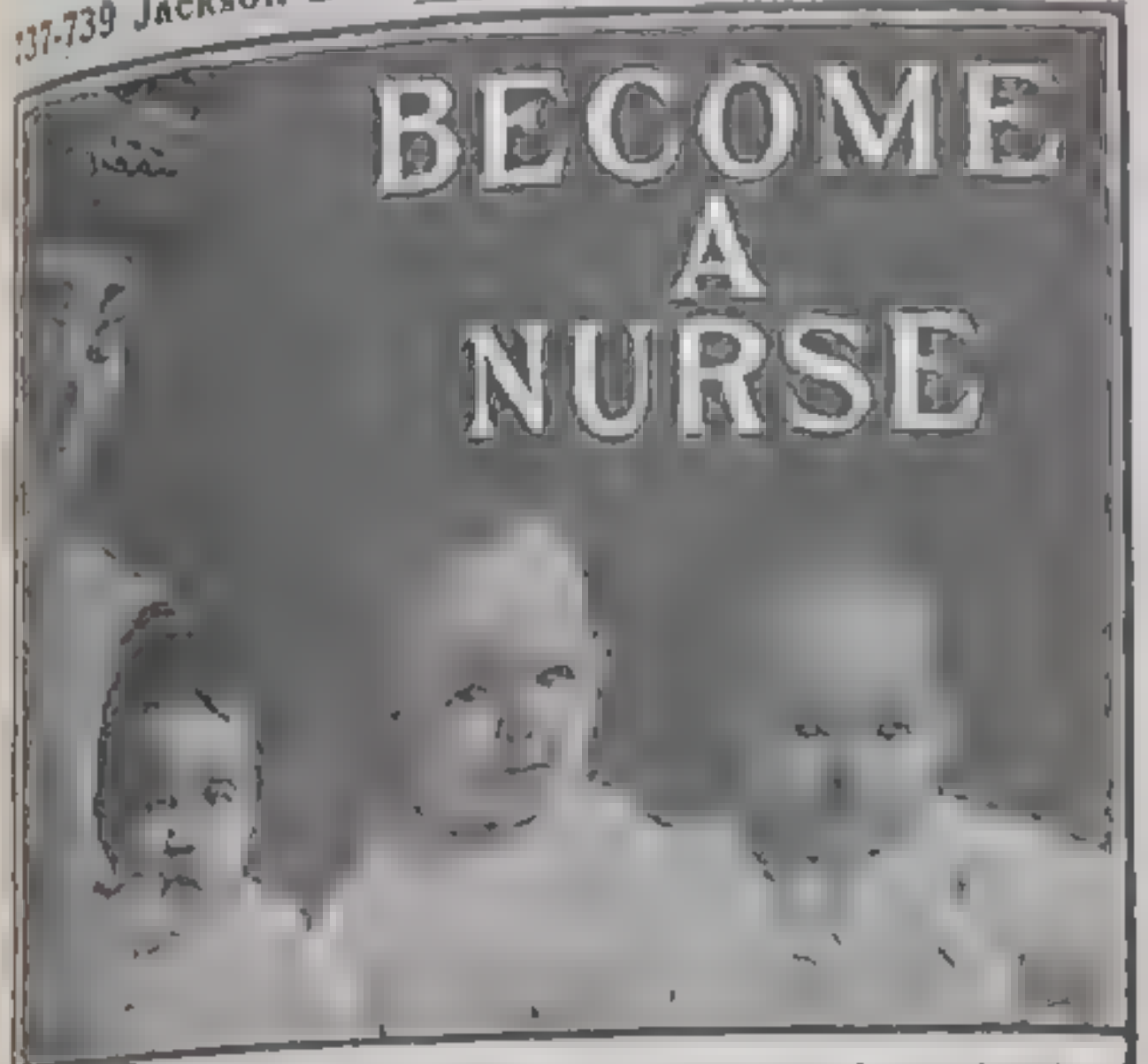

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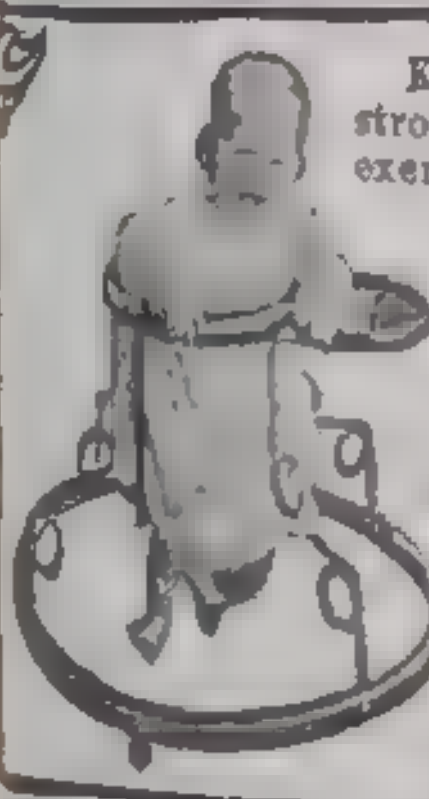

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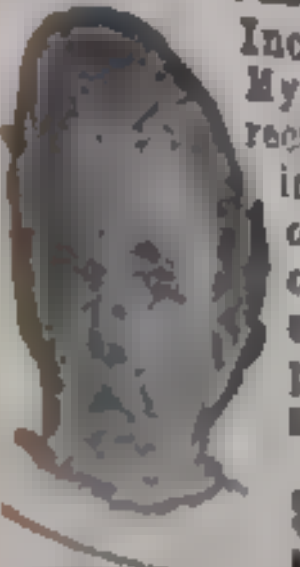

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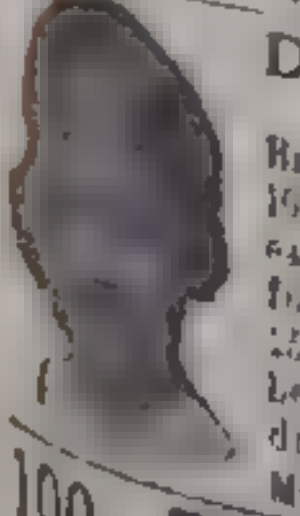

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HOLIDAY SHOPS

WHERE YOU NEVER THINK OF GOING

BY MARY WARREN

WHEN the jewelers and the fancy goods shops are crowded to suffocation, and you have reached that stage in your Christmas shopping when you don't know what you want and don't like anything you see, turn straight about and go to a first-class hardware-store. Last holiday season I checked almost every man off my Christmas list in such a shop, and also found several gifts for women—nut-crackers, trays, white-handled steel dinner-knives, scissors, etc. If hardware-store scissors do not have silver handles, they *do* have sharp blades.

The hardware store can furnish desk shears and desk-sets more desirable and less expensive than most jewelry-shops offer. There is cutlery of all kinds, of course, and of a quality not always found in department-stores. There are skates and scales, carving-sets for the head of the house, fishing tackle, field-glasses and opera-glasses and photographic supplies.

In brass and nickel there are chafing-dishes, tea-kettles and coffee-machines, alcohol-lamps, casseroles, large and small, baking-dishes that are for service, not for show, cooking-bowls in nests of assorted sizes—everything that a housekeeper would enjoy.

For gifts for women a big china-store is always my first point of attack, remembering, of course, that these are gifts which must be given "by hand," since express charges would bring up the total expense alarmingly. Any purse can be fitted, the range is from the twenty-five-cent syrup-cup to the set of Haviland china with its edges of creamy gold. Shopping is easy here. Before us is a table full of different patterns of ramekins; nothing but ramekins on the table. Next is the showing of marmalade-pots, every pattern and price. Then come fruit-plates, hot-cake dishes and chop-plates. There are pitchers to make one's mouth water; and what woman ever had enough pitchers?

For women who do not keep house there are beguiling bedroom-sets—a china tray, pitcher and candlestick and a cut-glass tumbler. A breakfast-set with its big tray and every conceivable dish in beautiful china is expensive, but what a pleasing gift from a whole family to a "shut-in!"

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

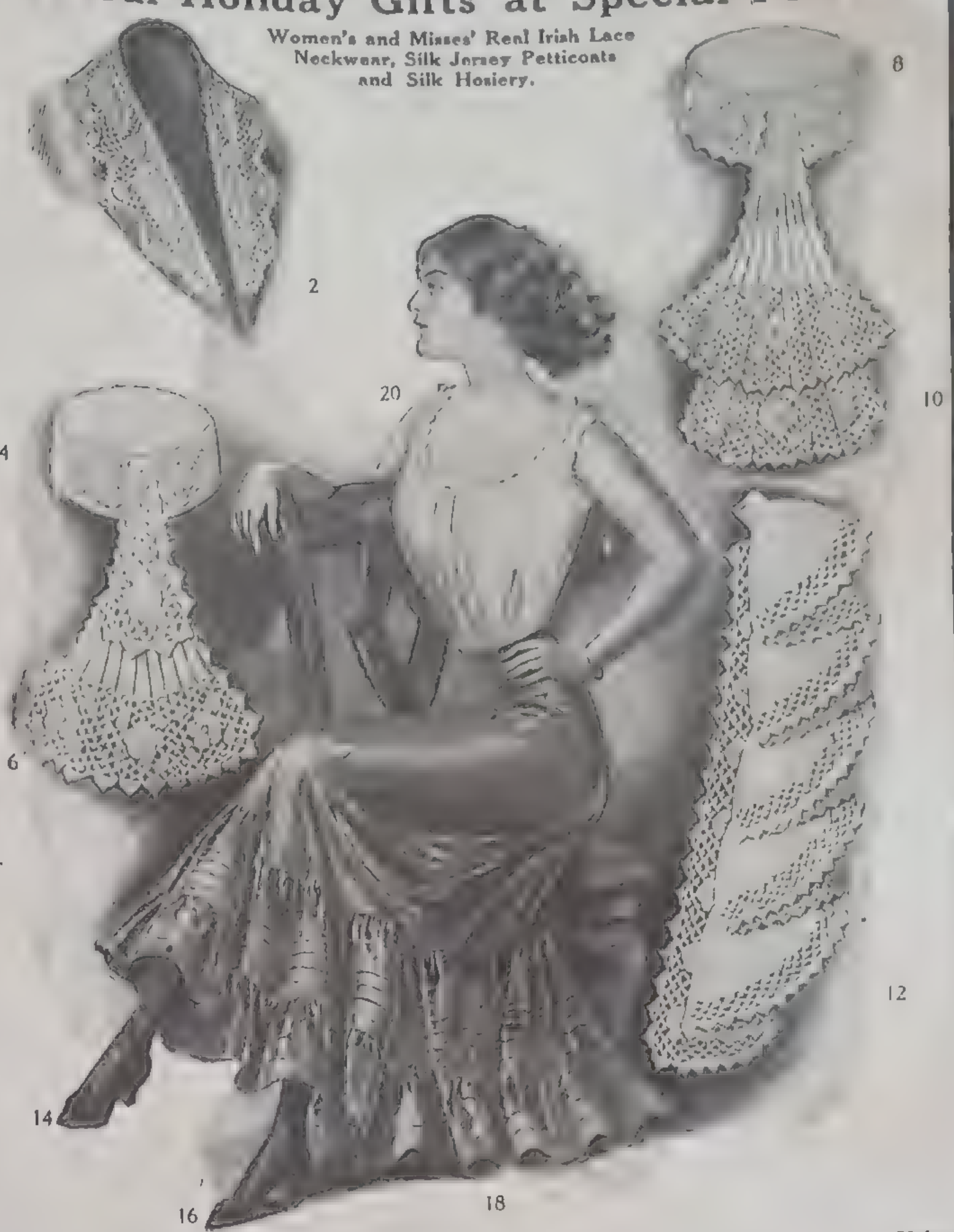
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

To carry out the color-scheme serve a POINSETTIA SALAD: Peel and thoroughly chill small tomatoes, and when ready to serve cut in eighths, not severing sections, and open like petals of a flower on lettuce-leaves. Mash a cream cheese, and season with salt and paprika; then force through a potato-ricer. In the center of each tomato put one tablespoonful of the cheese. Serve with a French dressing, to which is added finely-chopped green pepper.

Now for the ENGLISH FRUIT-PUDDING: Soak one half of a pound of stale bread-crumbs in one cupful of scalded milk one hour. Add two thirds of a cupful of sugar, the beaten yolks of five eggs, one cupful of raisins seeded (cut in pieces and dredged with one and one half tablespoonfuls of flour), two thirds of a cupful of currants, one half of a cupful of chopped English-walnut meats, one half of a cupful of finely-chopped figs, and one half of a cupful of finely-cut citron. Chop one half of a pound of suet and work until creamy, using the hands. Add to first mixture, and when thoroughly mixed, add one half of a grated nutmeg, three fourths of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one third of a teaspoonful of cloves, one third of a teaspoonful of mace and one and one half teaspoonfuls of salt; then add the whites of five eggs, beaten until stiff. Turn into a buttered ring mold, cover with buttered paper and steam four and one half hours.

For a STERLING SAUCE cream one half of a cupful of butter and add gradually, while beating constantly, one cupful of brown sugar, then add the whites of two eggs beaten until stiff and a few grains of salt. Put bowl containing mixture in a sauce-pan of hot water, and stir mixture constantly until thoroughly heated. Remove from fire, cool, and add one half of a cupful of heavy cream beaten until stiff; then flavor with vanilla.

The MANHATTAN FROZEN PUDDING keeps within the red and green color-scheme. Mix one and one half cupfuls of orange-juice with one fourth of a cupful of lemon-juice, color with fruit red and sweeten to taste with sugar. Turn the mixture into a brick mold. Beat one pint of heavy cream until stiff, and add one half of a cupful of powdered sugar, and one half of a tablespoonful of vanilla; then color with leaf-green and add two thirds of a cupful of chopped walnut-meats. Pour cream mixture over fruit mixture, to overflow the mold. Cover with buttered paper, fit on cover, pack in salt and ice, using two parts of finely-crushed ice to one part rock-salt, and let stand three and one half hours. Remove to a cold serving-dish and garnish with a sprig of holly bright with red berries.



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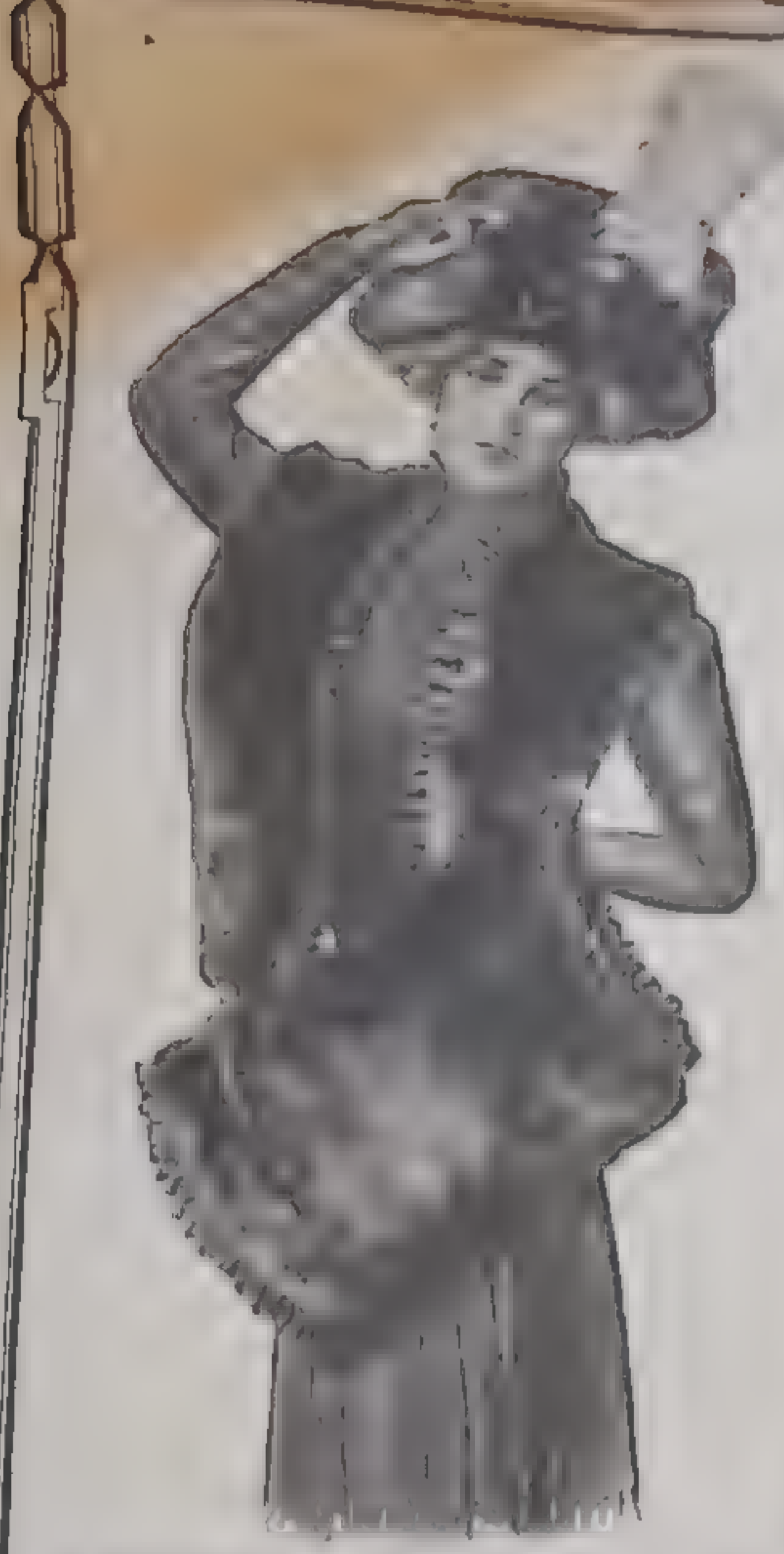

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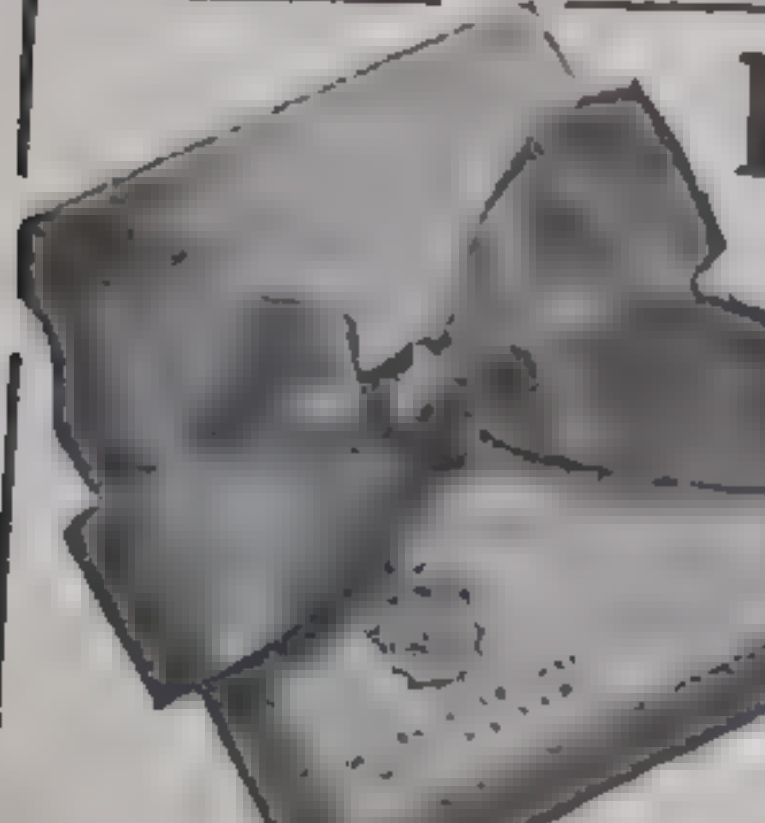

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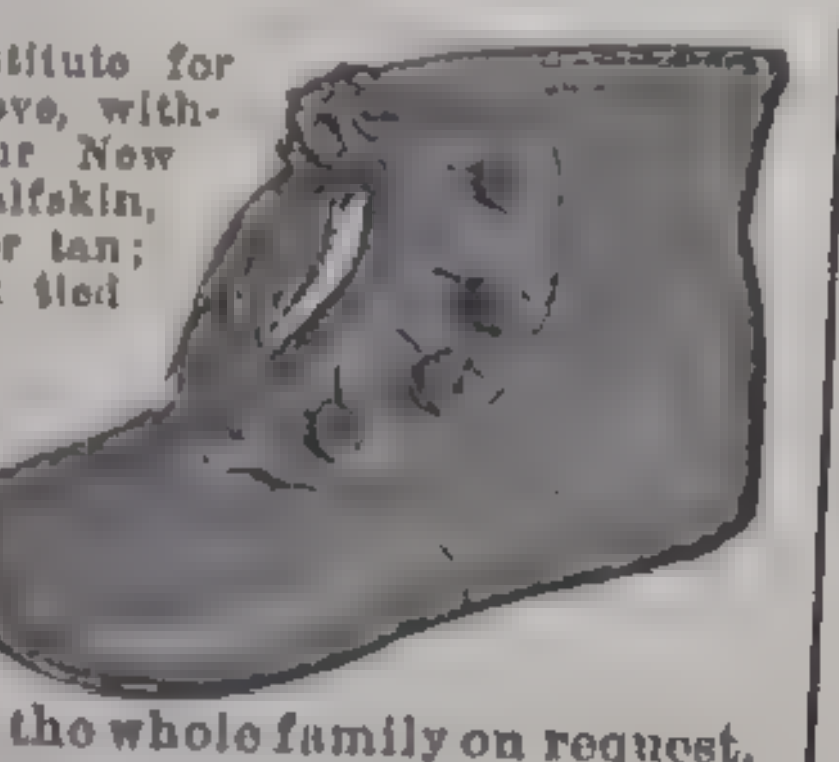

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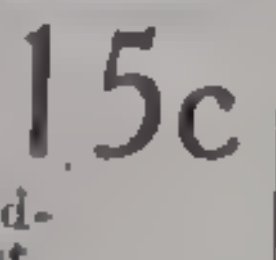

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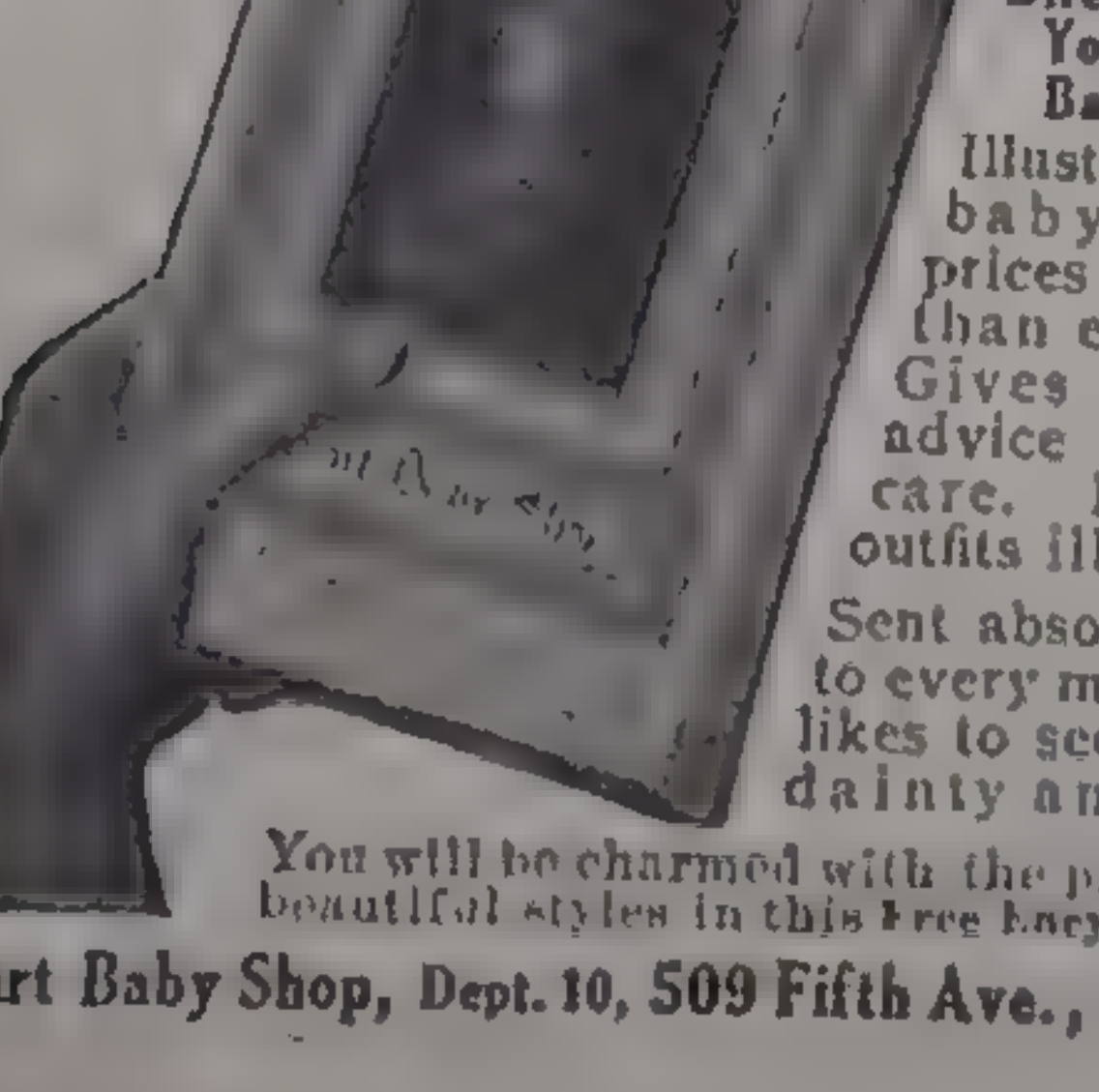

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IN KNITTING AND CROCHET

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Make one double crochet in the center of the front and after it chain one. Make three double crochet in the top of each band of melon stitch and two double crochet in each afghan-stitch band, always with one chain after each double crochet. Put only one double crochet in each of the three bands at the back of the slipper, to narrow for the heel. Join at the front, then make two single crochet in each space all around and fasten off. Run elastic through the holes. Sew a band of mink to the top. Do not join it in front, but instead carry the ends down at the sides of the front and sew them to the first row of the last melon-stitch band.

Half Collar in Irish Crochet—In the half collar to be worn around the back of the neck, from the front of one shoulder to the other, an unusual style of Irish crochet is used, both in motifs and background. No. 70 cotton is used, to produce very fine work.

The small wheel motifs are crocheted as follows: Work twenty single crochet over a tiny ring of padding-cord.

Second Round—One double crochet in each stitch, one chain between the double crochet.

Third Round—One single crochet in each double crochet, two single crochet in each chain, all of them worked over the padding-cord.

Fourth Round—Again over padding-cord. Make one double crochet each in the first two stitches, two double crochet in the next stitch. Repeat all around, excepting that every tenth stitch should be a single crochet instead of a double crochet. Fasten off. Make twenty wheels in all.

In the pattern appear daisies in four different sizes. The smallest are made as follows:

Make twenty-four single crochet over a tiny ring of padding-cord.

Second Round—Work on the front thread of the stitches of the first round, as follows: Make one single crochet in the first stitch, chain three, skip three stitches and repeat all around.

Third Round—One single crochet and six double crochet in each chain loop of second round.

Work the fourth round on the back thread of the stitches of the first round, as follows: One single crochet in the first stitch, *chain four, skip four, one single crochet in the next. Repeat from *.

Fifth Round—One single crochet in first chain loop, chain two, one single crochet in the same chain loop, chain two and continue in this way until there are five chain loops in the first loop of fourth round. Turn, chain two, one single crochet in the first of the loops just made, chain two, one single crochet in the next loop and so continue to the last of the five loops. Again there will be five loops in the row. Make one row more in the same way and fasten off. Repeat these rows in each of the chain loops of fourth round and when all are complete work over the padding-cord around all the edges of the petals, putting as many single crochet as possible in each space. At the center of each side of each petal and three times across the end of each chain two for a picot. Join the corresponding picots at the sides of the petals. Make eight of these daisies in all.

For the second-size daisy make the first three rounds like those of the first daisy. Then repeat the second and third rounds, working them behind the petals just made. Make the single crochet of the chain loop round in the stitch midway between the single crochet of the second round of the daisy and, like the latter, pick them up in the front thread of the stitches of the first round of the daisy.

On the back thread of the first round now work as follows: One single crochet in first stitch, *chain five, skip four stitches, one single crochet in the next. Repeat from *, making five chain loops in the round.

For the large petals work as follows on each of these chain loops: Make one single crochet, chain one, one single crochet, chain three, one single crochet, chain one, one single crochet. These stitches are all made in the same loop. Turn, two single crochet, chain three, two single crochet all in center loop. Turn, seven single crochet separated by one chain after each, all in the center loop; then make one double crochet in each space around the petal, always with two chain between.

Work all five petals in the same way, then work in single crochet and picots all around, as with the small daisies.

The third-size daisies are worked the same as the second size, but have six petals instead of five, the foundation secured by making six chain loops on the back thread of the stitches of the first round, instead of five loops.

Of the largest-size daisies there are three different styles. Make three daisies as follows: Work twenty-four single crochet over a tiny ring of padding-cord and around the ring make two rounds of small petals, following the directions for the second-sized daisy, but making five petals in a round instead of six, and putting the petals of the second round directly behind those of the first. Now work on the back thread of the stitches of the first round, putting two double crochet in every second stitch and one double crochet in the stitch between. After each double crochet make one chain. There will be thirty-six stitches in the round.

Make the first petal as follows: Work one double crochet in each of the first five spaces of the round, with one chain after each. Turn, chain three, one double crochet in each space of the row just made, excepting the center space, where make two double crochet. Then make two rows more, increasing one double crochet at each end of each. Fasten off. Make five petals more in the same way, skipping one space of the center after each petal before beginning the next petal. When all are made work in single crochet and picots around all the edges of the petals, following the directions given for the smallest daisy. Cover the center ring with a tiny crocheted button. One of these daisies is intended for the upper left-hand corner of the collar, the other two for the lower edge of the center of the back of the collar.

The daisy for the back of the neck is worked as follows: Begin as instructed for the smallest daisy, but make three rounds of the center petals, the petals of each round directly behind those of the preceding round. For the large petals work on the back thread of the stitches of the first round, as follows: Make one double crochet in the first stitch, chain one, one double crochet in next, chain three, one double crochet in next, chain one, one double crochet in next. Turn, chain three, four double crochet in center space separated by one chain, chain one, one double crochet in last double crochet; turn, one double crochet in each space, two double crochet in center space, always with one chain after each double crochet, then two rows, increasing one double crochet at each end. Fasten off. Repeat until there are six petals in all, then work all around the petals in single crochet, making five picots (see the smallest daisy) across the end of each.

The other five daisies of the pattern are worked the same as the daisy just described, excepting that the center has but two rounds of petals. Another difference is that no extra stitches are made in the last row of each of the larger petals.

The ten small leaves of the pattern are entirely of single crochet and are worked as follows: Chain fourteen and work in single crochet down one side of the chain, then turn and work down the other side, increasing at the ends to make the work lie flat. Work all around three times more, taking up the stitches on the back thread and always increasing at the ends. Join and fasten off.

In the clover sprays each leaf is made separately, then sewed in position. Make eighteen leaves in all, working them as follows: Chain twenty-five, turn, skip first chain, one single crochet in the next. *Chain five, skip two chain, one single crochet in the next. Repeat from * until there are eight loops in the row. Turn, chain five, one single crochet in first loop and so continue until five rows of loops have been made. Fasten off. Go back to the other side of the foundation chain and on it work seven rows in single crochet, always taking the stitches on the back thread to form a rib. Skip one stitch in beginning each row. When finished sew the leaves in shape, then work in single crochet over the padding-cord on all the edges.

When the motifs have been completed cut a collar of stiff paper and baste the motifs in position on it, right side down. Then fill in the background as shown in the illustration. The picot filling is not made in the usual way, but is worked as follows: Make one double crochet in the edge of one of the motifs, chain seven, catch back in the fifth chain for a picot, chain two, one double crochet in edge of motif. The double crochet of the second and following rows are worked in the spaces of the preceding row.

The bars of the background are not done in crocheting, but are buttonholed as in lace-braid work. Use the cotton used for the crocheting and cross three or four threads between the points to be joined, then cover them with buttonhole stitch, working the latter as smoothly and compactly as possible. In crossing one set of threads over another join them together. Make the edges of the collar as even as possible.

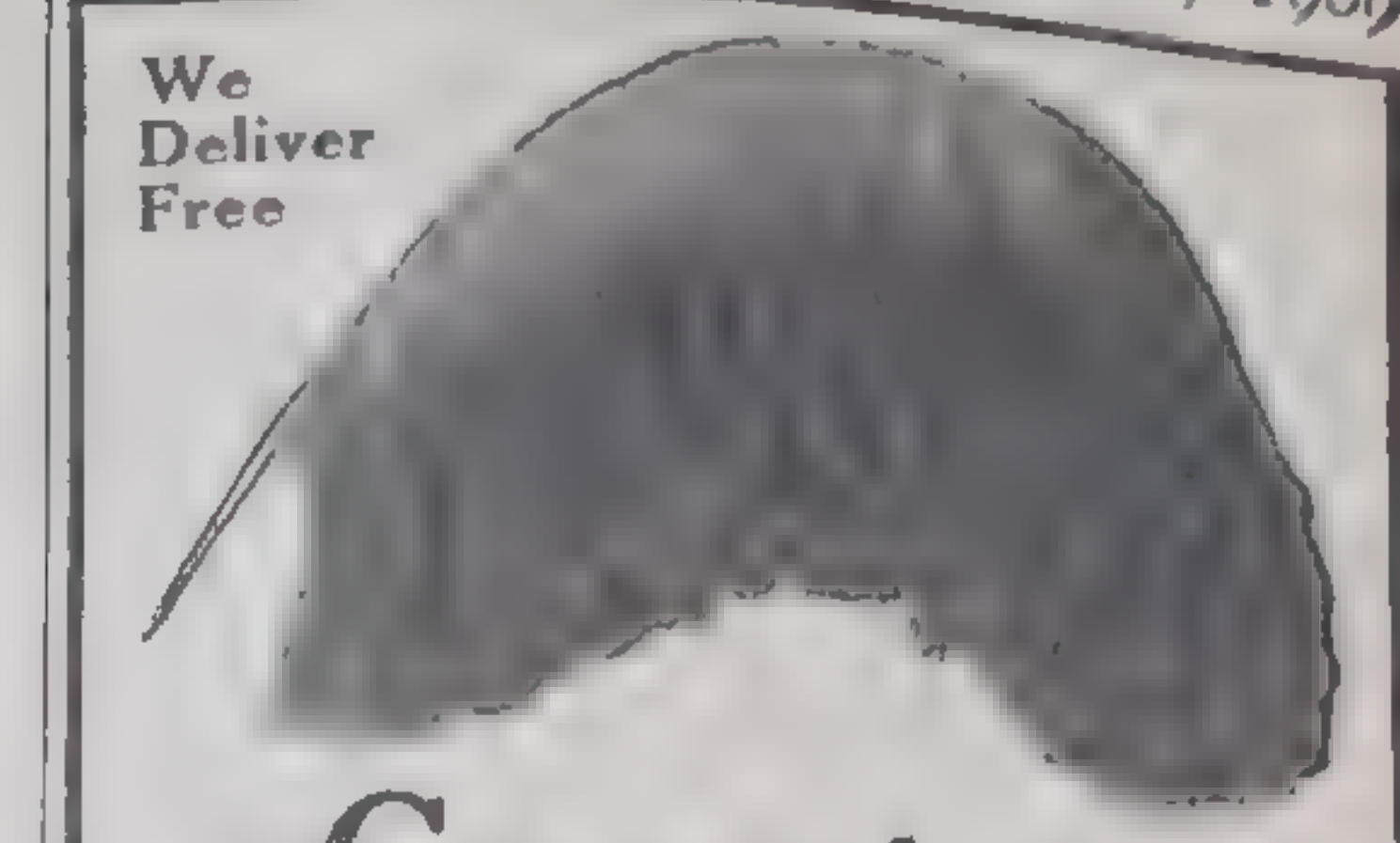
When the background is filled in, work around all the edges as follows:

First Round—One double crochet in first stitch, chain three, skip three stitches, one double crochet in next. Continue in this way all around, joining at the end.

Second Round—Four single crochet in each space of first round.

Third Round—Chain six, one slip stitch in the sixth single crochet of preceding round. Repeat all around.

Fourth Round—Four single crochet in first chain loop, chain five and catch in the first chain made for a picot, again four single crochet in first chain loop, four single crochet in second chain loop, chain seven, turn, one slip stitch in second single crochet after the picot in first chain loop, turn, four single crochet, picot and again four single crochet over seven-chain loop, one single crochet in incompleted loop along round, one picot, and four single crochet in same loop. Repeat from beginning and at the end of the round fasten off.



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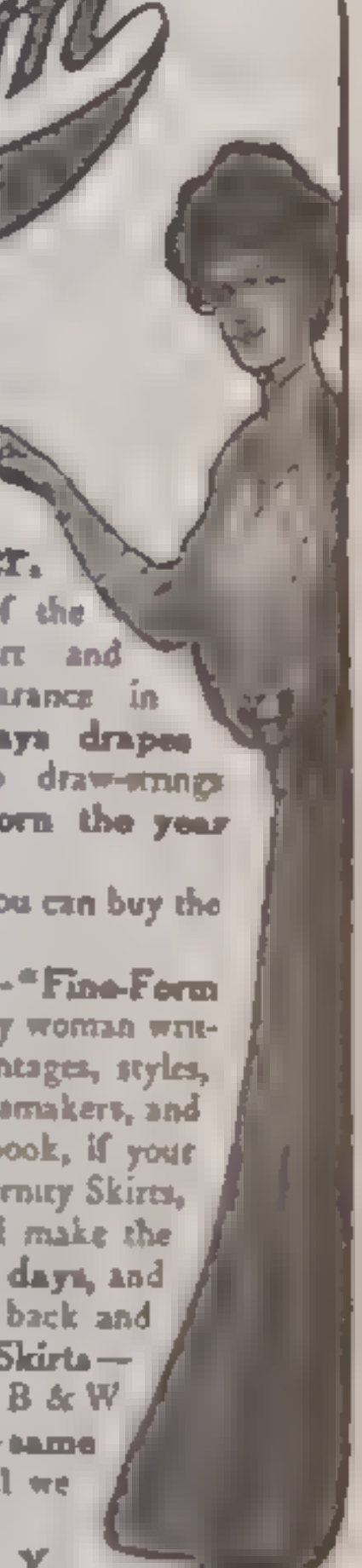

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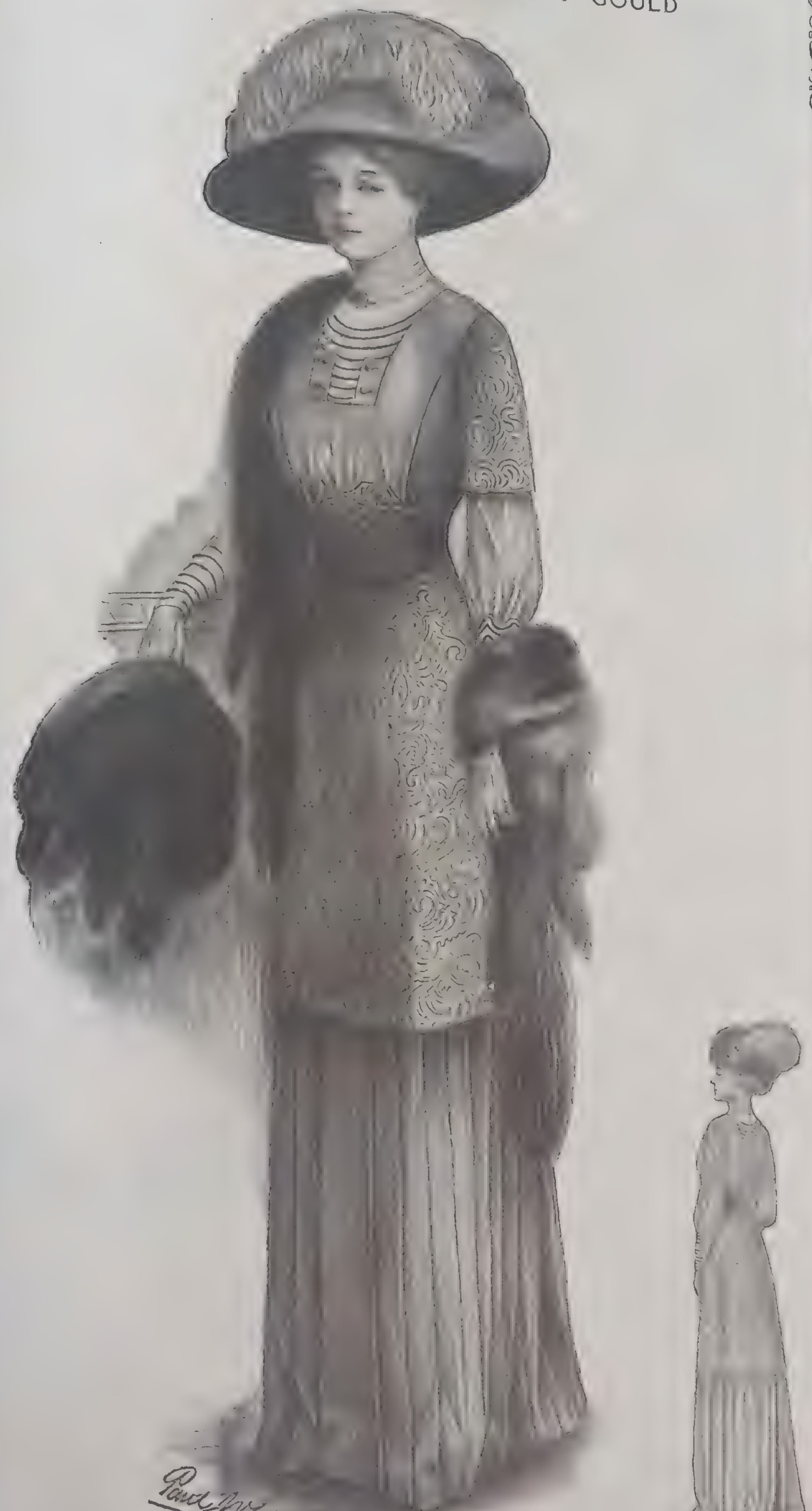

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No. 1425—Girdle Waist With Cap Sleeves

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, two yards of thirty-six-inch material, or one and one half yards of forty-four-inch material, with two yards of contrasting material twenty-two inches wide for sleeves and trimming

No. 1426—Kilted Skirt With Tunic

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt all around, 42 inches. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, six and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material, or four and one fourth yards of forty-four-inch material

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ONYX

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A HOLIDAY GIFT of "ONYX" HOSIERY has a deeper meaning than the mere observance of a well established custom.

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Any hose at whatever quality, Color, Fabric or Price, bearing the "ONYX" stamp is the best that money will buy. A few well known "ONYX" numbers are described below

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310 B—Women's "ONYX" Black, Medium Weight—Six-Thread Heel and Toe, Four-Thread all over. A hose that is unequalled for wear and elasticity, 50c. per pair

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OUT-SIZE HOSE

170 S—Women's "ONYX" Gauze Lisle "DUB-L TOP" Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet; double sole, spliced heel, 50c. per pair

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

498—Women's Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Garter "WYDE TOP" Black, White, Tan, Pink, Sky, Bronze, Helio., Catawba, Wistaria, Olive, Gold and every fashionable shade—re-enforced Heel, Sole and Toe.

This is the very latest exclusive novelty in Silk Hosiery—doubles life of Hose and unmatchable for comfort.

106—Women's Pure Thread Silk—the extraordinary value—best made in America—every possible shade or color—Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all colors to match shoe or gown. Every pair guaranteed. $2.25 per pair

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E 325—Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Silklisle, double sole, spliced heel. "The satisfactory hose," 50c. per pair

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to nearest dealer, or send, postpaid, any number desired. Write to Dept. D.

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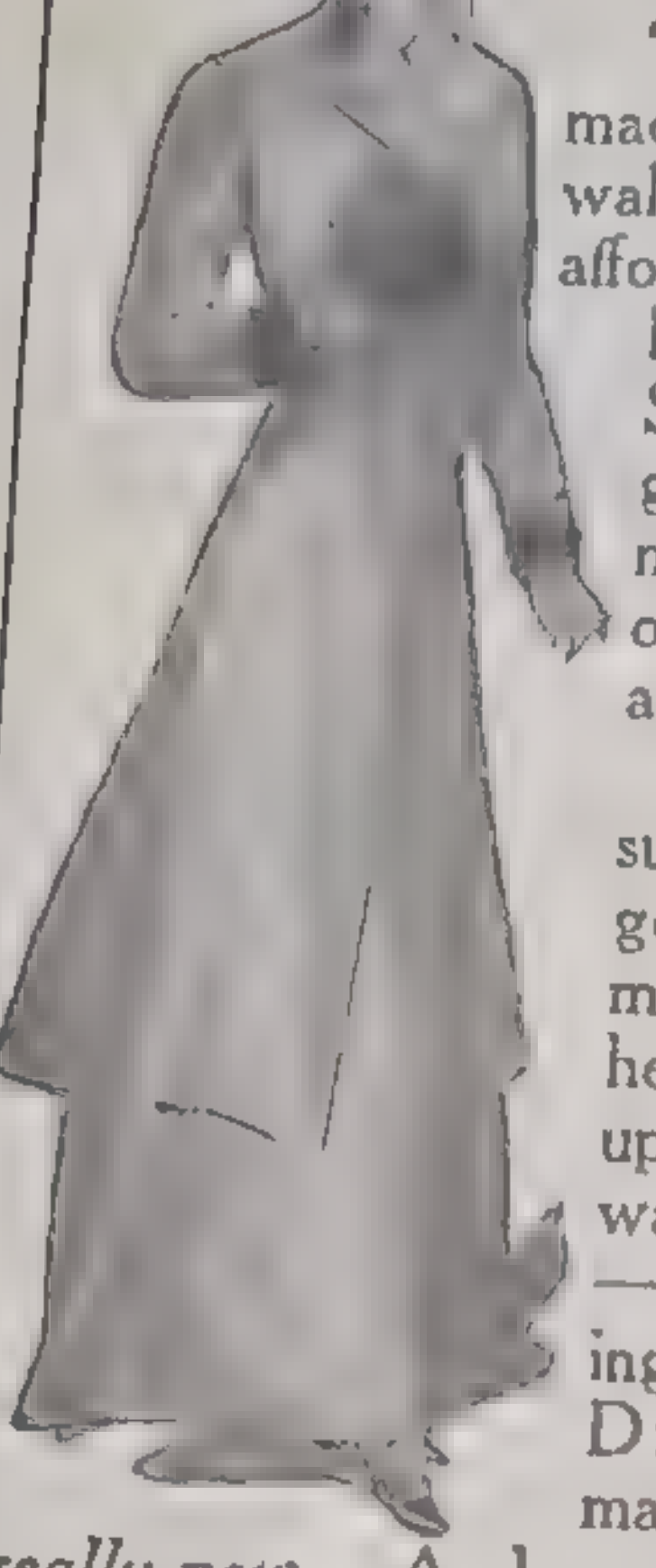

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CHRISTMAS GIFT

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do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. It is very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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HALL-BORCHERT DRESS FORM COMPANY
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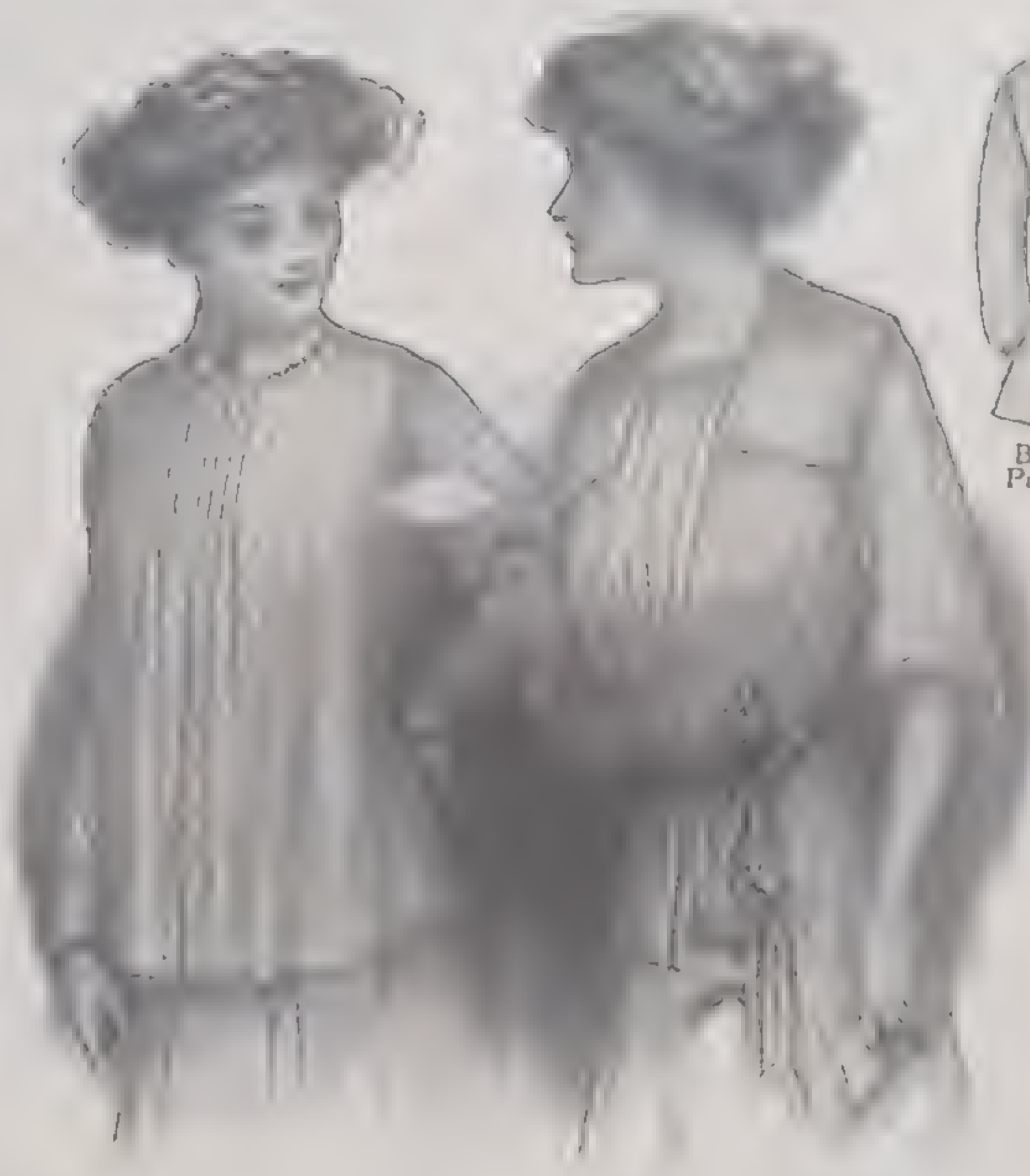
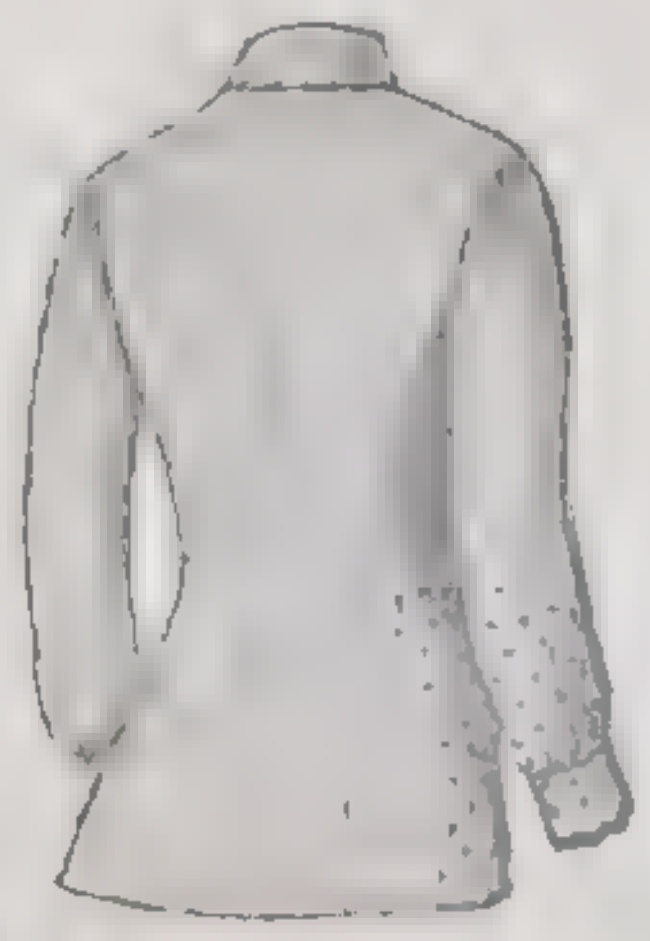
MISS GOULD'S DRESSMAKING LESSON

TWO ADAPTABLE DRESSING-SACQUE PATTERNS



No. 1427—Dressing-Sacque in Two Styles

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for either style of sacque, in medium size, or 38 inch bust, three and one fourth yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two and one eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. The price of this pattern is ten cents. Order from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City



Back View of Pattern No. 1427

Any woman can make six different pretty dressing-sacques for herself by buying only two Madison Square patterns. Surely here is adaptability for you in patterns. Four of the dressing-sacques are illustrated on this page. Two different styles can be made from one ten-cent pattern, which is No. 1427, and four sacques, different in effect, from pattern No. 1428.

The pattern of Dressing-Sacque in Two Styles, No. 1427, is cut in six sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measures. The pattern may be ordered from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City. The price of the pattern is ten cents.

The pattern envelope contains eight pieces which are lettered as follows: The front V, the under-arm gore W, the back T, the rolling collar L, the sailor collar F, the front band I, the sleeve K and the cuff J. These letters are perforated through each piece of the pattern in order to identify the different parts.

Before starting the work, smooth the pieces of the pattern, removing all the wrinkles. In cutting, lay the edges of the two collars marked by triple crosses on a lengthwise fold of the material. Place the other parts of the pattern with the line of large round perforations in each lengthwise of the goods. Mark all the perforations and cut out all notches carefully before removing the pattern pieces from the material.

To Make the Dressing-Sacque With Rolling Collar

Join the pieces by corresponding notches. Pin first at the waistline (indicated by square perforations), then match upper and lower edges. Pin in between these points, also, to keep the seams from slipping.

Crease the fronts on lines of triangle perforations and stitch in three eighths of an inch from the edge of each crease to form the tucks. Turn the hems on the fronts by notches.

Join the rolling collar to the neck by notch and roll over on line of small round perforations. The sacque is fastened invisibly at the center front. Hooks and eyes may be used or ribbons tied in small bows.

Gather the sleeve at upper and lower edges between double crosses. Join the cuff to the lower edge of the sleeve as notched. In arranging the sleeve in the arms-eye always hold the sleeve toward you. Place the front seam of the sleeve at the notch in the front of the sacque and bring the notch in the top of the sleeve to the shoulder seam. Pin securely at these two points. Pin the plain part of the sleeve smoothly in the arms-eye. Then draw up the gathers closely to fit the remaining space. Distribute the fullness evenly and pin securely before basting.

Dressing-Sacque With Sailor Collar

Cut out the fronts square at the neck by lines of small round perforations. Cut off the sleeves by lines of small round perforations. Join the pieces as notched. Gather the fronts at neck edges and join the bands to these edges as notched. Turn hems on fronts and bands by notches. Join the sailor collar to neck as notched and extend down the fronts along the lines of small round perforations.

Let the sleeves hang loosely and either hem the edges or finish them with bands as illustrated.

Secure ribbons in the under-arm seams at the waistline and tie at the left side of front.

The Belted Kimono

The pattern of Belted Kimono, No. 1428, is cut in six sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. This pattern may be ordered from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City, and costs ten cents.

The pattern envelope contains six pieces which are lettered as follows: The front V, the back T, the collar L, the belt X, the uppersleeve K and the undersleeve F.

In cutting out this kimono, place the edges of the back, the belt and the collar marked by triple crosses (XXX) on a lengthwise fold of the material. Place the front and the sleeve portions with the line of large round perforations in each lengthwise of the goods. Cut the right front like the pattern. Cut off the left front by the long line of small round perforations.

How the Belted Kimono is Made

Crease the fronts on lines of triangle perforations and stitch in one half inch from the edge of each crease to form the tucks. Then join the back and fronts by corresponding notches.

Face the edges of both fronts. Gather the kimono at waistline, which is indicated by square perforations, and stay the gathers with a tape. Or, stitch a casing on the under side along the line of square perforations and insert a tape which may be tied in front, and regulate the fullness in this manner.

Turn in the lower edge of the kimono three eighths of an inch. Then turn up a hem by lines of large round perforations and baste as near the edge as possible. Place the kimono flat on a table, pin up the hem, using plenty of pins. Where the little plaits form at the upper edge, pin first, then press flat or hem down neatly before stitching the hem.

Work buttonholes near the edge of the right front and have one buttonhole on the shoulder. Sew buttons at the edge of the left front, not forgetting to place one on the shoulder, and button the kimono on the left side.

Join the collar to neck as notched. Turn hems on the collar by notches and fasten at the back. It will be necessary to bind the neck edge of the back on the left side, from the shoulder seam to center back, as the collar is loose at that point.

Arrange the belt around the waist, and attach securely at the waistline in the back. Lap the ends of the belt, matching the single round perforations.

Join the upper and under sleeve as notched. Ease the uppersleeve at the elbow between the notches. Gather the sleeve at the upper edge between double crosses and sew in the arms-eye as directed for the dressing-sacque sleeve.

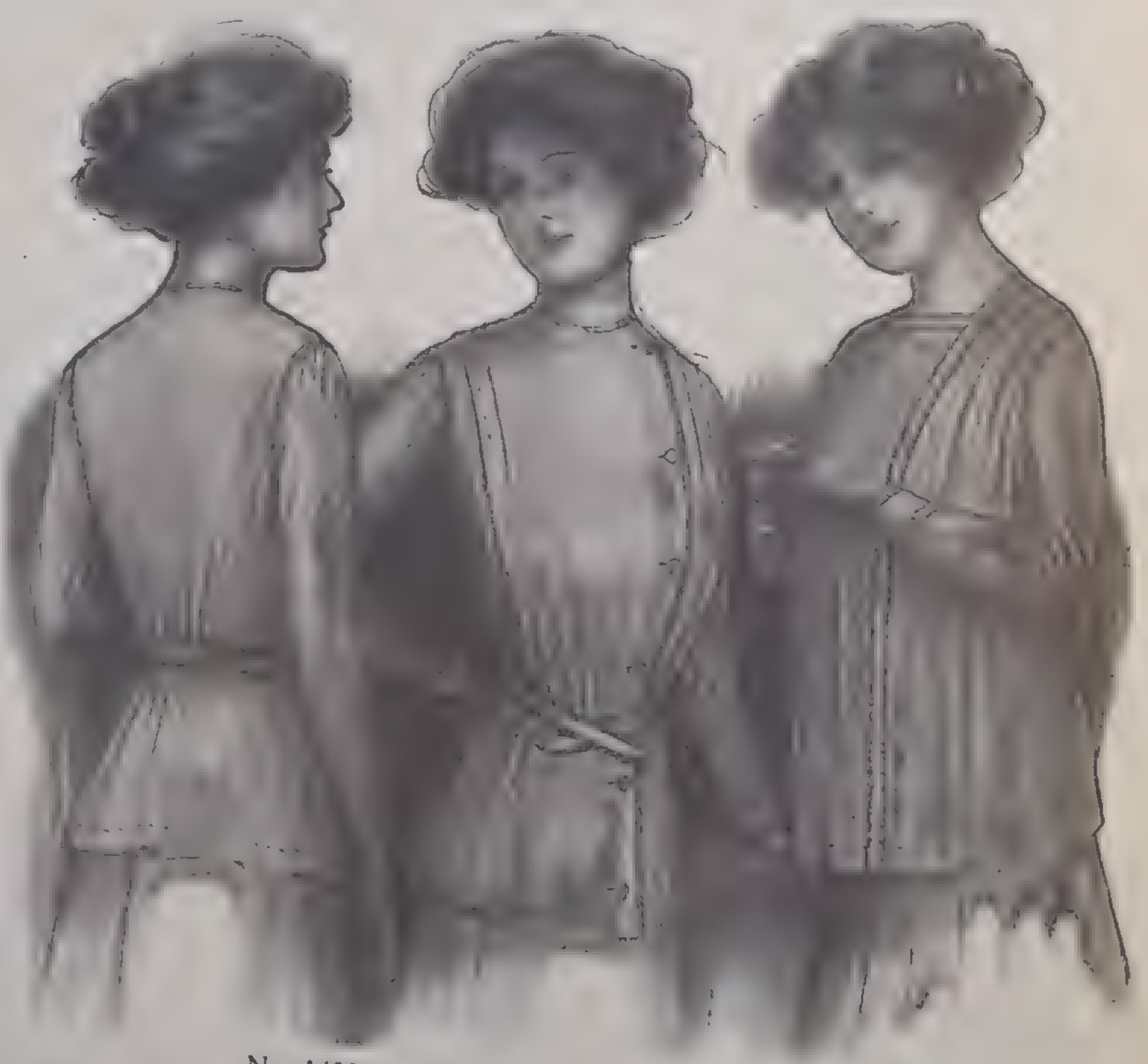
Instructions for the Loose Kimono

Omit the collar, and cut the neck out square, back and front, by the lines of small round perforations.

The kimono is permitted to hang loosely from the shoulders, back and front, the gathers at the waist and the belt being omitted. The neck and front edges of this loose kimono should be finished with inch-wide bands of trimming and the closing should be made invisibly at the left side.

This kimono permits of several other variations. It may be made high neck and hang loosely from the shoulders, omitting the belt; or, it may be low neck and gathered at the waist. In this case the belt should be used.

Three-eighths-of-an-inch seam is allowed on all edges of these dressing-sacque and kimono patterns, except at the shoulder and under arm, where a one-inch seam is allowed, designated by lines of small round perforations.



No. 1428—Belted Kimono, High or Low Neck

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for sacque in either style in medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material. The price of this pattern is ten cents. Order from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City

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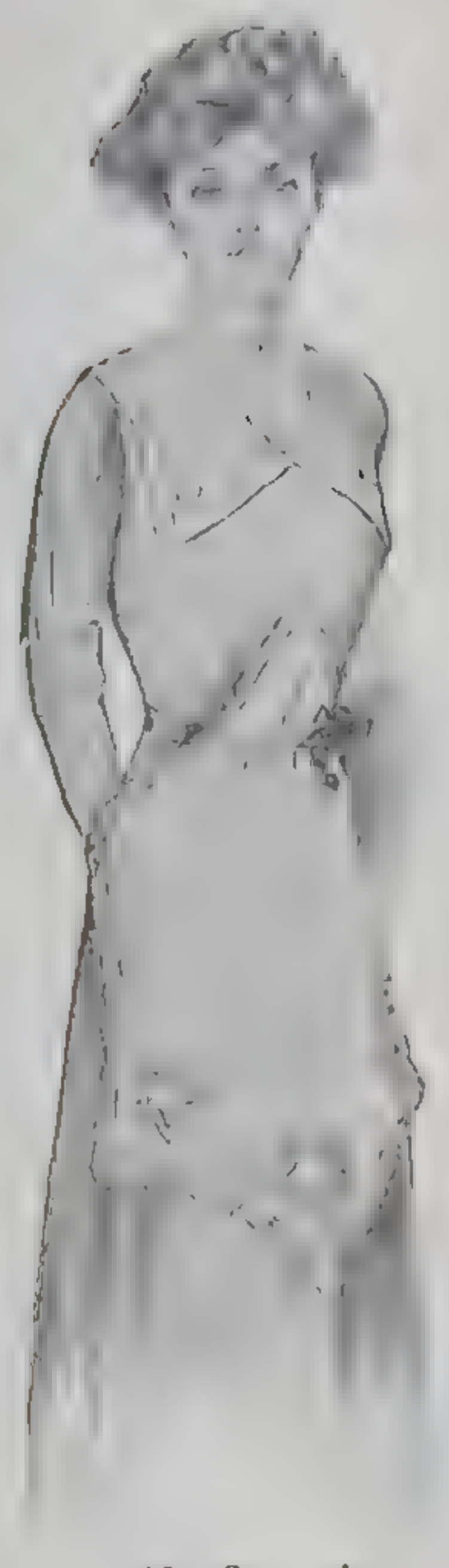
APRONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

NEW DESIGNS THAT ARE JUST A LITTLE DIFFERENT



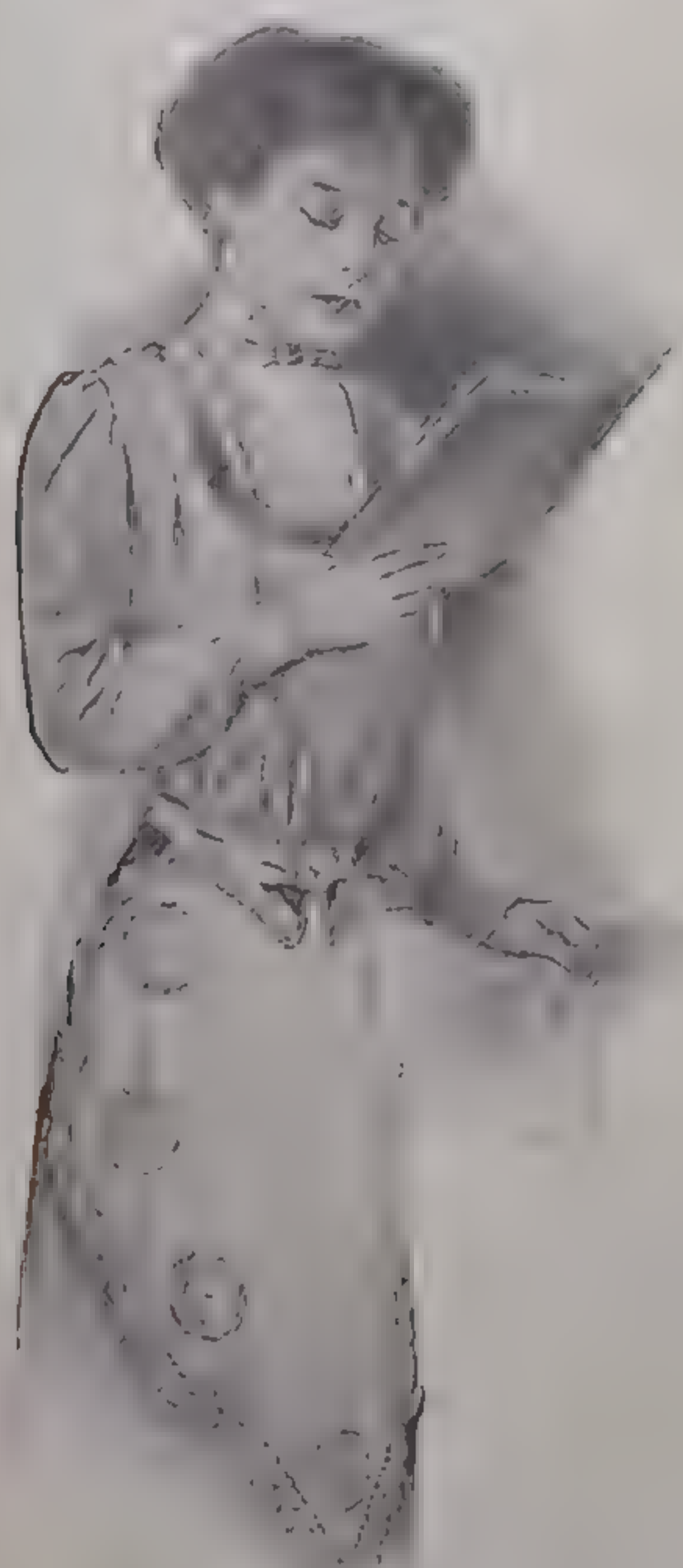
No. 1429—Star Apron

Pattern cut in one size. Quantity of material required, three fourths of a yard of twenty-four-inch material, with five yards of lace insertion, three and one half yards of lace edging and two yards of ribbon

WHATEVER your own particular Christmas problem may be this year, do start solving it early. It is the only way to make Christmas giving a pleasure. The woman who takes time by the forelock in planning her Christmas gifts is very apt to give not only a better gift, but a more appropriate one. Then if she starts in time, many of the presents she gives she can make herself.

The apron as a Christmas gift has much to recommend it. A dainty Christmasy-looking little apron would surely appeal to any woman. There are many times when an apron of this sort gives just the right "dress-up" touch to one's costume and makes a woman feel that she has time to sit down and rest for a while.

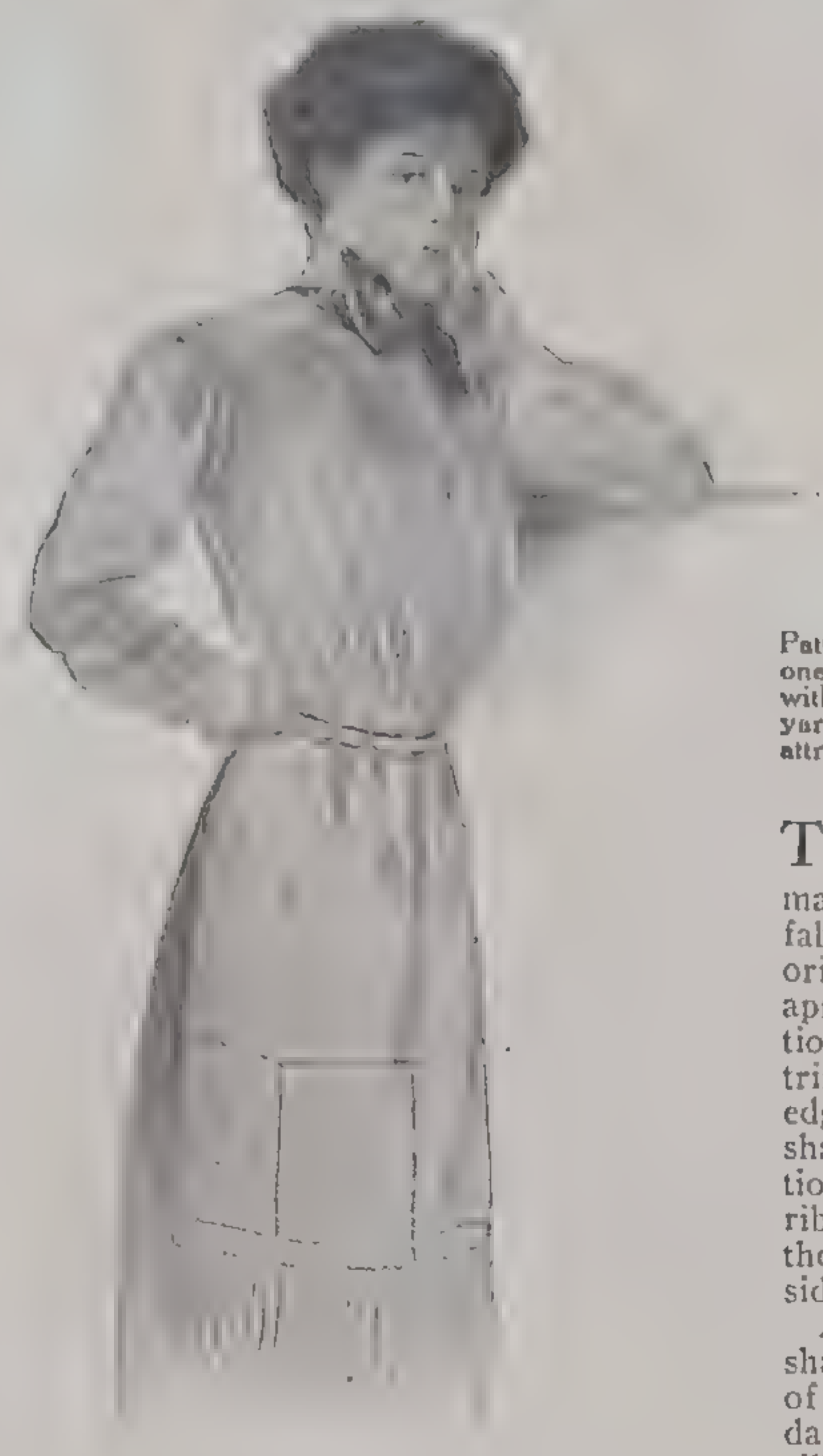
Then, too, this year the apron has come into its own again—it really is the fashion. There are times when almost every type of woman feels that she would like to put on a pretty, filmy, lace-trimmed apron. Of course, if she does much fancy work, you could not send her a more acceptable gift. If she likes to give chafing-dish suppers, then an apron will appeal to her, too, while the woman who likes to offer her afternoon caller a cup of tea will find a dainty apron or two very necessary to her wardrobe.



No. 1432—Leaf Apron

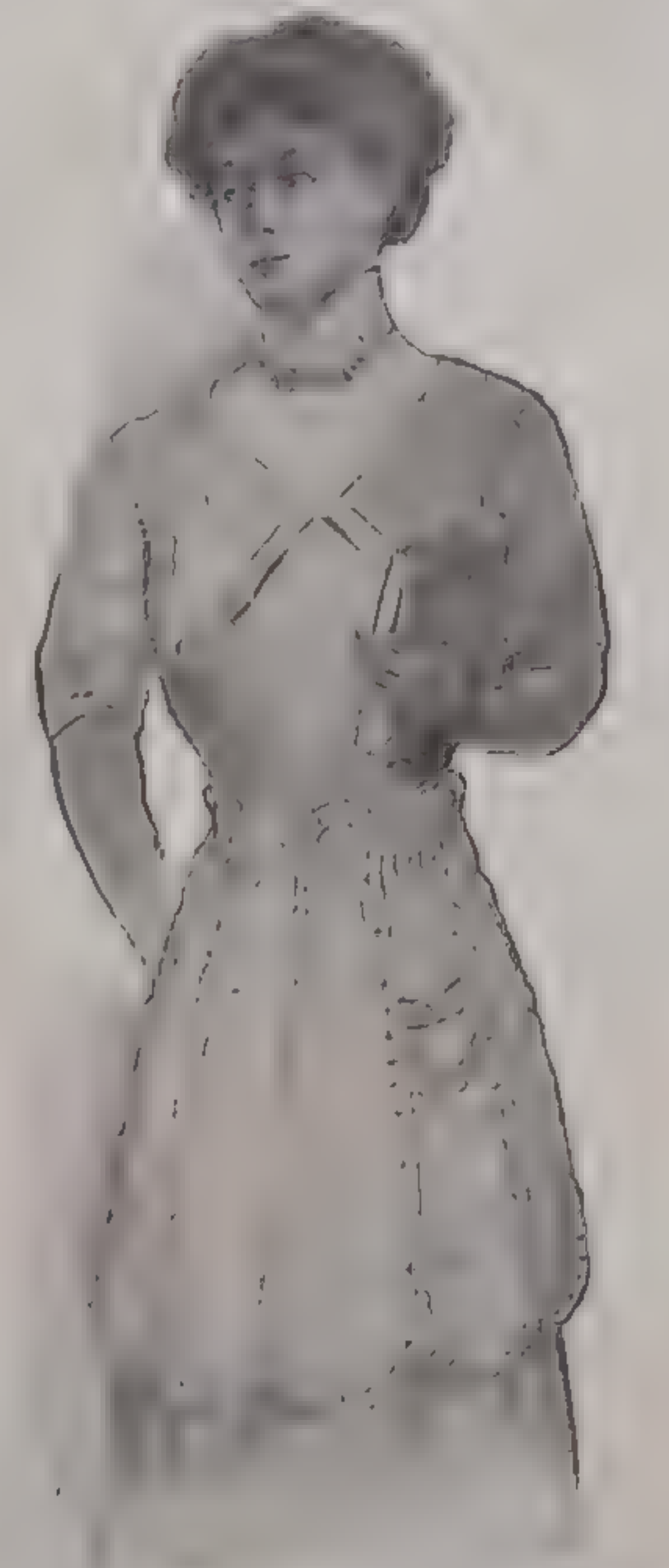
Pattern cut in one size. Material required, five eighths of a yard of twenty-four-inch material, seven lace medallions, three and one half yards of lace edging and two and one fourth yards of ribbon

HAVE you ever tried making an apron from a towel? If you have not, you will surely be surprised at the transformation. Of course, the finer the towel you have to start with, the more effective the apron. One of the lovely damask towels with their shimmering designs and long fringe ends can be transformed very easily into an apron of distinction and real beauty. Such an apron is shown in illustration No. 1431 on this page. The apron has a touch of hand-work about it to add to its charm. This hand-work consists of feather-stitching done in pale blue silk floss. The belt is formed of rings covered with a crochet-stitch in light blue silk and through them is run light blue satin ribbon which ties in the back in a bow with long ends.



No. 1431—Towel Apron

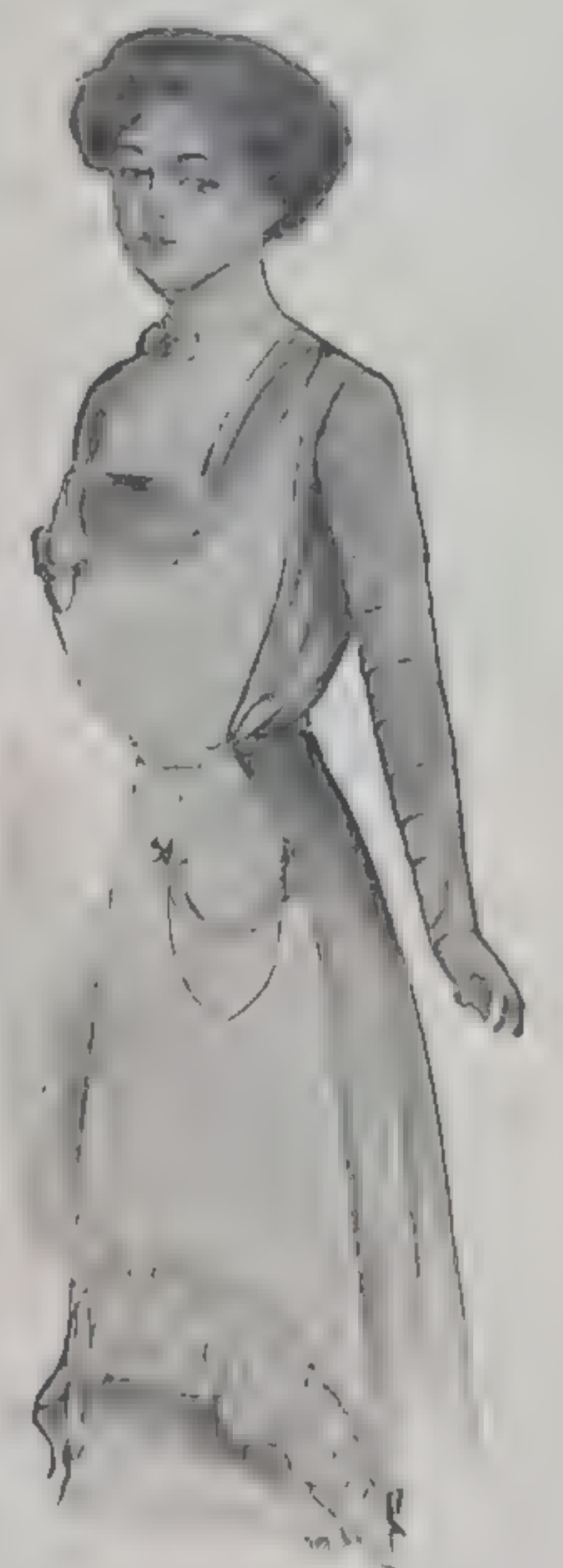
Pattern cut in one size. Quantity of material required, one fringe towel twenty-four by thirty-nine inches, nine crochet rings and two and one half yards of ribbon for the belt. Now that fringe is so much the fashion, this apron with its double row of fringe at the edge is decidedly in the mode. Its big pockets are one of its special features



No. 1433—Gored Apron With Pocket

Pattern cut in one size. Quantity of material required, three fourths of a yard of thirty-inch material and seven yards of lace edging. Any pretty flowered material would be attractive for this apron, such as organdie or flower-sprayed dimity. At the waistline the apron simulates a girdle effect

The patterns for the aprons illustrated on this page are ten cents each. They may be ordered from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.



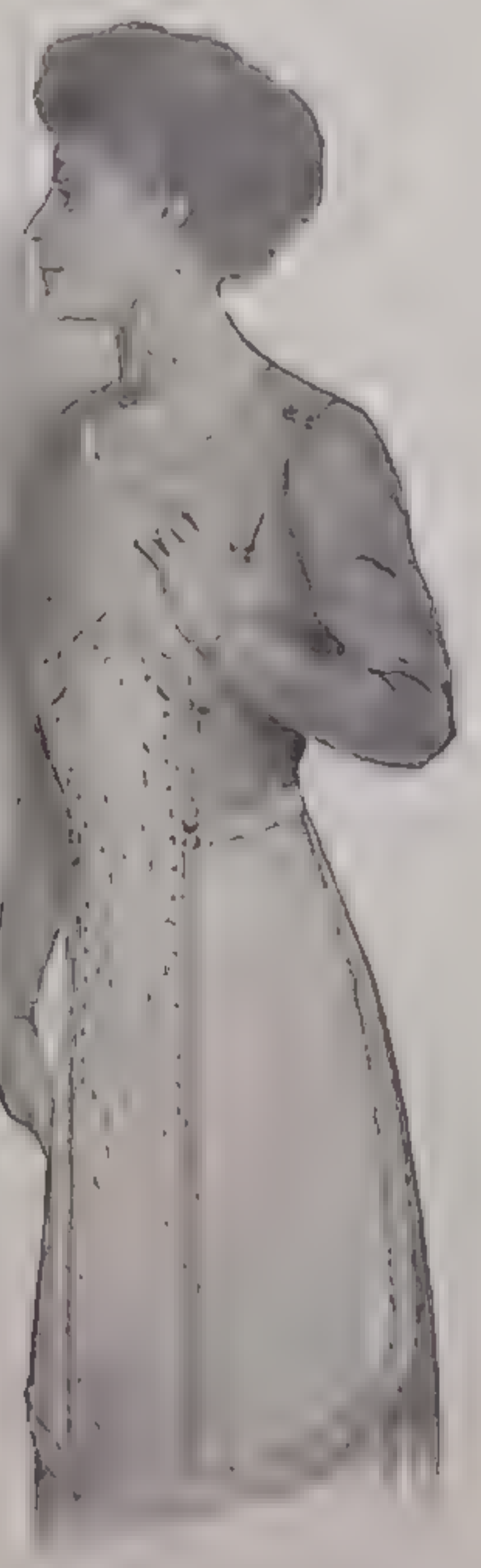
No. 1430—Bib Apron

Pattern cut in one size. Quantity of material required, one and one half yards of thirty-inch material, with two and one half yards of insertion and six yards of embroidery. Flowered dimity is an attractive material to use

THE aprons illustrated on this page were designed specially as Christmas gifts. They are made of dainty fabrics and in designs which are most original. There is the Christmas-star apron, for instance, shown in illustration No. 1429, made of sheer lawn and trimmed with lace insertion and lace edging. Not only is the apron itself shaped like a star, but the lace insertion is used to simulate stars. Holly-red ribbon forms the belt and a bow of the bright ribbon is fastened at the left side.

Another extremely dainty apron is shaped like a leaf. This also is made of lawn and has for its decoration medallions of lace outlined with green silk feather-stitching. The edge of the apron is trimmed with a dainty lace frill. To the stem, which comes in the direct front, pale green satin ribbon is fastened, tying in a knot on the stem and then encircling the waist. This apron is shown in illustration No. 1432.

Two other pretty aprons pictured in illustrations Nos. 1430 and 1433 are made of flower-sprayed dimity, the flower giving an attractive touch of color to the apron and the ribbon used matching the flower in color. The Directoire apron with embroidery panel is still another very original design.



No. 1434—Directoire Apron

Pattern cut in one size. Quantity of material required, five eighths of a yard of twenty-four-inch material, with seven eighths of a yard of insertion six inches wide and four yards of edging

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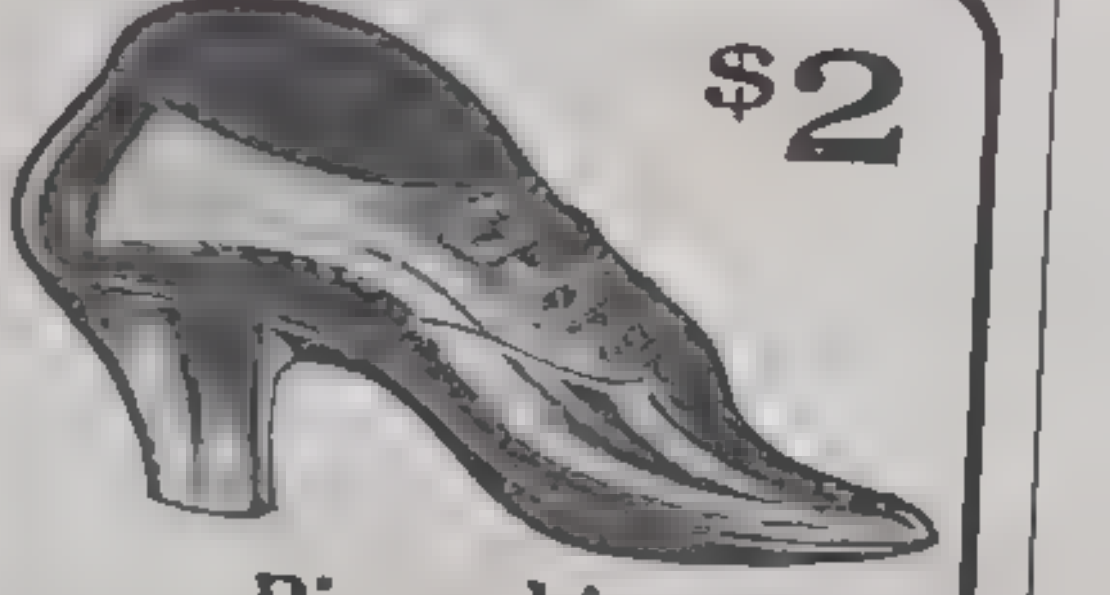
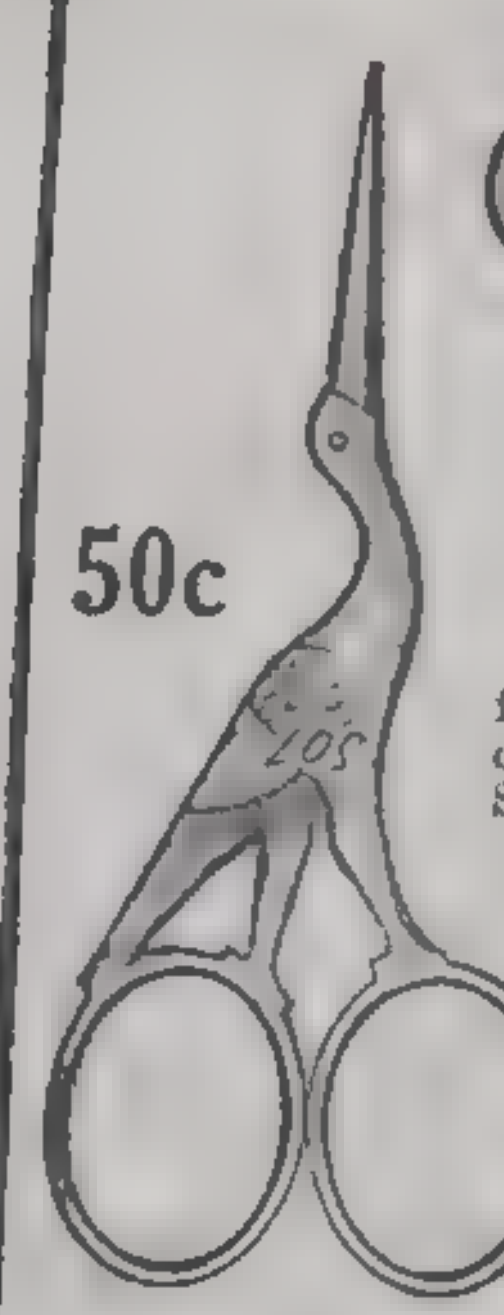
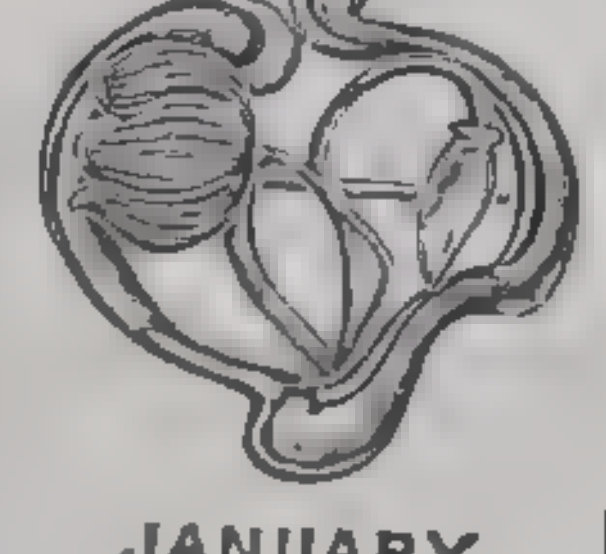

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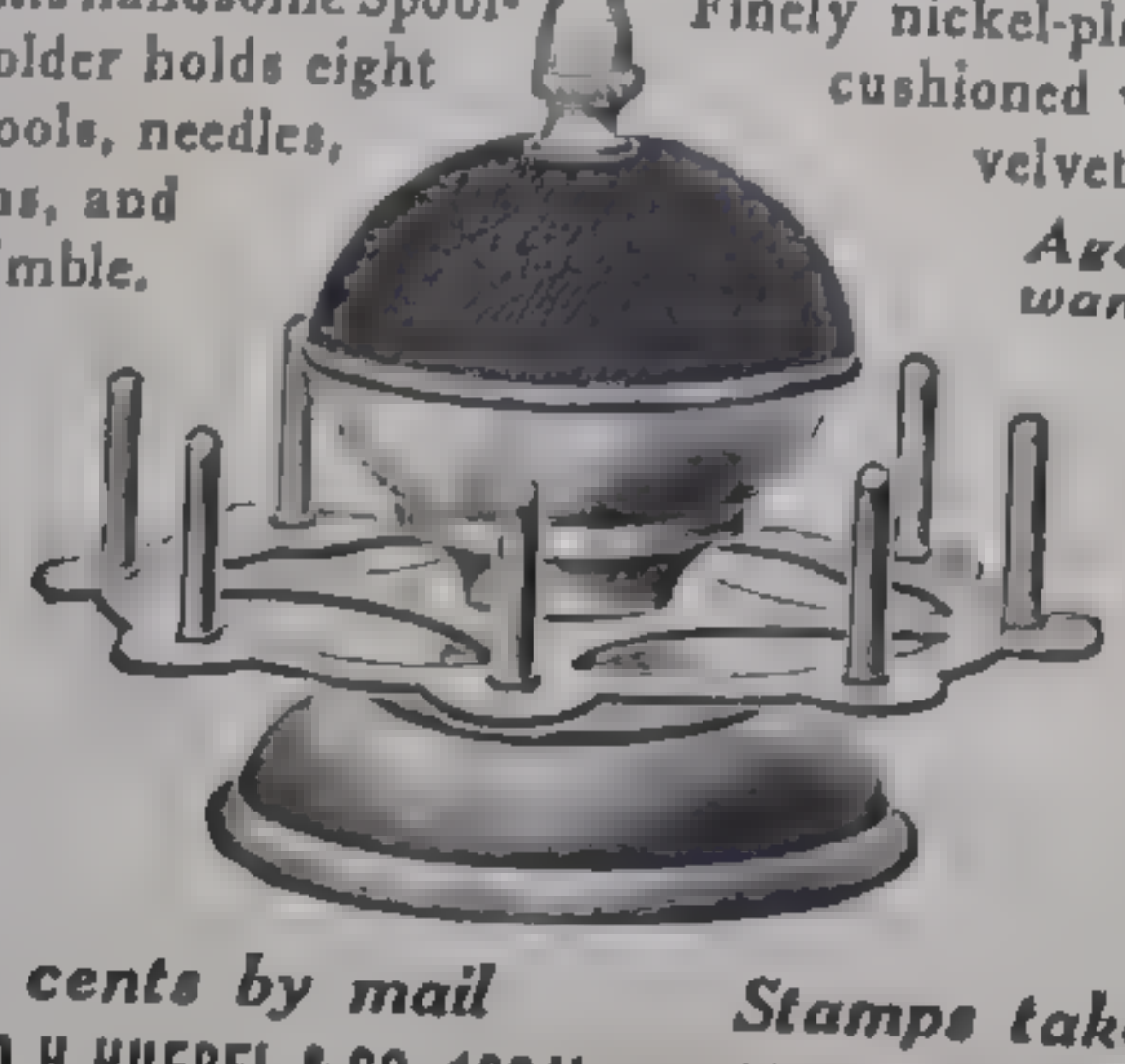

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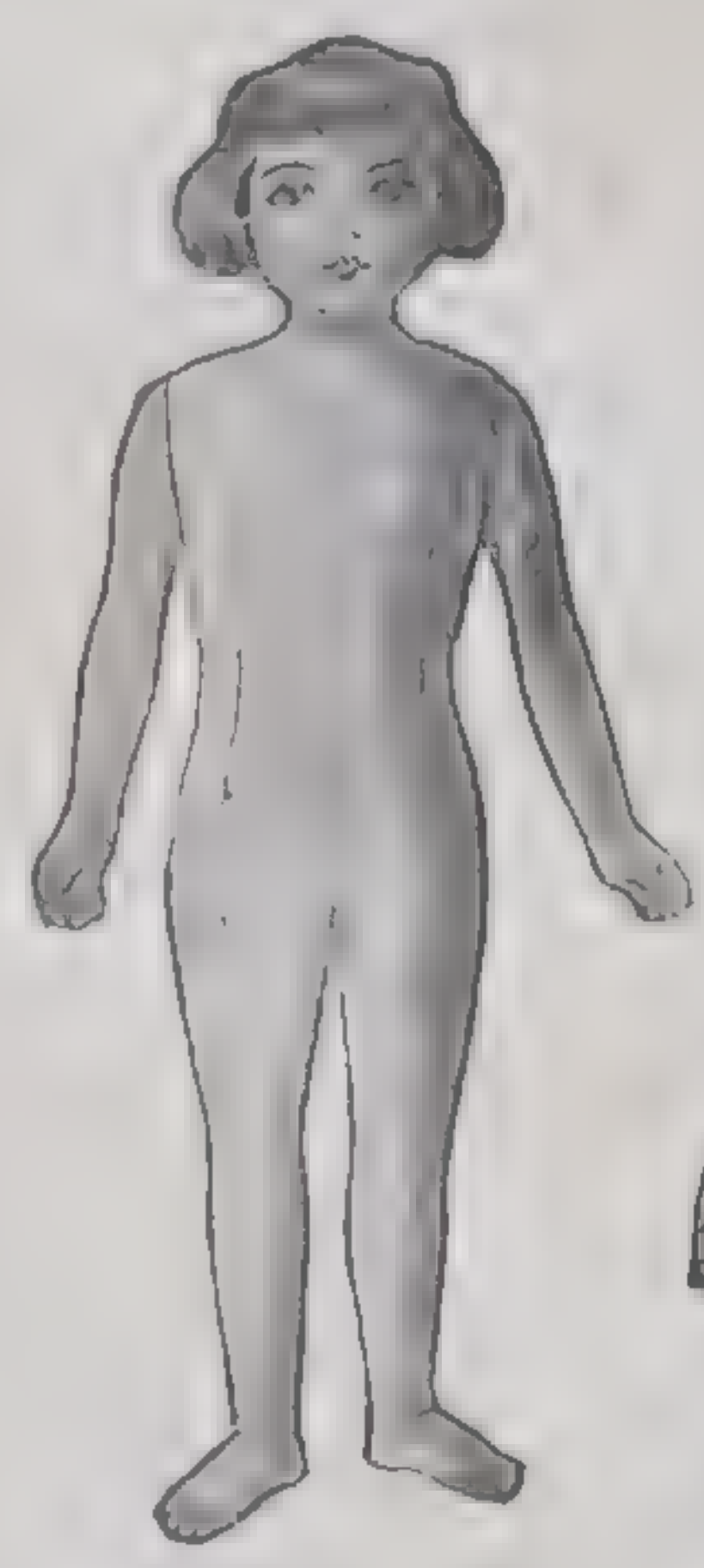
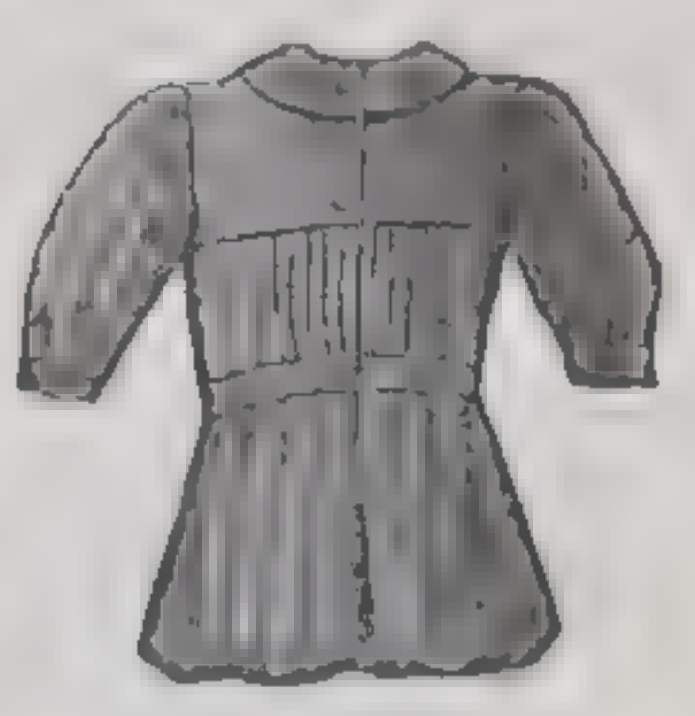
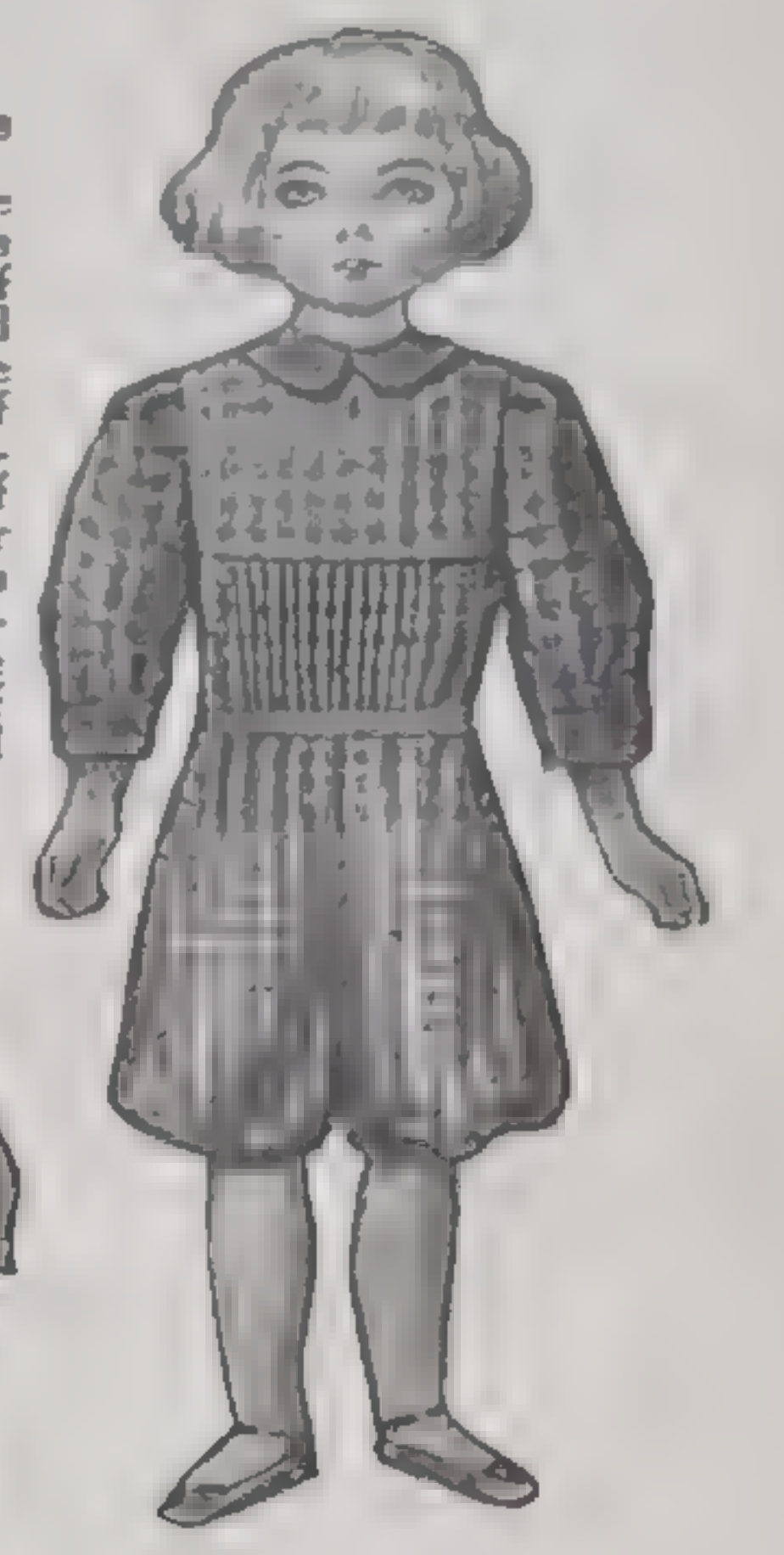
If mother will do the work, here is a fine and very acceptable present for a little girl.

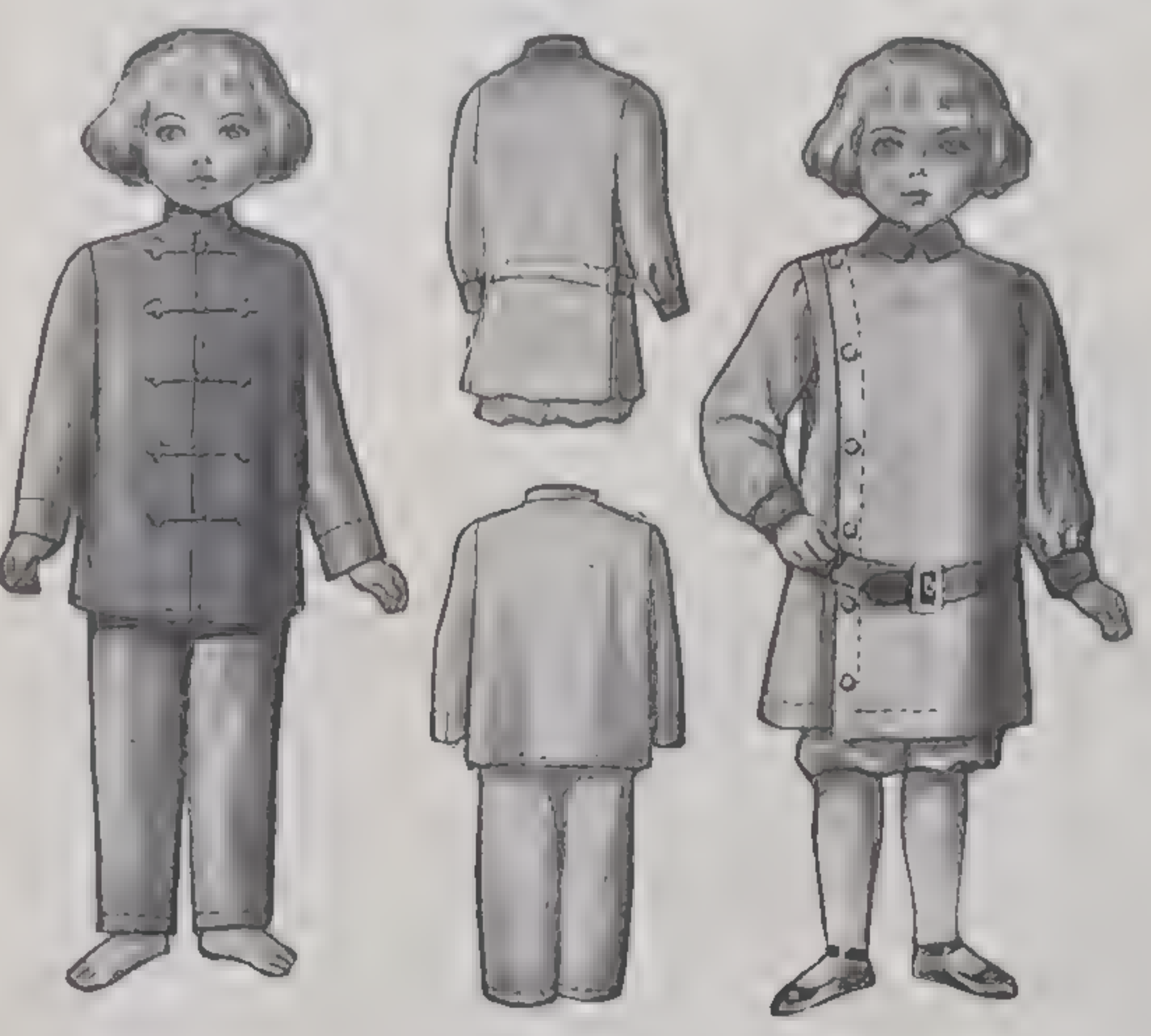




No. 1435—Rag Doll and Rompers

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for rag doll, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material. Quantity of material required for rompers, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material with one eighth of a yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs

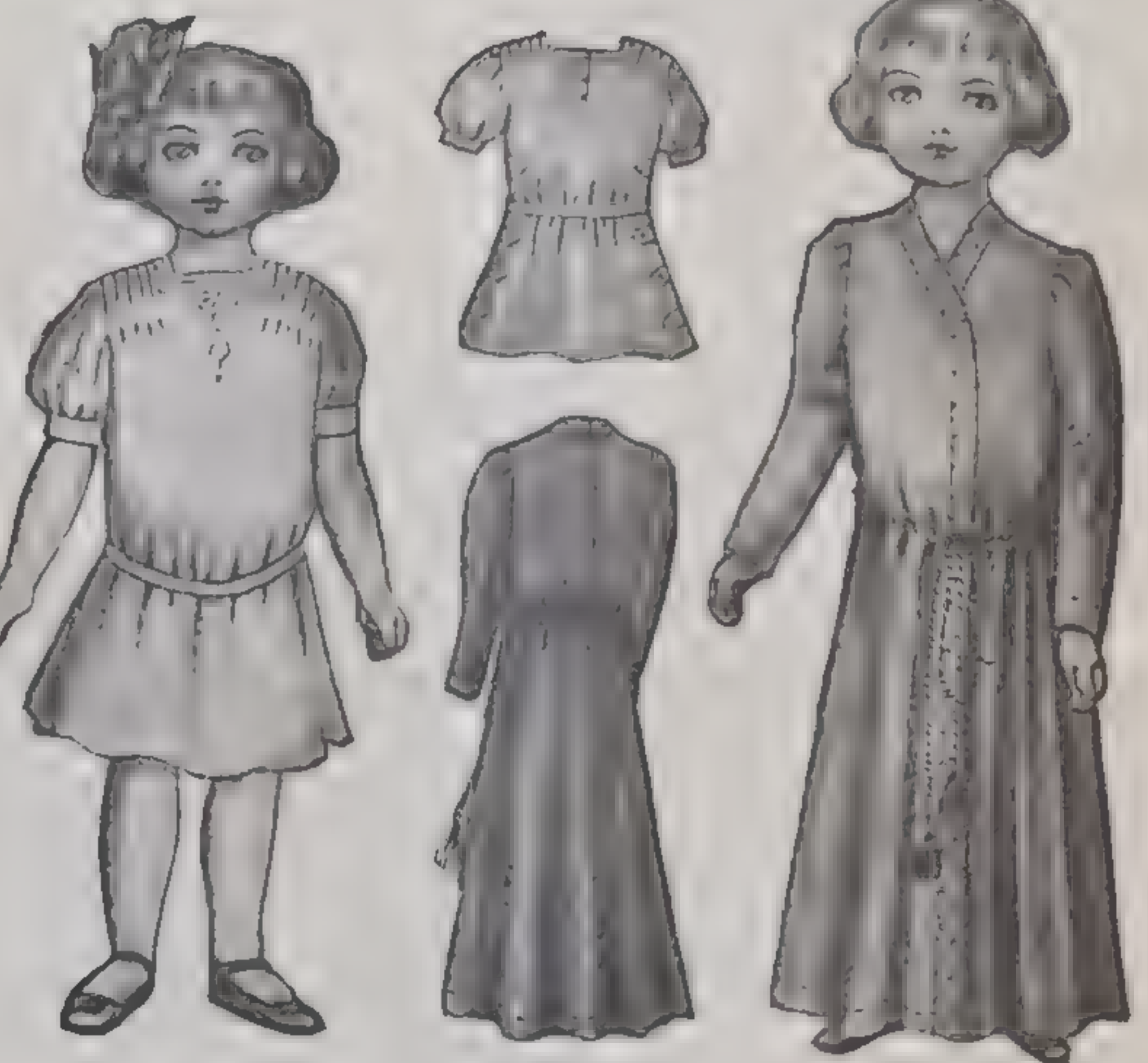
IF SANTA CLAUS feels the need of economizing, he can find many Christmas presents on this page to put into his big sack which will cost the jolly old man but very little money. You see, for twenty cents, if he has a little help, he can give any good little girl a rag doll and three different suits—a pretty dress, the cutest bath-robe and rompers. Then for one ten cent piece, he can buy the patterns for clothes for a boy doll. For sixty cents, Santa Claus can buy patterns for a whole menagerie or for ten cents, a pattern can be obtained for any one of the animals here illustrated.

Mother must be in league with Santa Claus to have these Christmas presents come out just right.



No. 1436—Pajamas and Russian Suit for Boy Doll

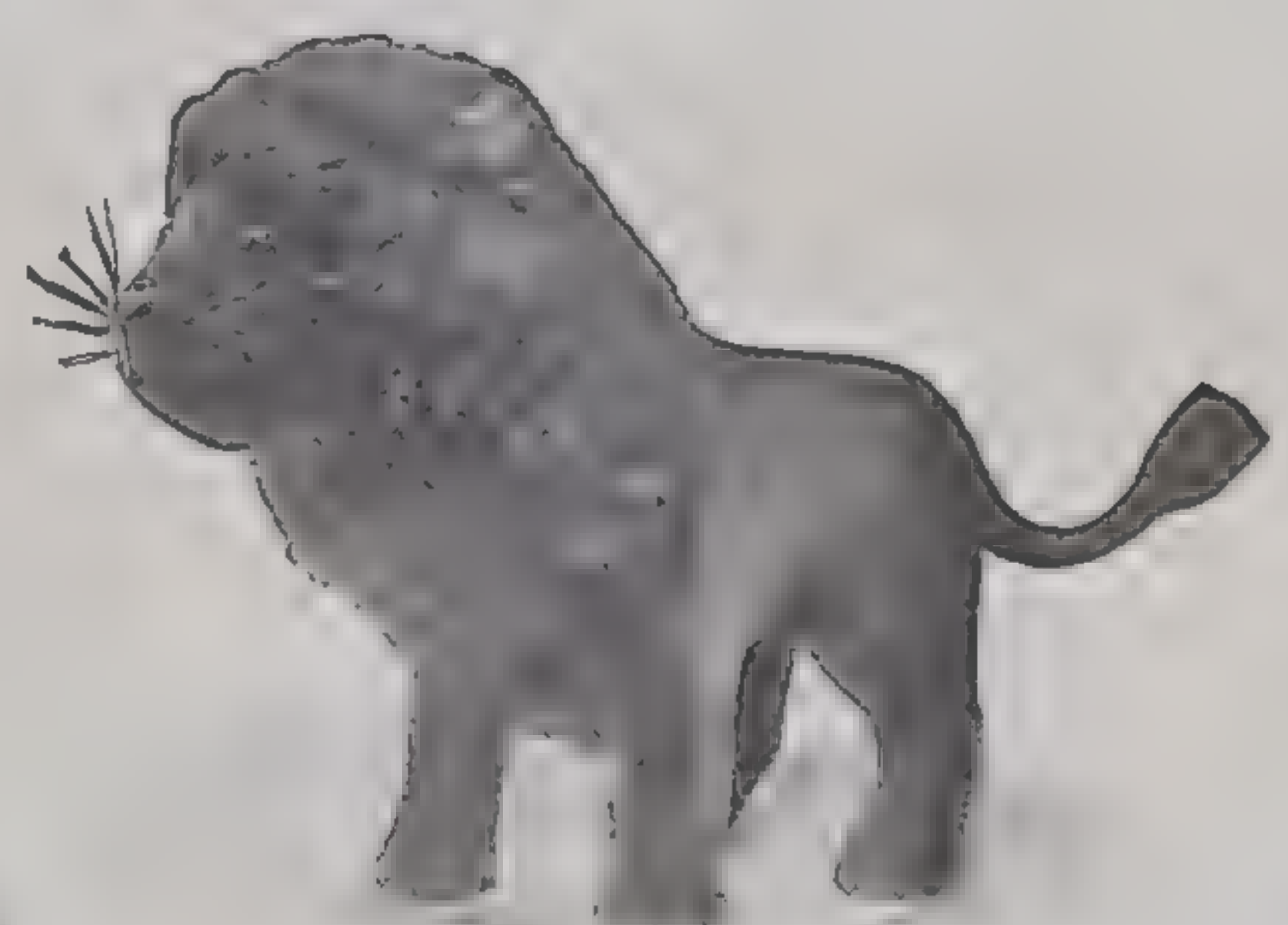
Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for pajamas, three fourths of a yard of material twenty-seven-inches wide. Material required for Russian suit, three fourths of a yard of material twenty-seven-inches wide, with one eighth of a yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs



No. 1437—Doll's One-Piece Dress and Bath-Robe

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for dress, one yard of material thirty-six-inches wide. Quantity of material for bath-robe, one yard of material thirty-six-inches wide. Any bit of left-over material such as lawn, linen or chambray, would do well for dolly's one-piece dress

Any of the patterns illustrated on this page may be purchased for ten cents. Send all orders to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

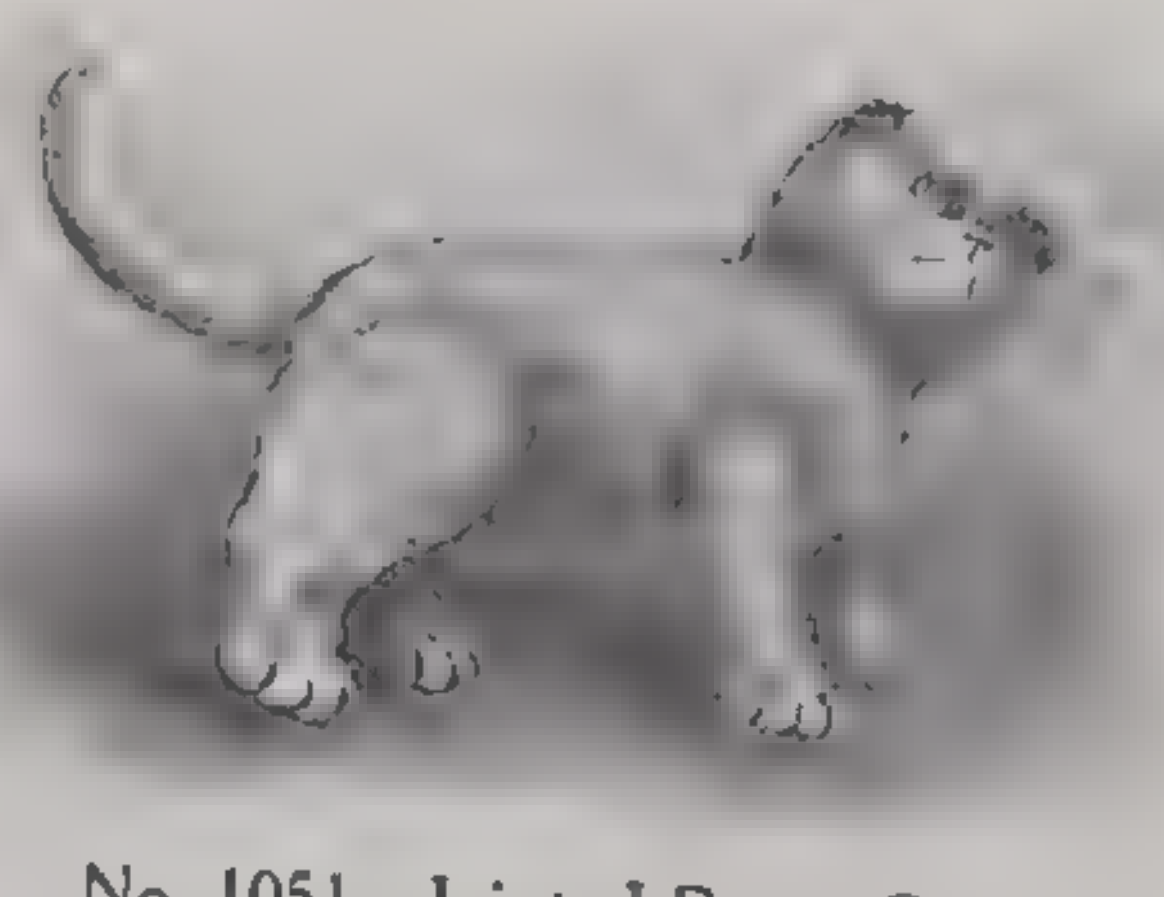


No. 1438—African Lion

Pattern cut in one size for lion 9 inches high. Quantity of material required, three fourths of a yard of twenty-two-inch material, with one fourth of a yard of cotton plush and two buttons for eyes

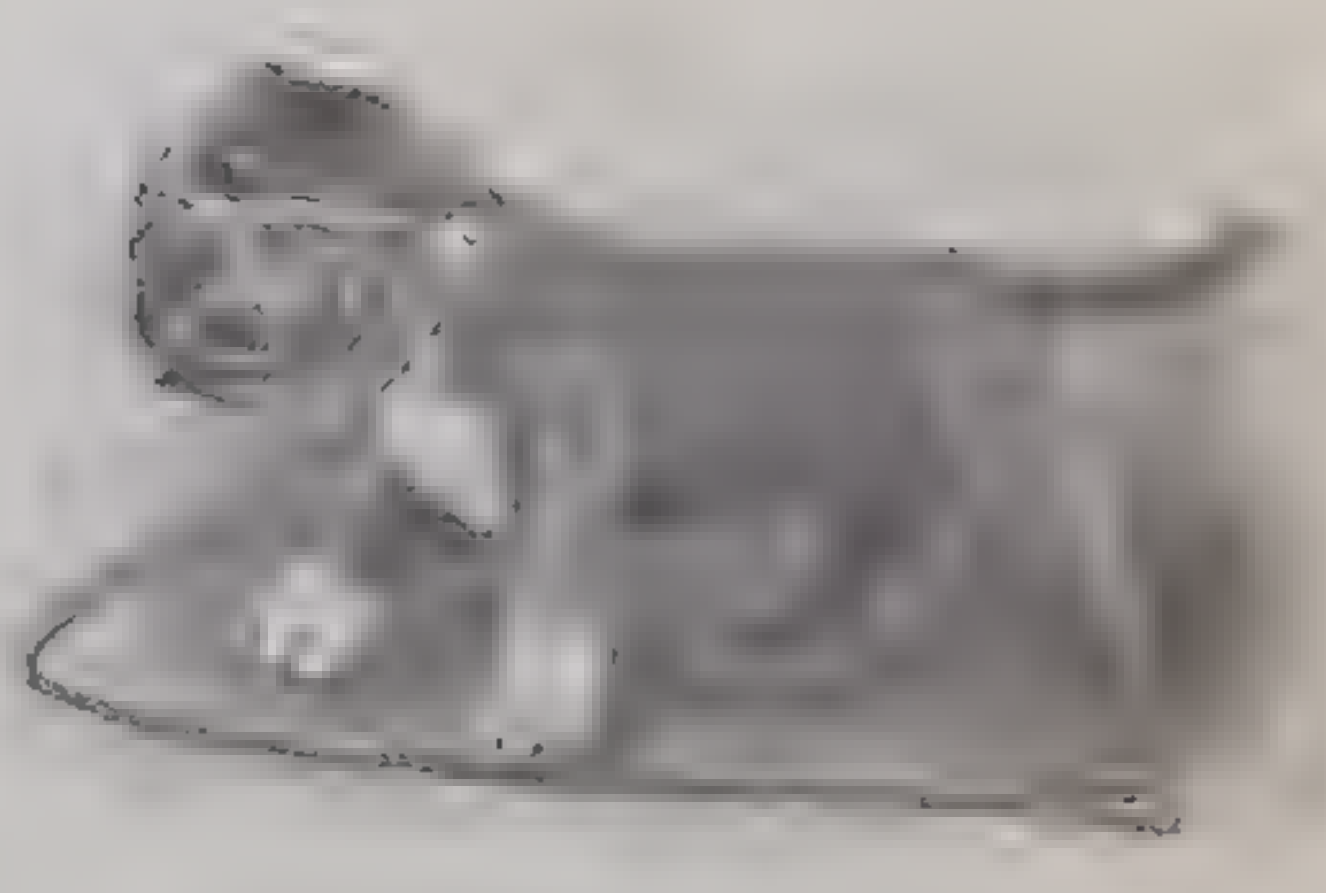
A very ferocious looking lion can be made if yellowish tan velvet or a cheap yellow fur is used. Have big yellow beads for eyes, a few long pieces of bristling horsehair for whiskers and a little dab of black ink for his nose. The lion's mane and the end of his tail should be made of a longer haired fur than his body, or cotton plush

If you have not seen our new Pattern Catalogue, be sure to write for it. The price is ten cents. Order from the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.



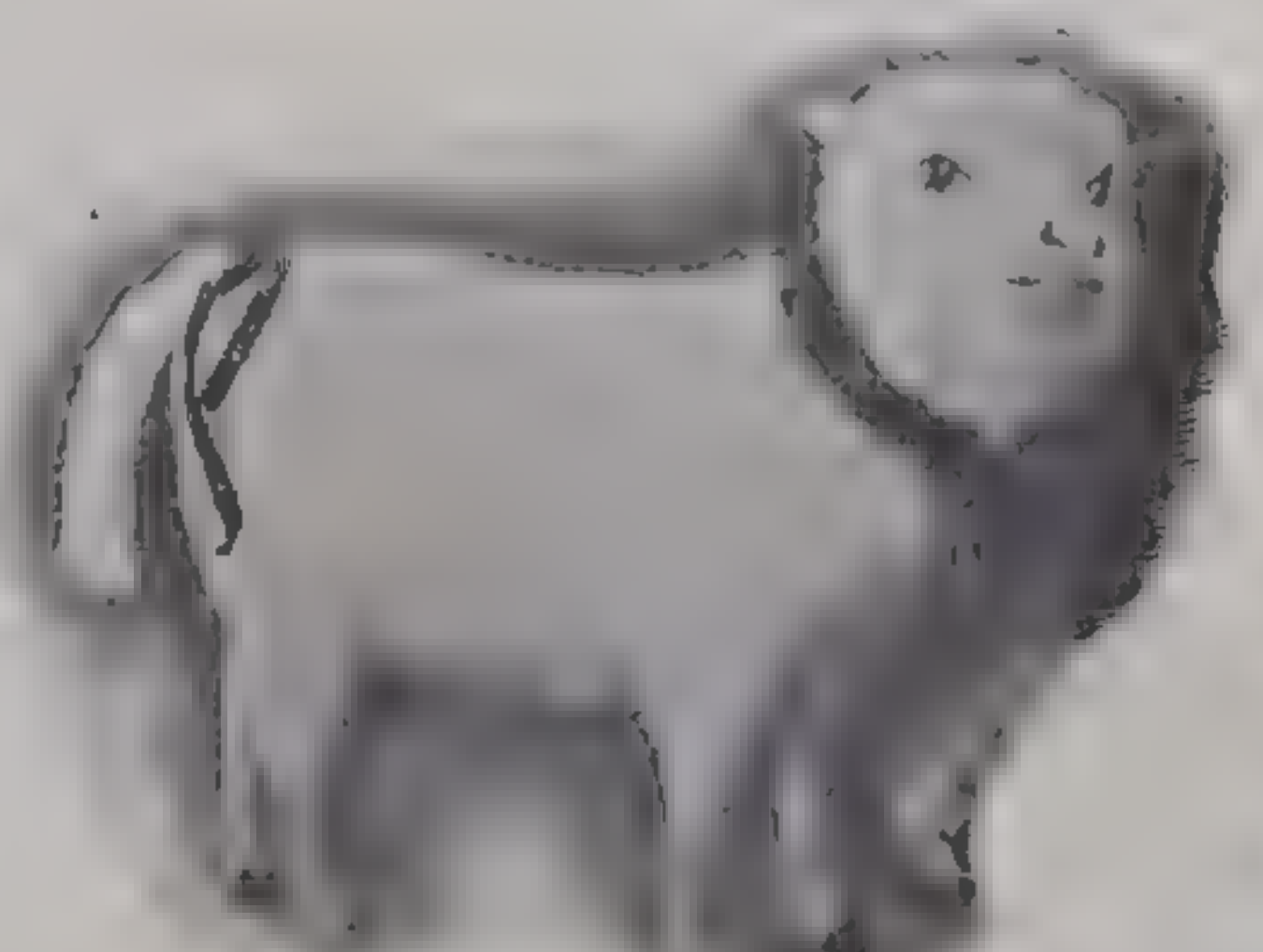
No. 1051—Jointed Pussy Cat

Pattern cut in one size. Quantity of material required, one half yard of thirty-six-inch material, two buttons for the eyes, and one small piece of chamois for the four paws



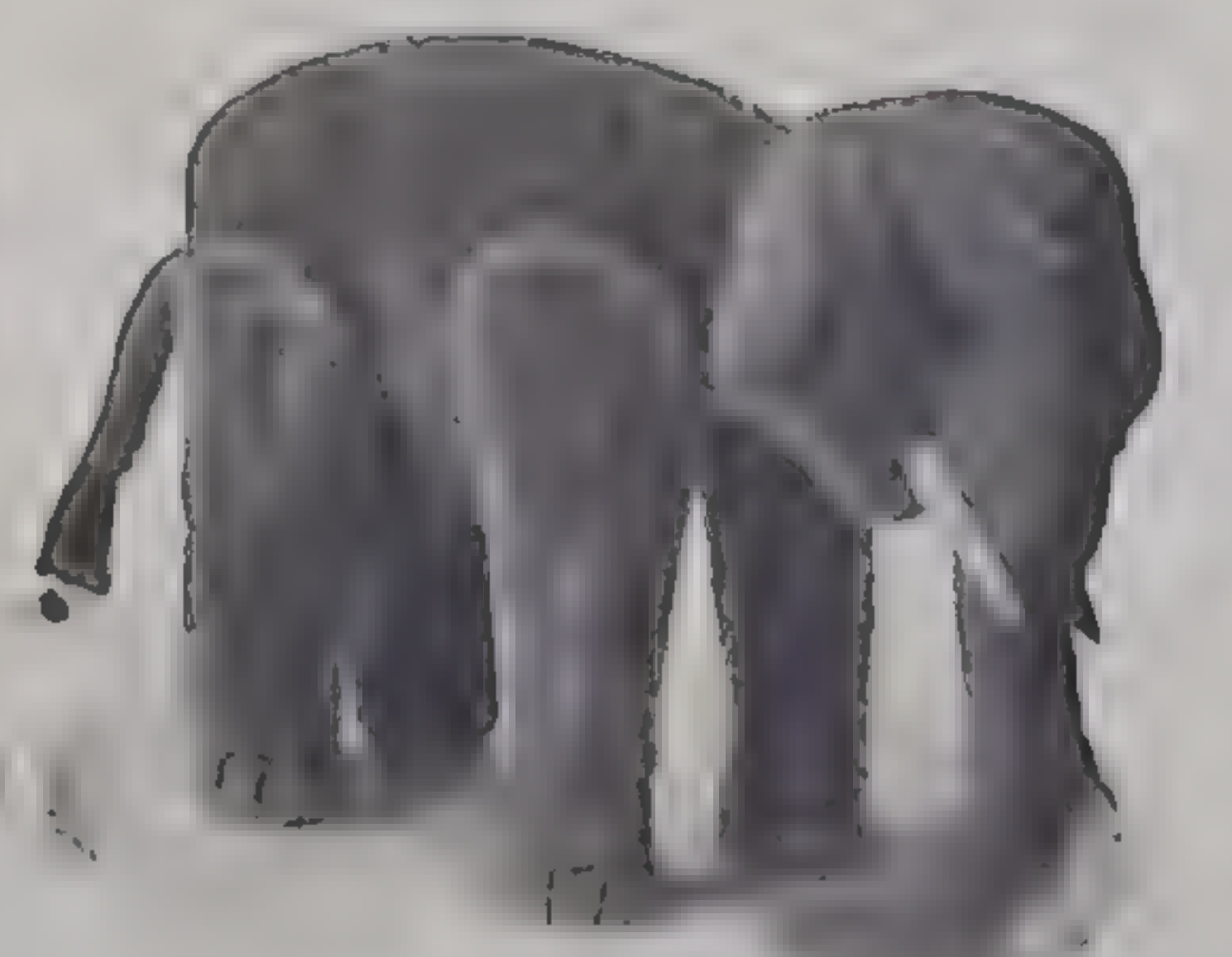
No. 1052—Jointed Tige Dog

Pattern cut in one size. Quantity of material required, one half yard of thirty-six-inch material, with one eighth of a yard of white material for paws and chest, and two buttons for the eyes



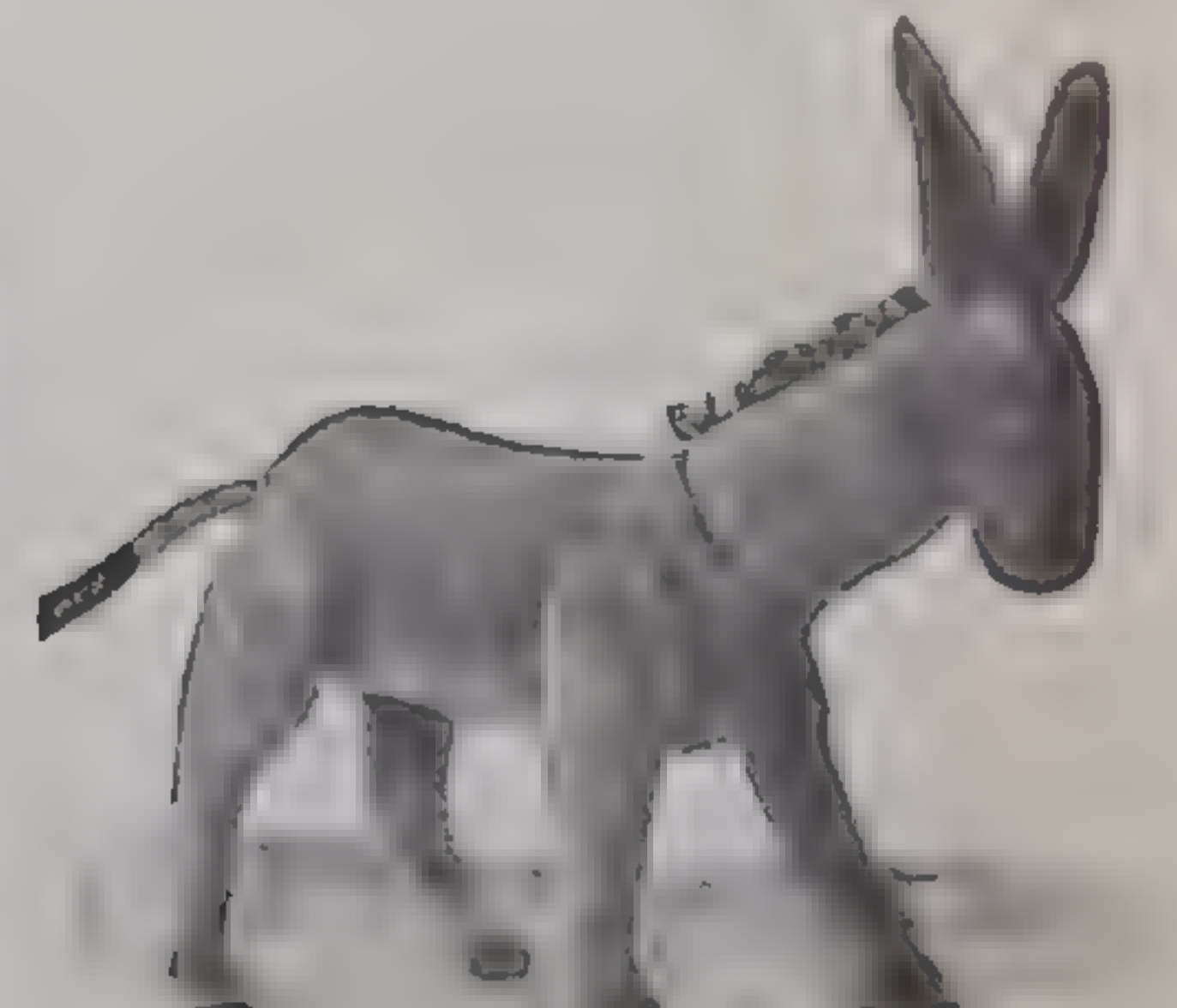
No. 1246—Woolly Lamb

Pattern cut in one size for lamb 13 inches long. Quantity of material required, five eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material, chamois for face and buttons for the eyes



No. 1244—Jointed Elephant

Pattern cut in one size for elephant 9 inches high. Quantity of material required, one half yard of thirty-six-inch material, a small piece of chamois for tusks and buttons for the eyes



No. 1245—Jointed Donkey

Pattern cut in one size for donkey 16 inches long. Quantity of material required, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch fabric and two buttons for the eyes

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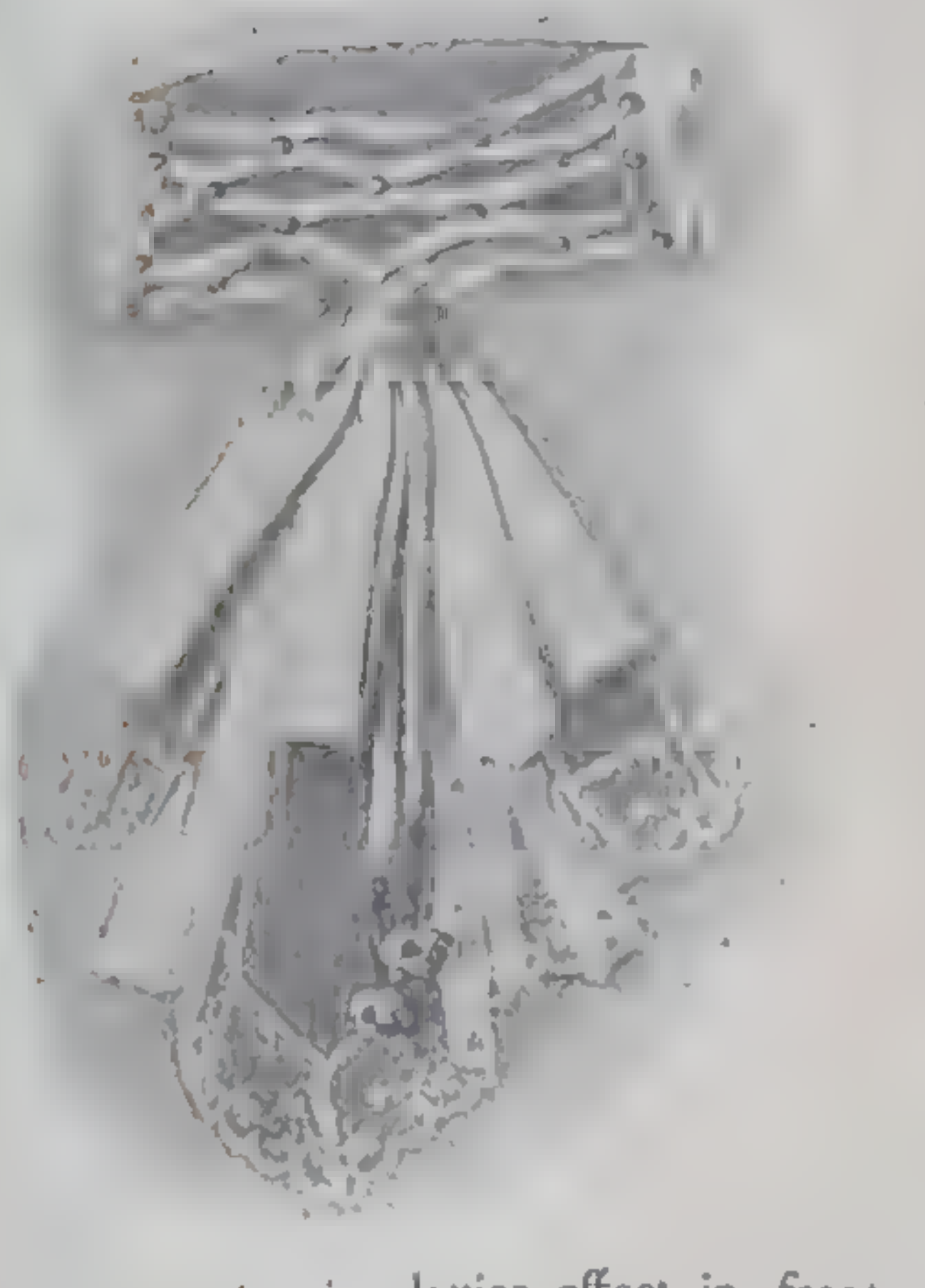
MISS GOULD'S FASHION BUREAU

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS FROM THE SHOPS



Novel Stock, showing lattice effect in front, with jabot made of silk and lace-trimmed net with jet introduced as a trimming

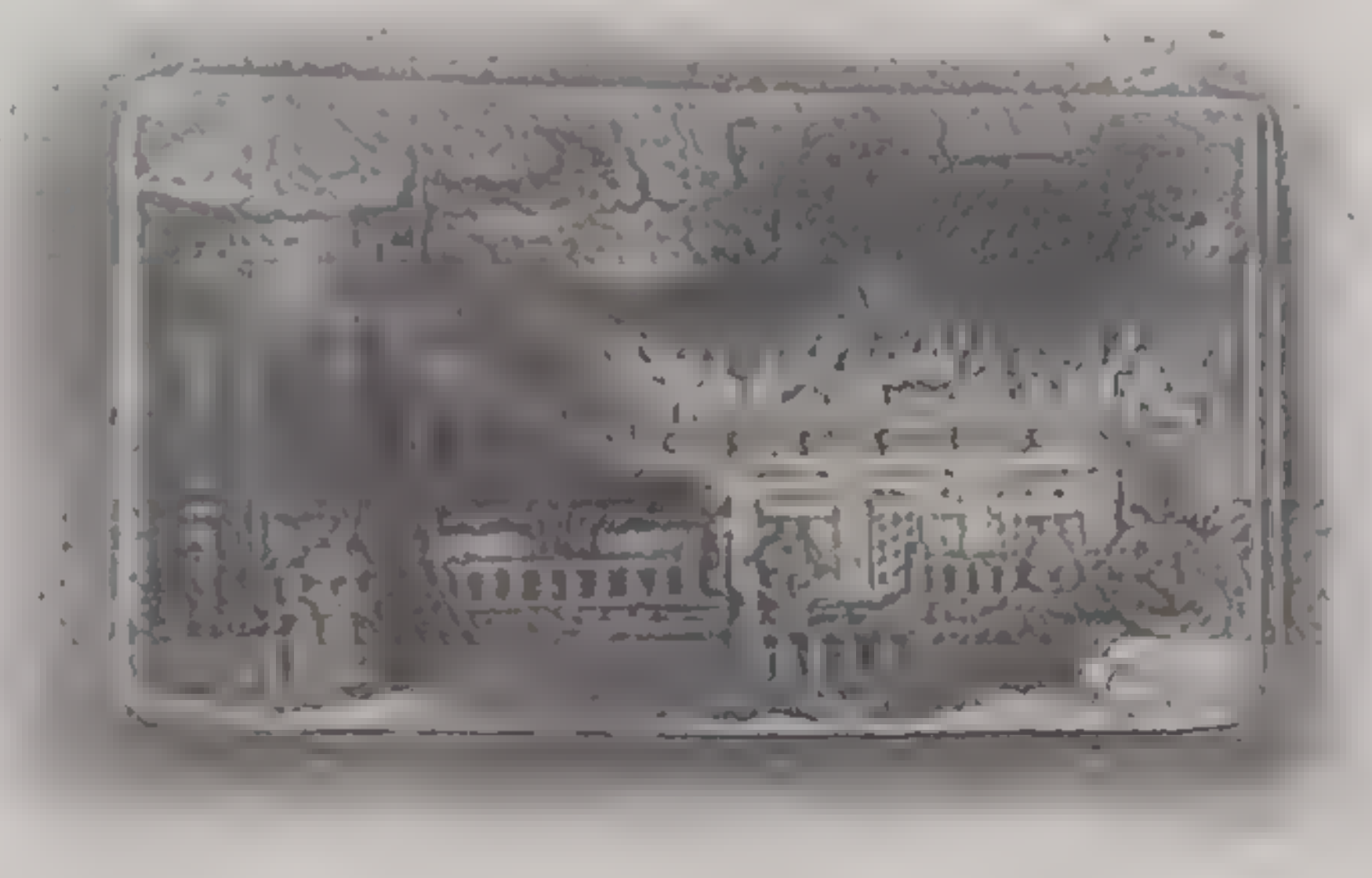
If you have a number of girl friends on your Christmas list, let me suggest that you give them some little personal thing—perhaps something to wear which they are not apt to buy for themselves. It is always these little unnecessary things which make such acceptable Christmas gifts to the girls who have little money to spend on themselves. Then, if you are planning to buy your Christmas gifts in the shops, take the time, if you can possibly spare it, to seek out the things which are original. Don't buy something, no matter how much it may attract you, that is being sold at the holiday-time by the hundreds of dozens.

For artistic charm and originality there is nothing like the handcraft jewelry. A bit of jewelry that is hand made is sure to appeal to any girl who loves art and who is quick to appreciate the originality of a design. The gray-finished silver is the new idea in the handcraft jewelry this year and surely nothing could be in better taste or more effective.

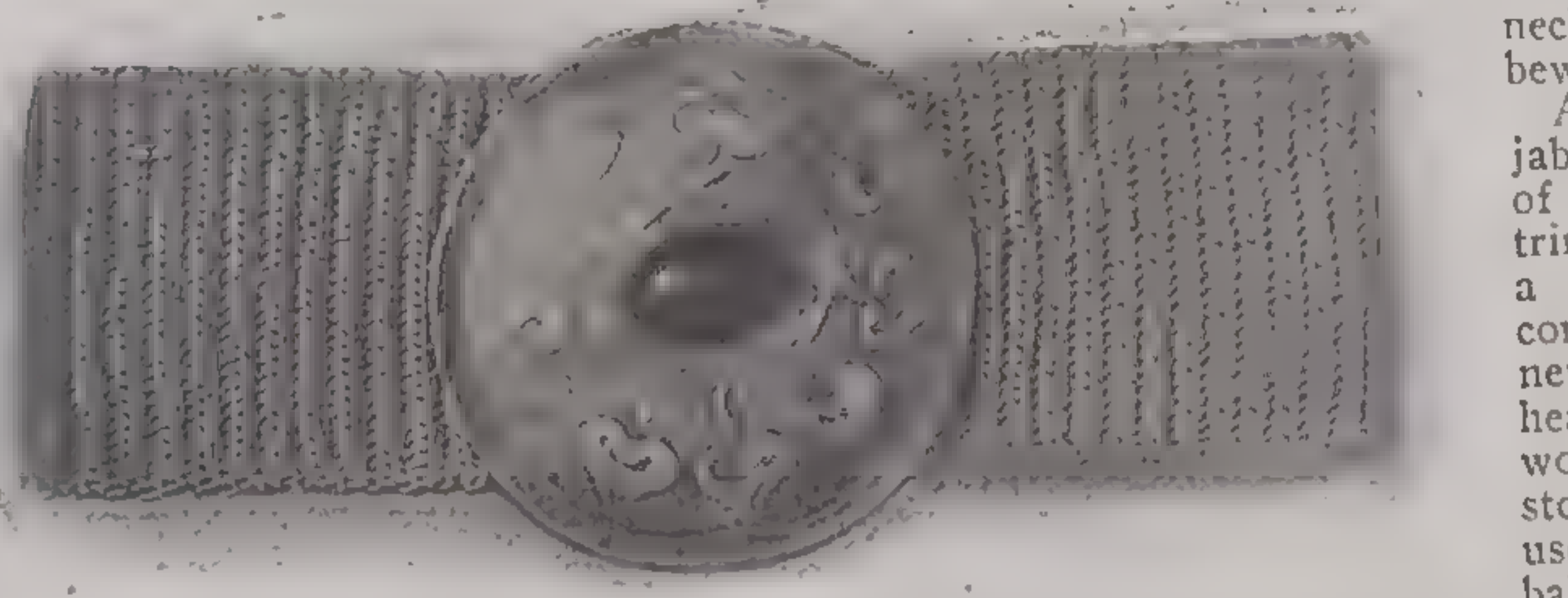
Hand-made belt-buckles, with or without a jeweled center, make most attractive Christmas gifts. They vary in price from two dollars up, according to the elaboration of the designs and the stone selected. The newest show an etched design and have a gray finish. A buckle all ready for mounting makes an acceptable gift in itself and very artistic ones, without a jeweled center, can be bought for one dollar and fifty cents. These buckles, especially in this particular finish, look most attractive worn in connection with a gray silk crochet belt.

An unusual little Christmas gift in this same hand-wrought jewelry consists of a fob with its attachments, ready for mounting. The fob may be of gray-finished silver with an etched design and a jeweled center, using that lovely apple-green stone, chrysoprase, or a bit of lapis lazuli. Or, the fob may be of etched brass or copper. The semi-precious jewels which are so much the fashion to-day are the ones that are specially used for these hand-made belt-buckles and fobs. In silver, with a jeweled center, the price of this fob is one dollar and fifty cents, while in brass or copper without a jewel, the fob may be purchased for one dollar. These fobs look well mounted on either black moire ribbon, leather or a black silk crochet band. If you like to crochet and should care to send your friend one of these novel fobs, why not make her more than one crochet band, say two extra ones beside the black one—one in dark blue and one in brown. In this way she could have three different fobs to wear with her different dresses. While, on the other hand, if you have not the time to crochet the band yourself, you can buy it ready made with the fob all mounted in prices which vary from one dollar and fifty cents up. Hand-made jewelry was never so much the vogue as this year and beside the belt-buckles and fobs there are a variety of effective lockets and brooches, to say nothing of belt and collar pins, and rings that are noted for their oddity as well as their beauty.

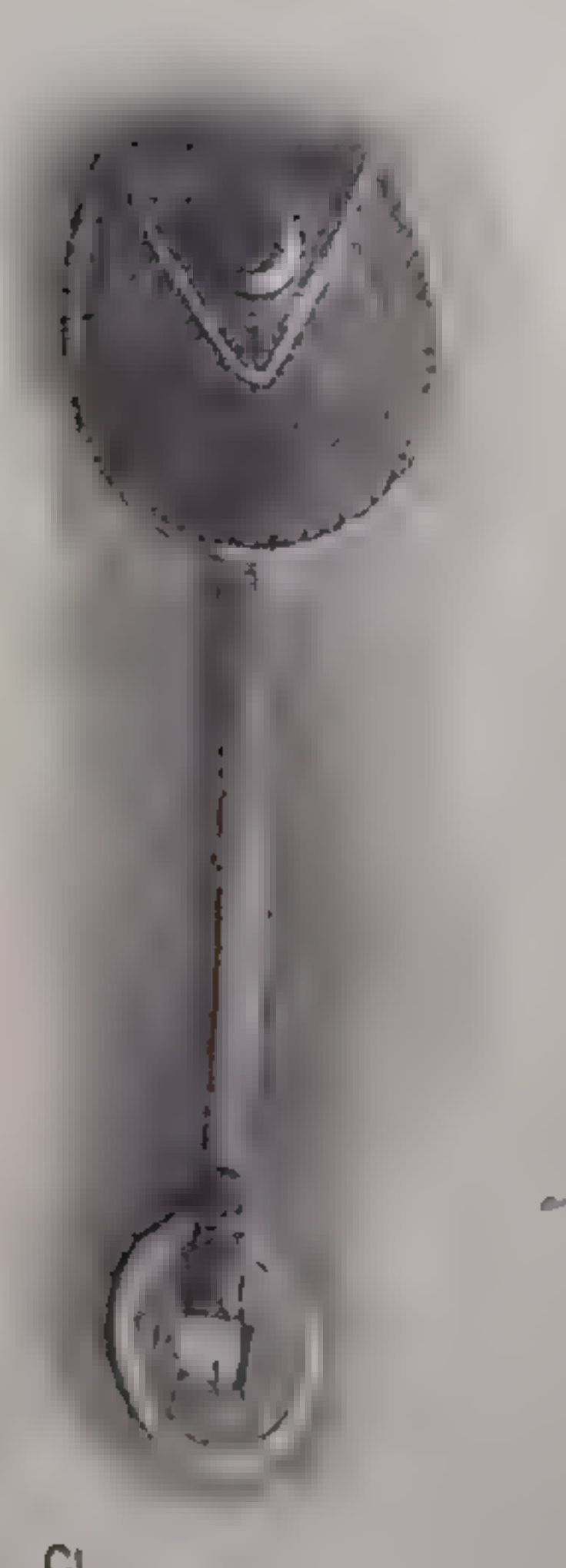
If you are looking about for a Christmas remembrance which is so inexpensive that you won't have to stop and think twice about whether you can spend the money or not, then let me tell you of something new in the way of a little purse. It surely is unique and it costs only a quarter. The purse is made of suede and is so small and soft that you can easily slip it into your glove. It is large enough, however, to hold a quarter though it is specially made to hold car-fare. There are so many times when one's regular purse is in the way that a little glove purse like this is a decided convenience. It comes in brown suede, and depending from the purse and attached to a narrow double suede strap is a Chinese penny. The strap and dangle act as a safeguard so that this tiny purse is not easily lost.



Card-Case of leather showing Japanese designs in color on the outside. The inside has a pocket as well as a place for cards



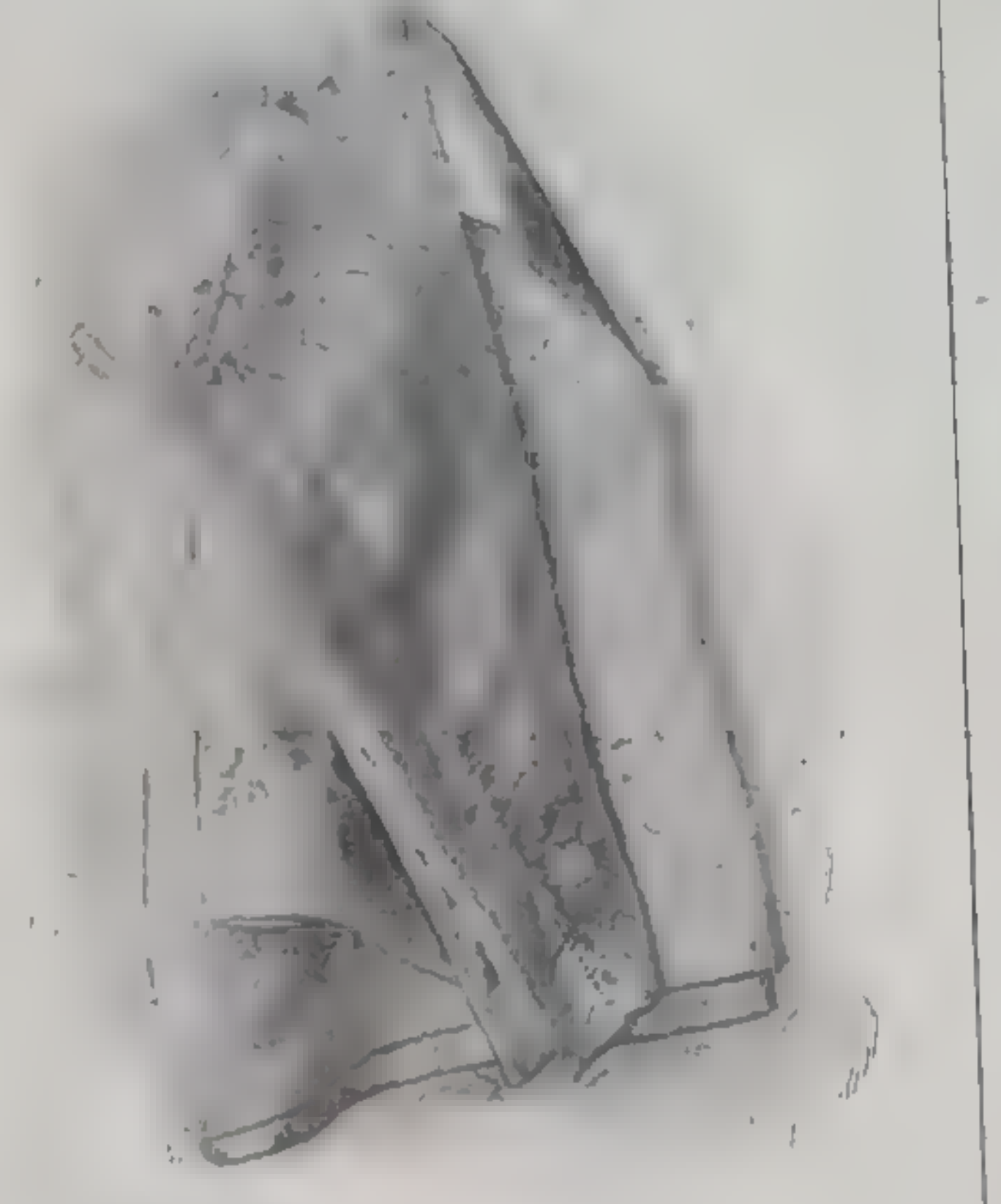
Hand-made Belt-Buckle of etched silver with jewel center, to be used with gray crochet silk belt



Glove Coin-Purse of suede with a Chinese penny as a dangle

Something decidedly out of the ordinary in the way of a card-case can be bought for seventy-five cents in one of the big New York shops. The card-case is light tan leather with a Japanese raised design as its decoration done in color and representing two typical Japanese scenes. The inside of the case is dark brown leather and has not only a place for cards, but a pocket. This card-case comes in the most attractive of Japanese boxes.

Right here let me say a word about how important it is that the Christmas gifts which you send are wrapped up attractively. Nowadays, there is no excuse for the carelessly-wrapped-up Christmas gift, for there are all sorts of pretty "Christmasy" papers and bright cords, to say nothing of Christmas seals and stamps which can be bought in the shops for very little money. There is holly-red tissue paper as well as a heavier paper in this same bright color, and white paper in many grades stamped with sprays of holly, and there is simply no end to the Christmas seals, showing the head or figure of jolly old Saint Nick and others representing a spray of holly or mistletoe or a Christmas bell. Even the cord that you can buy during the holiday-time has a Christmas air to it.



Effective Scarf of flower-sprayed white liberty silk with hemstitched border. The Scarf is white with the floral design in delicate violet

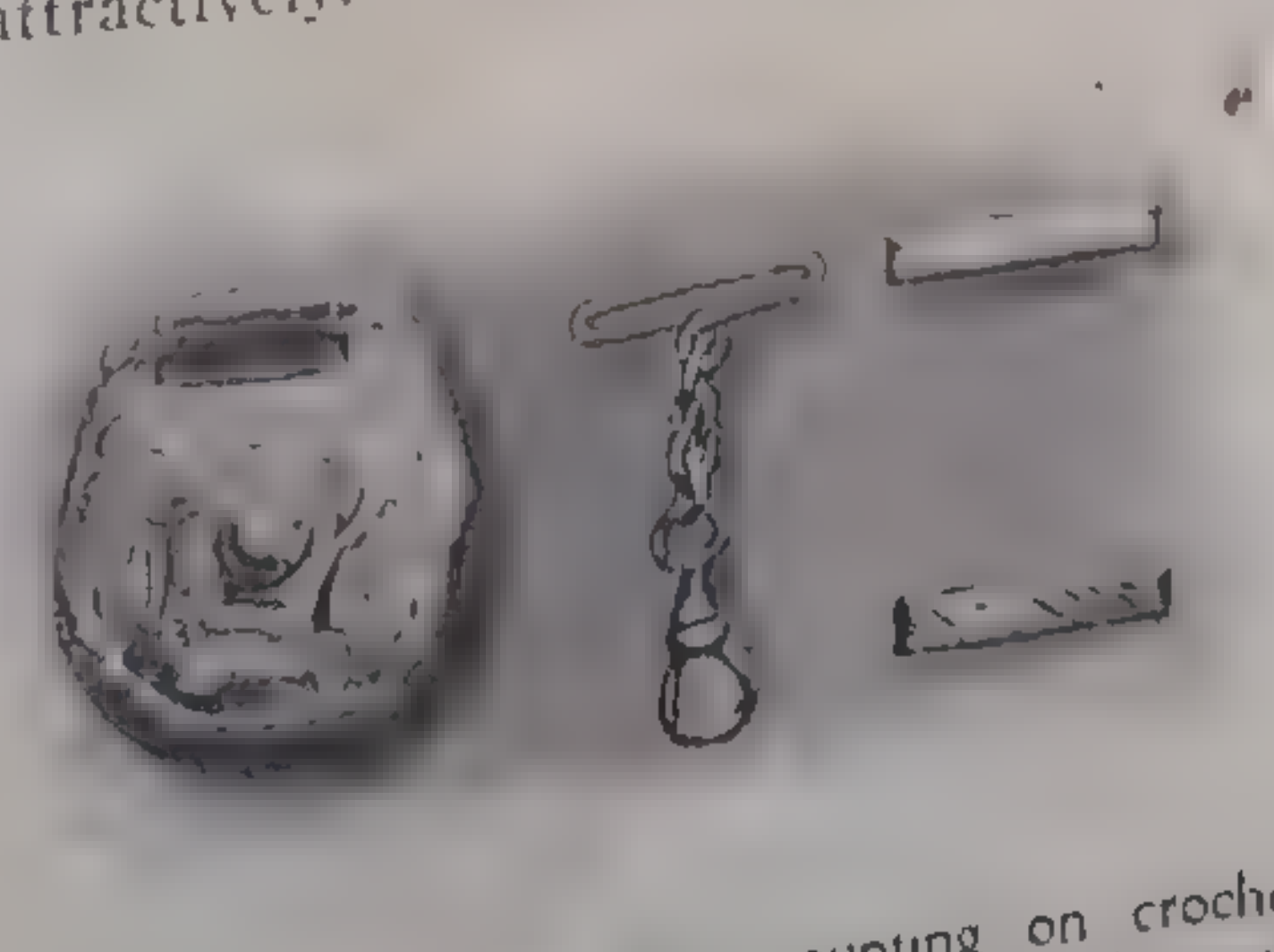
Generally speaking, neckwear makes an acceptable Christmas gift to every girl, but, of course, it must be something more novel and more expensive than she is apt to buy for herself. The neckwear counters in the big New York shops offer in themselves a great variety of Christmas suggestions. There are stocks and jabots, neck-bows and scarfs in a bewildering variety.

A very new stock and jabot combined is made of soft silk and lace-trimmed net, with jets as a trimming. The stock comes in a variety of the new colors. Jet nail-heads trim the lattice work of the front of the stock and jet beads are used in decorating the silk balls which dangle over the jabot. The price of this stock is one dollar and fifty cents.

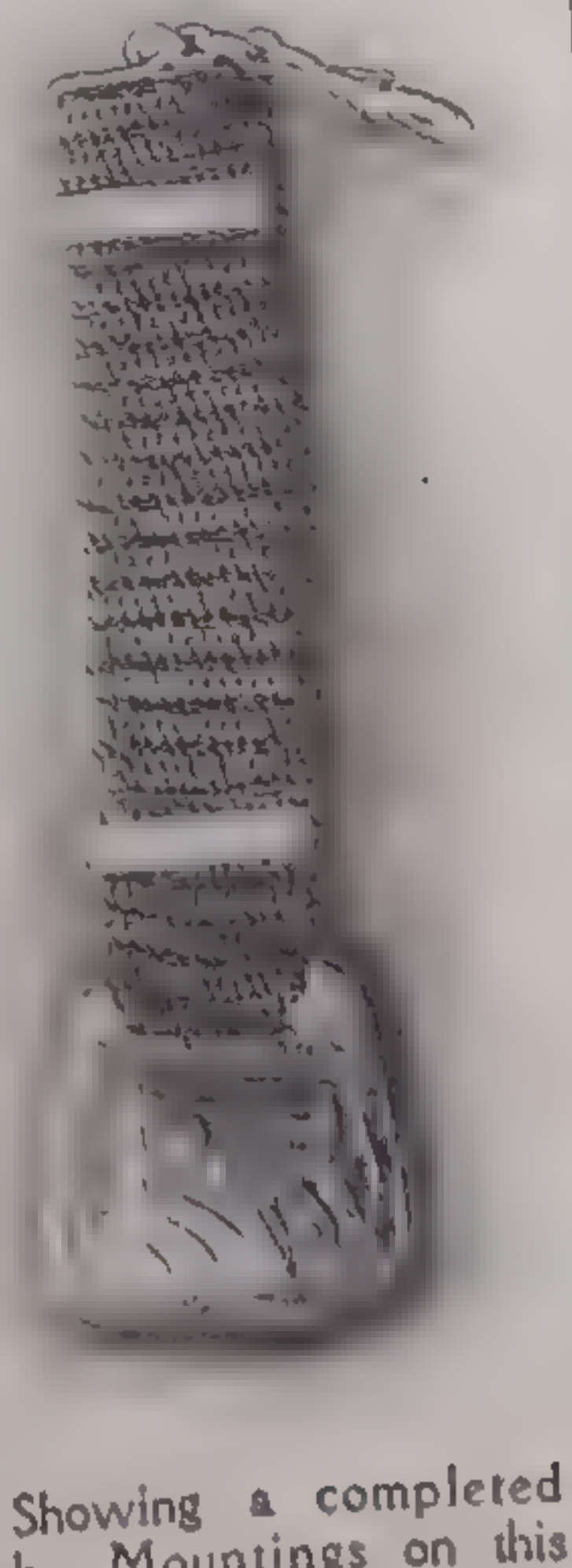
Maline bows, especially in white, are a favorite novelty this season. They vary in price from twenty-five cents up. Some have a buckle caught through the center made either of jet or ribbon and others are sold with a rhinestone ornament attached.

The lovely, filmy shoulder-scarfs are more the fashion than ever. They are made of liberty silk, plain or changeable chiffon cloth, net and lace. The scarf is of white liberty silk scattered with a printed flower design in pale violet and its price is only one dollar and thirty-nine cents. The same scarf can be bought with the little flower in pink, light blue or pale green yellow.

Send stamped and self-addressed envelope to Miss Gould, and she will mail you the names of firms where the articles can be bought.



Handcraft Fob-Set for mounting on crochet silk band, ribbon or leather. Made of the new etched silver



Showing a completed Fob. Mountings on this Fob are of etched brass

Middy Blouse, $1

For Women and Misses

One of the [illegible] and most [illegible] garments that has been placed on the market for years is the Middy Blouse for women and misses. They are very simple, being exact imitation of the regulation U. S. Navy Blouse, made of light weight duck; wide sailor collar of fine indigo blue flannel that will not fade or run, trimmed with rows of white braid and white silk star emblem in each corner. A little ribbon or tie will finish off the garment nicely, and will produce a very striking effect. Price of Blouse, *$1.*

Girls' sizes, 6 to 18 yrs.
Women's sizes, 32 to 40 bust measure.

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High neck; half sleeves; ankle length.
High neck; half sleeves; knee length.
Low neck; no sleeves; ankle or knee length.

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Then note this: All other buffers, no matter how expensive, must be thrown away as soon as the chamois soils—you are always buying new buffers But owing to a simple patented feature of the Allwon Buffer, you can quickly put on a new chamois whenever you want—so you'll never need a new buffer. That saving soon pays for the set.

And, for little more than the price of a good old-style buffer alone, you get the complete Allwon set—the beautiful money-saving buffer—imported cuticle scissors—duplex nail file—6 emery boards—orange-wood stick—special nail-lustor—and nail-salve and enamel. Every article of surprisingly good quality. All fit in the novel Buffer Case—always all together—compact—handy at home or in traveling

With Buffer beautifully Nickel Plated, the complete Allwon set is only $2—Silver Plated $2.50—Sterling Silver $5. Sold by Department, Dry Goods and Leather Goods Stores, Jewelers, Druggists. Or, if not yet on sale in your town, send us your dealer's name, together with the price, and we will supply you.

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perfectly produces these normal beauty lines, fills hollows in front and under arms; can't be detected by sight or touch. Ruffles **Launder Flat.** Give bust and waist.

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ENTIRE SET,
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$13.67

Muff
and Scarf
$9.73

GENUINE RUSSIAN HARE HAT

19 C. Genuine Black Russian Hare Hat in Turban Model, [illegible] rosette and finished with an attractive white [illegible] feather aigrette. Worn either with the muff and scarf illustrated here or will harmonize very appropriately with almost any costume. Special price **$3.94**

MUFF AND SCARF

36 C, 36 B. Handsome Black Russian Hare Set, consisting of extra large scarf with long broad front tabs, each finished with three 15-inch tails on ends and two 12-inch tails at shoulders; deep back trimmed with large head and three tails, scarf lined with fine quality black shirred silk lining—large open reversible muff finished on each side with three graduated round tabs and two tails—muff lined to match scarf, silk muff cord; muff and scarf, special . . **$9.73**

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We ask you to select this entire fur set of Scarf, Muff and Hat or any one of three or any two, just as your requirements may suggest, allowing for expressage unless the amount of your order entitles you to Free Delivery, as explained on page three of our catalogue.

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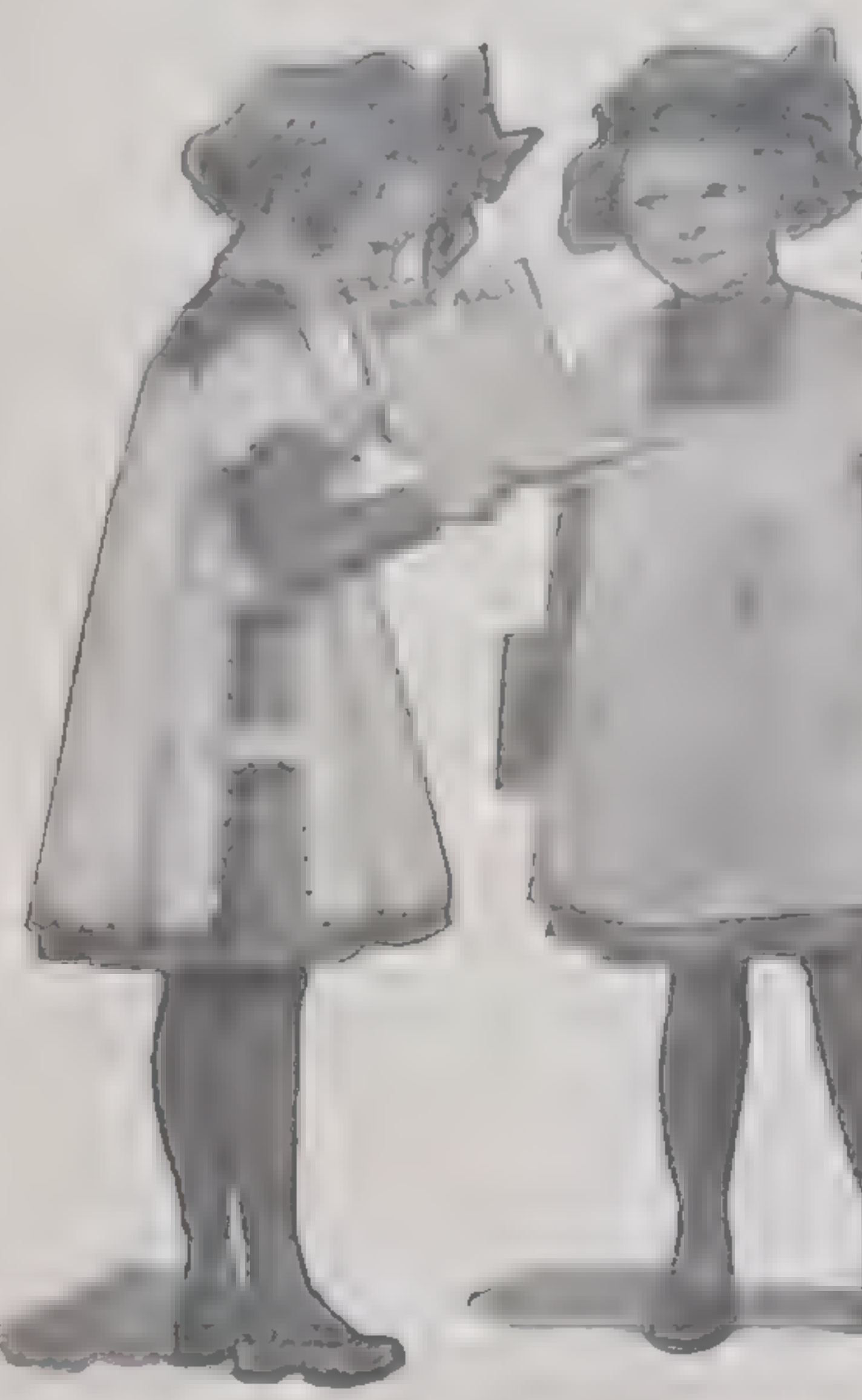
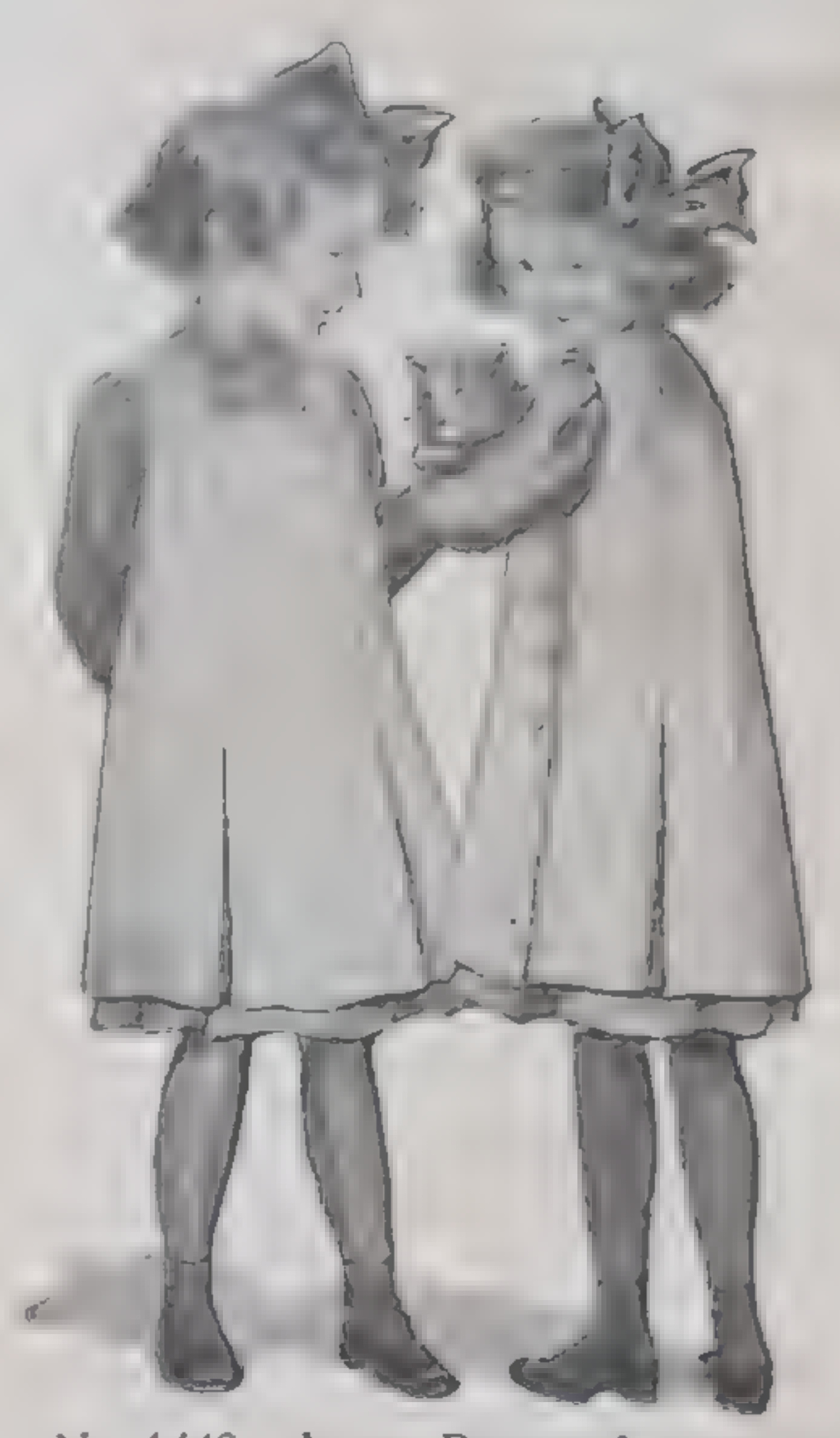
CLOTHES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

DRAWINGS BY ANNA S. HICKS



No. 1439—One-Piece Apron

Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or six years, eight yards of twenty-seven-inch material. The ease with which this attractive little school apron can be laundered is one of its practical features which will strongly appeal to every mother



No. 1440—Apron Buttoned at Sides

Pattern cut for 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 8 years, three and one half yards of twenty-four-inch material, or two and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one eighth of a yard of insertion for trimming-bands

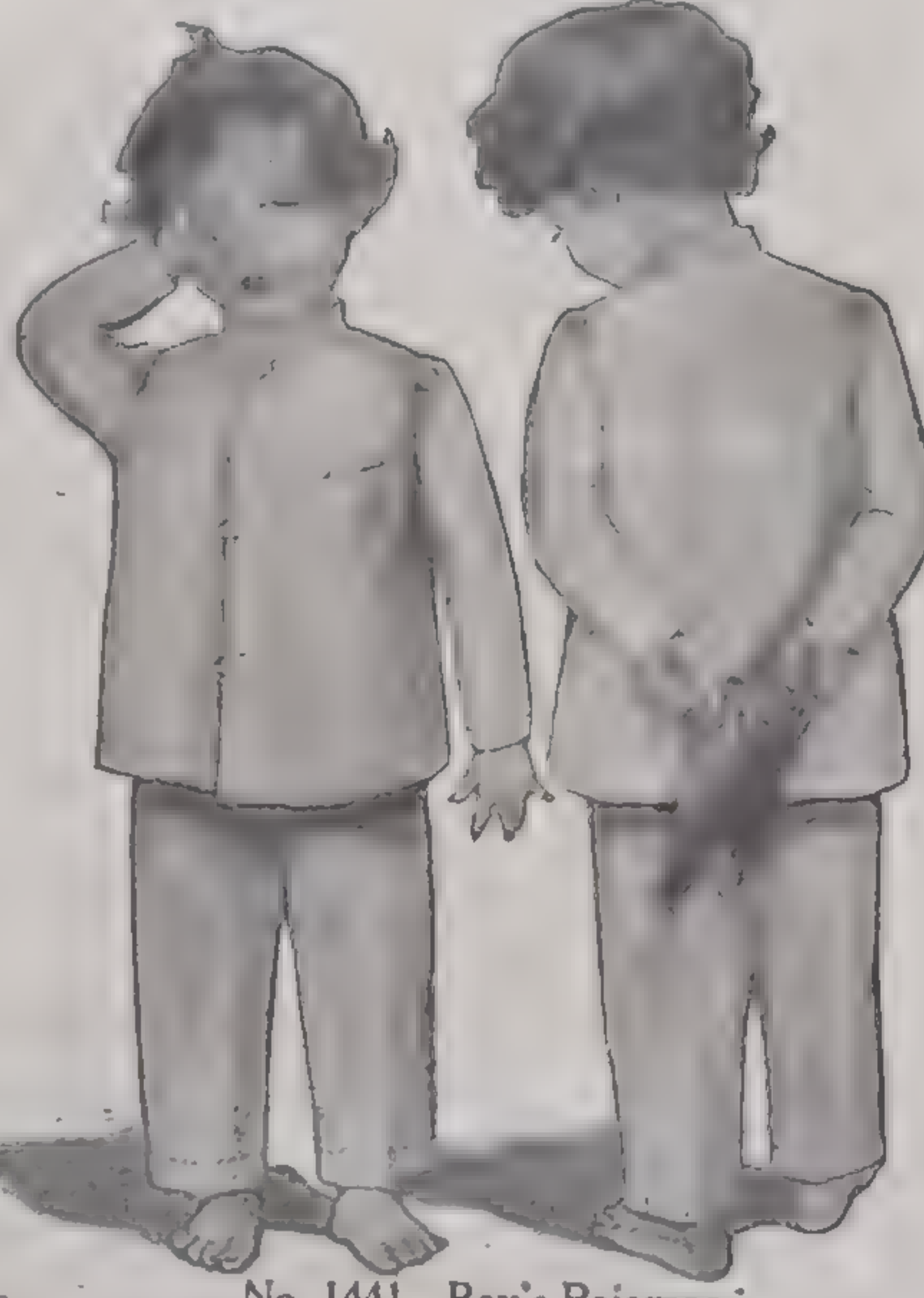
It would seem as though every mother were a common-sense mother this season; a look at the new clothes for children surely conveys this idea.

The befrilled and overdressed little girl now belongs to the days of long ago. Generally speaking, all clothes for children are designed on the strictly common-sense idea. It is now a fashion-fact that the most fashionable little girls are the most plainly dressed. With the mother of to-day the health of her children is paramount and she is very careful to see that they are comfortably dressed, not only at playtime, but at all times.

Though the new clothes for small girls reflect in many instances the prevailing fashion mode, yet few designs are seen which are not practical. Now that the Moyen Age effect is the fashion, both little tots and the older school-girls are wearing one-piece dresses with the long-waist effect, and not in years has there been a more sensible design for girl's clothes. These dresses are made in a variety of ways. One of their very practical features is that they button in the front or have a side-front closing, making it possible for even the very small school-girl to dress herself when necessary. For school wear, many of these dresses are made with a sailor collar like the design illustrated on this page in model No. 1443. This dress shows the long-waisted body portion buttoned in the front, to which a kilted skirt is attached. Such a dress would be very practical and smart developed in dark blue [illegible] with a touch of striped or plaid silk as a binding for the collar and as a finish for the two-piece sleeves. This same model would also make a most attractive little dress, having the body portion of dark blue or brown jersey cloth, Panama or worsted with the kilted skirt of plaid. If the body portion is dark blue, for instance, then the plaid shows dark blue as its predominating color.

Play-dresses for little girls are also made with this Moyen Age effect. Though they are the simplest sort of dresses, yet they have a very smart look. They are made up in such materials as French percale, gingham and imported rep.

The newest coats for children also show this Moyen Age effect. A good model and an easy one to make is illustrated in pattern No. 1442. This double-breasted little garment has the under-arm gores cut off below the normal waistline and plaited skirt portions inserted which gives the long-waist effect. Broadcloth or cheviot are both good materials to use for this coat. For plain coats, where no plaits are introduced, plush is a fashionable material this season, and coats of broadcloth with a rolling collar and cuffs of fur are also in demand.



No. 1441—Boy's Pajamas

Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 6 years, three and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two and one eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material

Children are wearing beaver hats more than ever and a big ribbon bow is about the smartest trimming, though velvet flowers are one of the French millinery ideas for children's hats. For very small girls, many of the hats have streamers of soft ribbon which tie directly under the chin.

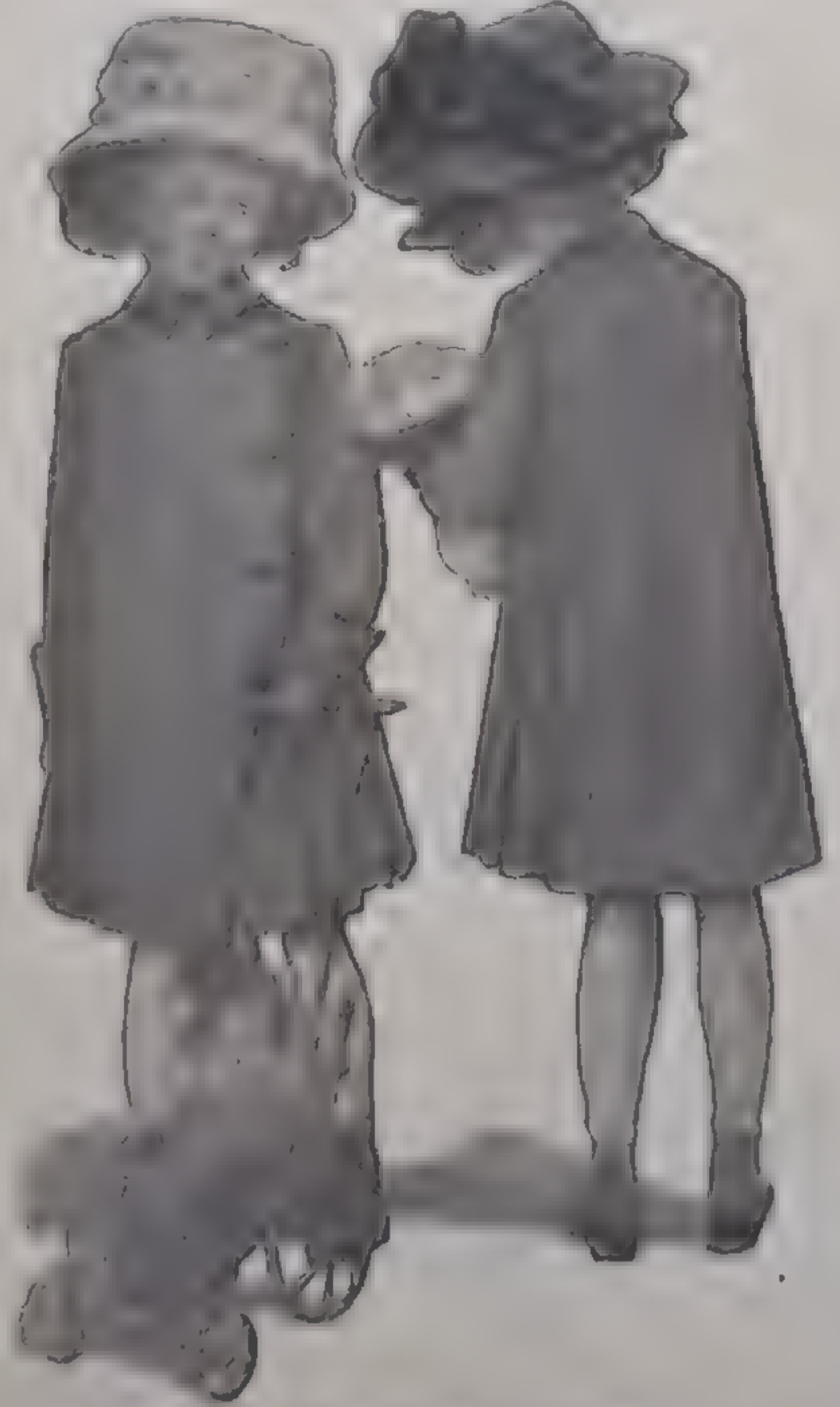
White dresses showing a touch of hand-embroidery are very much worn. Frequently the little one-piece dress is made perfectly plain with just a few fine tucks on the shoulders, the turn-down Puritan collar and cuffs and the belt introducing the embroidery. This embroidery may be white or in color, just as preferred.

Children's aprons were never seen in so great a variety as this year. A practical, original little apron is illustrated on this page in pattern No. 1439. It is a one-piece apron held together at the sides with tabs. There are broad pieces over the shoulders affecting in their shape epaulets. The apron has two nice, big, roomy pockets in front. It may be finished with a scalloped edge worked in a buttonhole stitch or the edges of the apron may be trimmed with embroidery insertion. Another sensible little apron is the one shown in illustration No. 1440. This apron has the side fronts buttoning over on the side backs. It is cut square at the neck and slips over the head. It is made with inverted plaits below the waistline in the seams. Fine white percale may be used for these aprons or, of course, lawn, dimity or any white wash fabric that is not too heavy.

Small boys, especially those addicted to much kicking, are wearing pajamas cut along the same lines as their fathers'. They are made of flannelette or outing flannel.

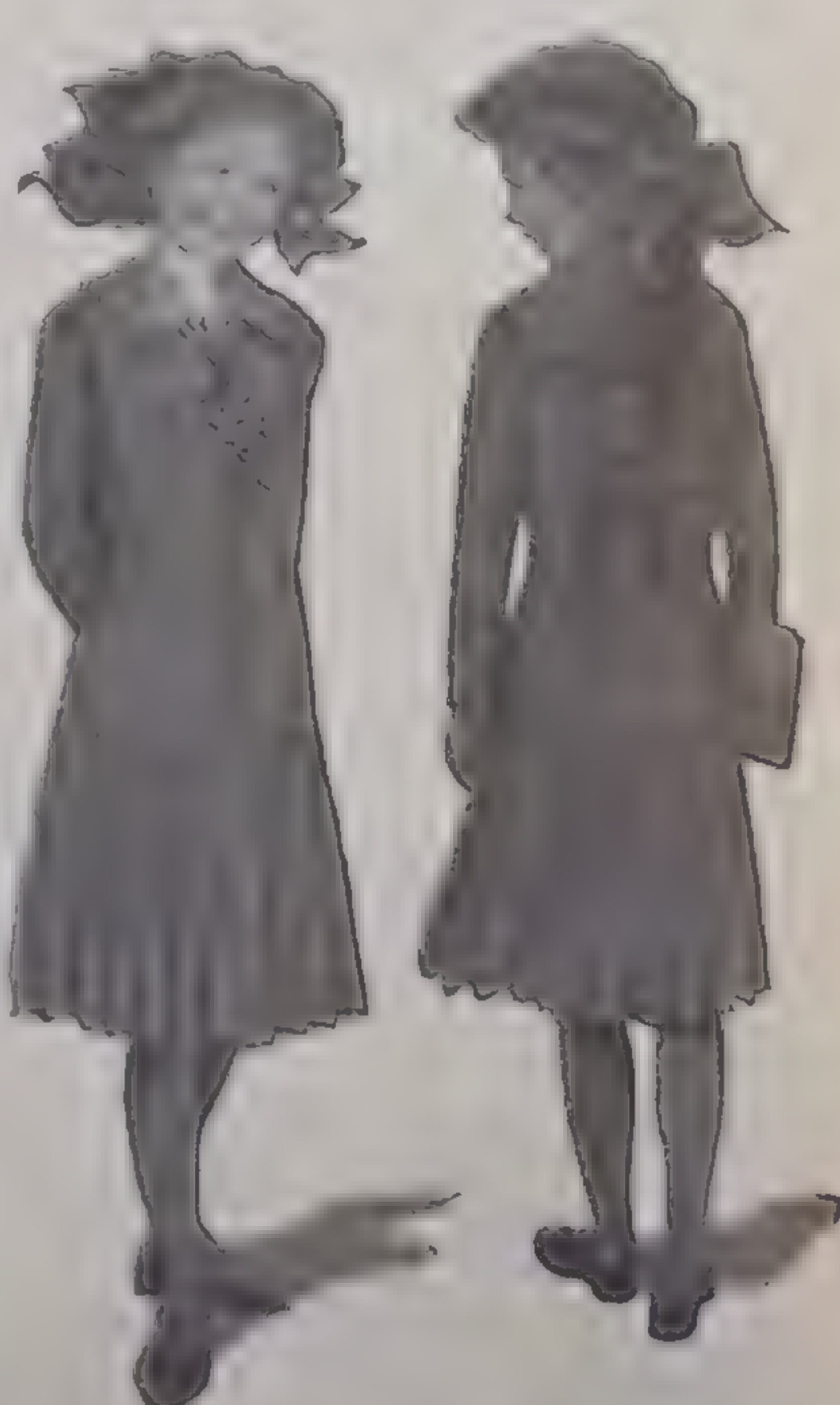
Though children's clothes nowadays are made in the most simple style, yet it is interesting to see how complete is every child's wardrobe. Take a little girl's rainy-day clothes, for instance. There is not only her rain-coat, but her Red Riding Hood water-proof cape, made with a hood which can be worn over her hat or without any hat at all. Then there are her storm rubbers, her overshoes and her feather-weight rubbers just for damp days and she has a rubber bag in some pretty plaid to hold her rubbers, and, of course, a dear little umbrella of her own.

Though well-dressed little girls never wear jewelry, yet they do have a whole collection of hair-ribbons, and such beautiful hair-ribbons as they are.



No. 1442 Double Breasted Coat

Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 6 years, three and three eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material, or two and one eighth yards of forty-four-inch material



No. 1443—Moyen Age School-Dress

Pattern cut for 8, 10 and 12 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 10 years, four and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or three and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one half yard of contrasting material for shield

Copyright, 1909, by The Crowell Publishing Company

PHOENIX MUFFLERS

YOU have noticed the Phoenix Muffler more than once—whether you live in town or country. You've seen it worn on the street by well-dressed women, children and men—and you've been impressed with its exceptionally neat appearance—its trim style and perfect fit. The

Phoenix Muffler

is different from all others. It's the one muffler without a single disagreeable feature—the one muffler that never disappoints.

The Phoenix is warm, snug, neat and fashionable. By a snap of the patent fastener at the throat it is instantly converted into protection for neck, throat, chest and back. Until the Phoenix was invented, mufflers and scarfs were a nuisance—a clumsy unbecoming necessity. They had to be constantly pulled or pinned into place and continually smoothed down to prevent bunching.

The Phoenix solves all muffler problems. We studied muffler conditions thoroughly, made exhaustive tests, discovered and corrected every possible defect until we had

The Only Perfect-Fitting Muffler

suitable for every weather condition—light and convenient, yet warm and becoming.

Look closely at the actual photographs in this advertisement. Note how beautifully smooth the Phoenix adjusts itself over **all parts of the collar** neck and shoulders—how it snugs **up** to the throat—how thoroughly it protects the back leaving no chance for cold blasts to chill the spine. See how the over-lapping aprons protect waist and chest.

Phoenix yarns are spun especially for us so as to retain always the beautiful silky lustre imparted by our secret finishing process. Damp weather, constant wear or frequent washing never impair the beauty of this finish.

Therefore make certain that you get the **genuine** Phoenix Muffler. In no other will you find the rich, **lasting** lustre, exquisite silk finish or the perfect, **permanent** fit.

Knit by our exclusive process, the necks of Phoenix Mufflers have just enough elasticity to fit snugly close without binding; sufficient "come-back" to be absolutely shape retaining.

FOR CHRISTMAS—PHOENIX MUFFLERS IN DAINTY GIFT BOXES

Always in great demand, Phoenix Mufflers are doubly popular at Christmas time. Packed snugly in dainty holiday boxes, they are the choice of thousands of shoppers who know that this fault-free muffler invariably pleases. Fill up the little chinks in your gift list with Phoenix Mufflers. There are styles and sizes for women, children and men in every fashionable weave and shade.

No. 595 No. 596 No. 596

Phoenix Mufflers are knit in collar sizes, same as linen collars, in styles

For Women, Children and Men

They sell at good stores for - - - - - - - - - - - - - **50c**
Special weaves and materials come higher.

Every genuine Phoenix is labeled "Phoenix Muffler Pat'd June 9, 1908." Look for this label. Don't be persuaded that any other muffler can be "just as good."

No. 519
Phoenix Collar Muffler
Retail Price, 75c.

Insist on getting the genuine Phoenix or send to us stating collar size, colors, and style number desired.

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
225 BROADWAY MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Your Christmas Money Will Go Round

IT is usually difficult to make the money we plan to spend accomplish all that we desire. At Christmas the heart is larger than the pocketbook. This season of giving makes a thousand and one pressing demands upon the average man and woman's ready money. It often takes hard thinking to spread the Christmas money around the large circle of those we care for.

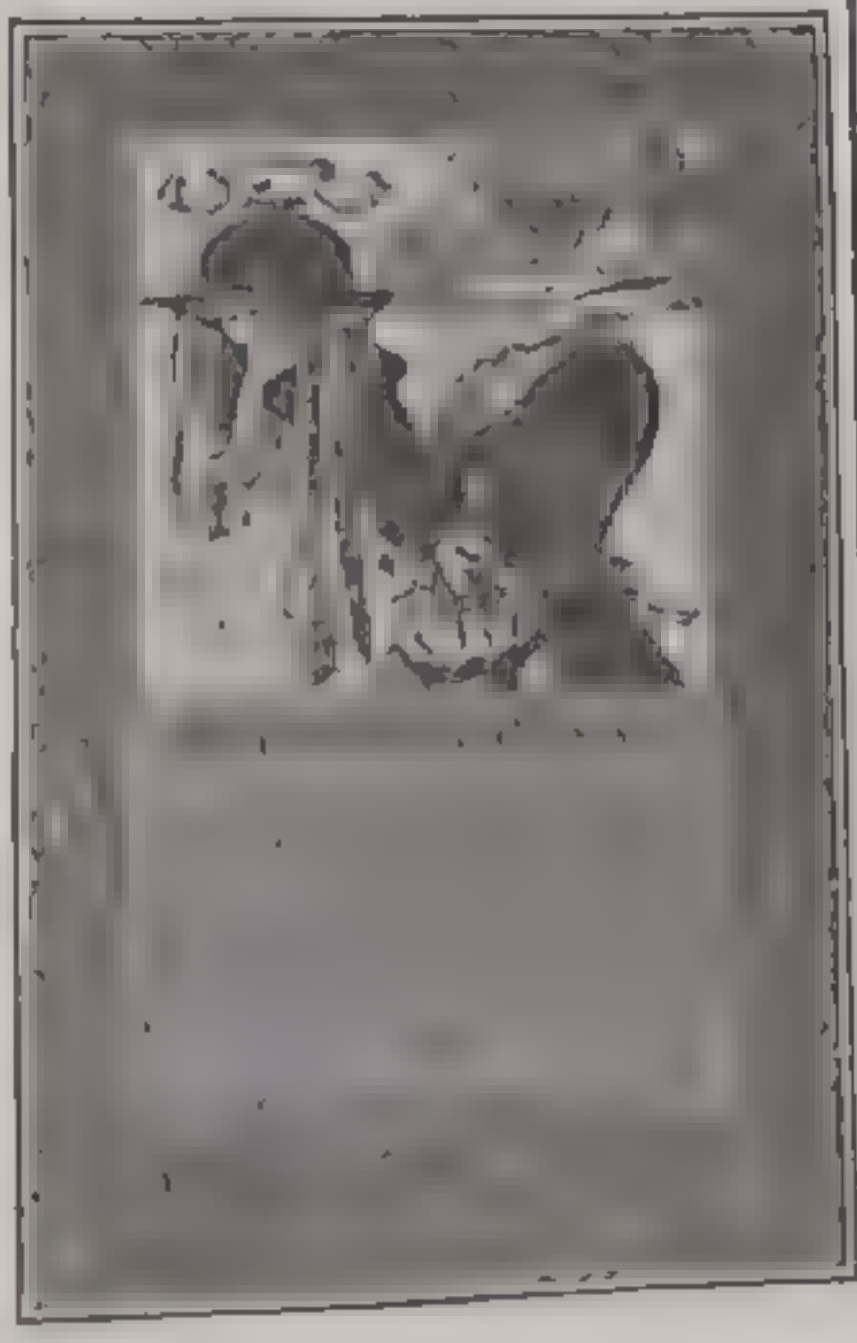
If you desire to make a little money go a great way, there is no gift, at the same cost, that brings more satisfaction, that evidences more careful consideration for the enjoyment of the recipient than a year's subscription to

The Ladies' Home Journal
or
The Saturday Evening Post

Last year 50,000 people appreciated this fact, as was shown by that number of people who ordered subscriptions for the Journal alone as Christmas presents.

The Ladies' Home Journal is thoroughly a home magazine. The articles and illustrations are chosen for the enjoyment of every member of the family. They deal with subjects constantly in everyone's mind—subjects of daily thought and consideration. Mr. Bok's editorials are awakening profound interest throughout the thinking world. The department of American fashions, for American women, by American women, brings to over a million and a quarter homes each month, the latest and best ideas in women's wear. The leaders in American art furnish its illustrations. Its covers, reproducing all the natural colors of the original are in themselves a special source of pleasure to art lovers.

A peculiarly attractive feature of using **The Ladies' Home Journal** as a Christmas gift is our method of announcing to your friends the year's subscription which you are sending. We have prepared an artistic folder the first page of which contains a perfect reproduction of one of Fra Angelico's angels, a world's masterpiece. All the marvelous colors of the original, with its beautiful gold background, are reproduced with absolute fidelity; the third page, illuminated, bears the announcement of the gift, with the name of the giver inserted by us before it is mailed. This card will be mailed to reach your friends on Christmas day, telling them of a gift extending through the whole year.



For the progressive, busy man, **The Saturday Evening Post** is a weekly, illustrated periodical which appeals directly to his taste and intelligence, and has also a compelling interest to all lovers of bright, clever, strong stories, and articles of vital and important interest in the world's affairs. Every year is published, in installment form, fiction and other literature which afterwards appears in book form, the purchase of which then would mean an expenditure of many times the cost of a year's subscription to **The Saturday Evening Post.** Its circulation of over a million and a quarter copies a week is full evidence of its appreciation by the busy men and women of America.

Similar to **The Ladies' Home Journal** announcements, is the card sent to herald the gift of a year's subscription to **The Saturday Evening Post.** Frank H. Leyendecker, the well-known artist, has painted the original which is reproduced in full colors.

Please note in sending an order for either magazine, that the price is $1.50, each. Your own name and address must be given as well as that of the person for whom the subscription is ordered, and be sure to state that it is a Christmas gift. The subscription starts with the issue which is mailed to reach your friend on Christmas day. The announcement containing your name will be mailed at the same time. These cards are used only for full year subscriptions, ordered as Christmas gifts.

Order as early as possible. Late orders may be delayed through pressure of business. If we find that duplicate orders have been entered for the same name and address, we will make the second subscription begin **December, 1910,** thus you can be sure that your gift will not be duplicated this year. Arrange for these presents now. Address

The Curtis Publishing Company
319 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

TO SEE how the world was made, visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Deep down in the earth a mile and more you go, past strata of every known geologic age.

And all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color.

You don't have to be a scientist. The average person can appreciate this marvel of world building.

It's a gash in the earth's crust, more than a mile deep, many miles wide and 217 miles long.

You should see it, this season, and go on the luxurious

California Limited

enroute to or from California on the Santa Fe. This train carries a Pullman for the Canyon.

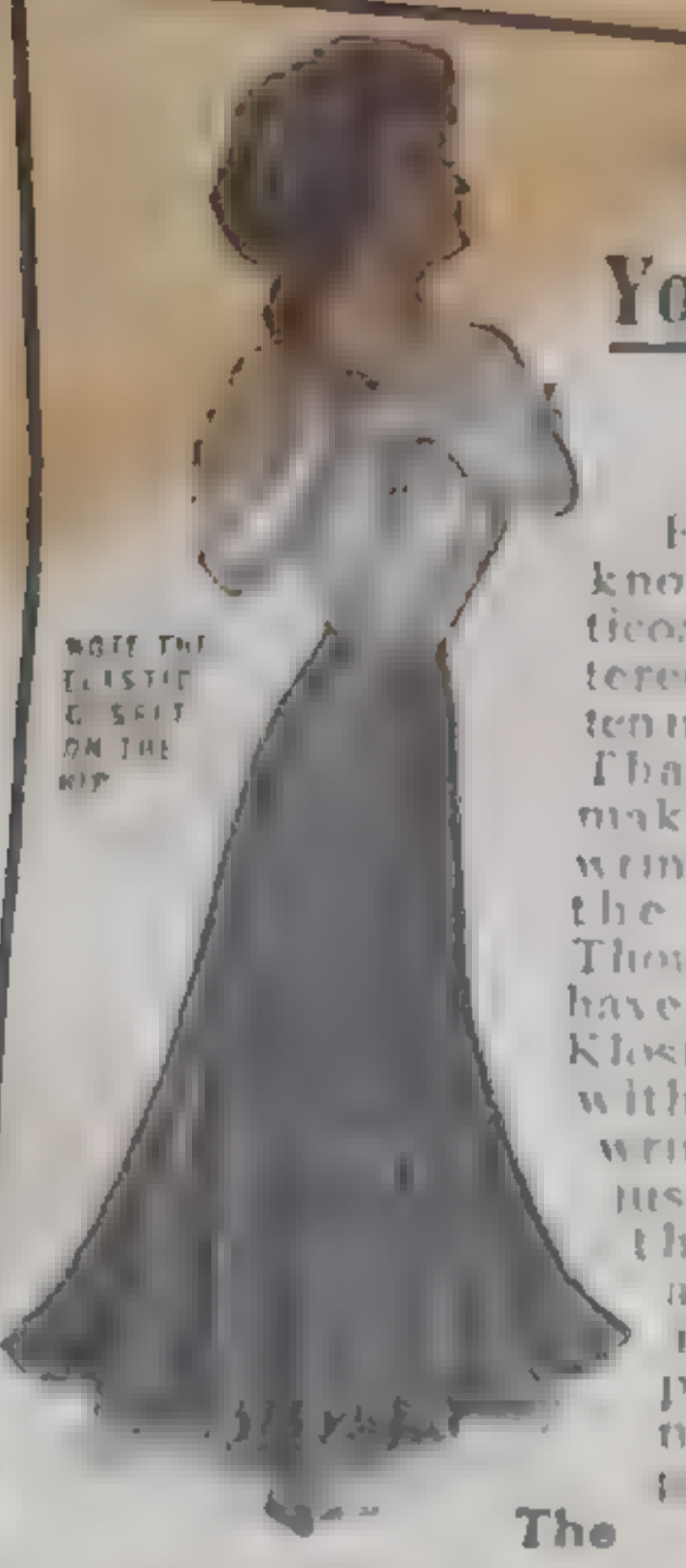
Two to five days' time, $6.50 railroad fare, a reasonable hotel bill at El Tovar (management of Fred Harvey) and a few dollars for rim and trail trips—that's all the extra expense.

Won't you write me for illustrated booklets—"Titan of Chasms" and "El Tovar?"

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traffic Mgr., A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 1118-W Railway Exchange, Chicago

Down the trail Grand Canyon

Santa Fe


NOTE THE ELASTIC GUSSET ON THE HIP

How Does Your Petticoat Hang?

Every woman knows that most petticoats have to be altered. That nine in ten never fit perfectly. That drawstrings make bunches and wrinkles that defy the dressmaker. Thousands of women have learned that the Klosfit Petticoat fits without a single wrinkle anywhere, just as smooth over the hips and around the waist as a corset. A petticoat could not be more [illegible]

The **KLOSFIT Petticoat**

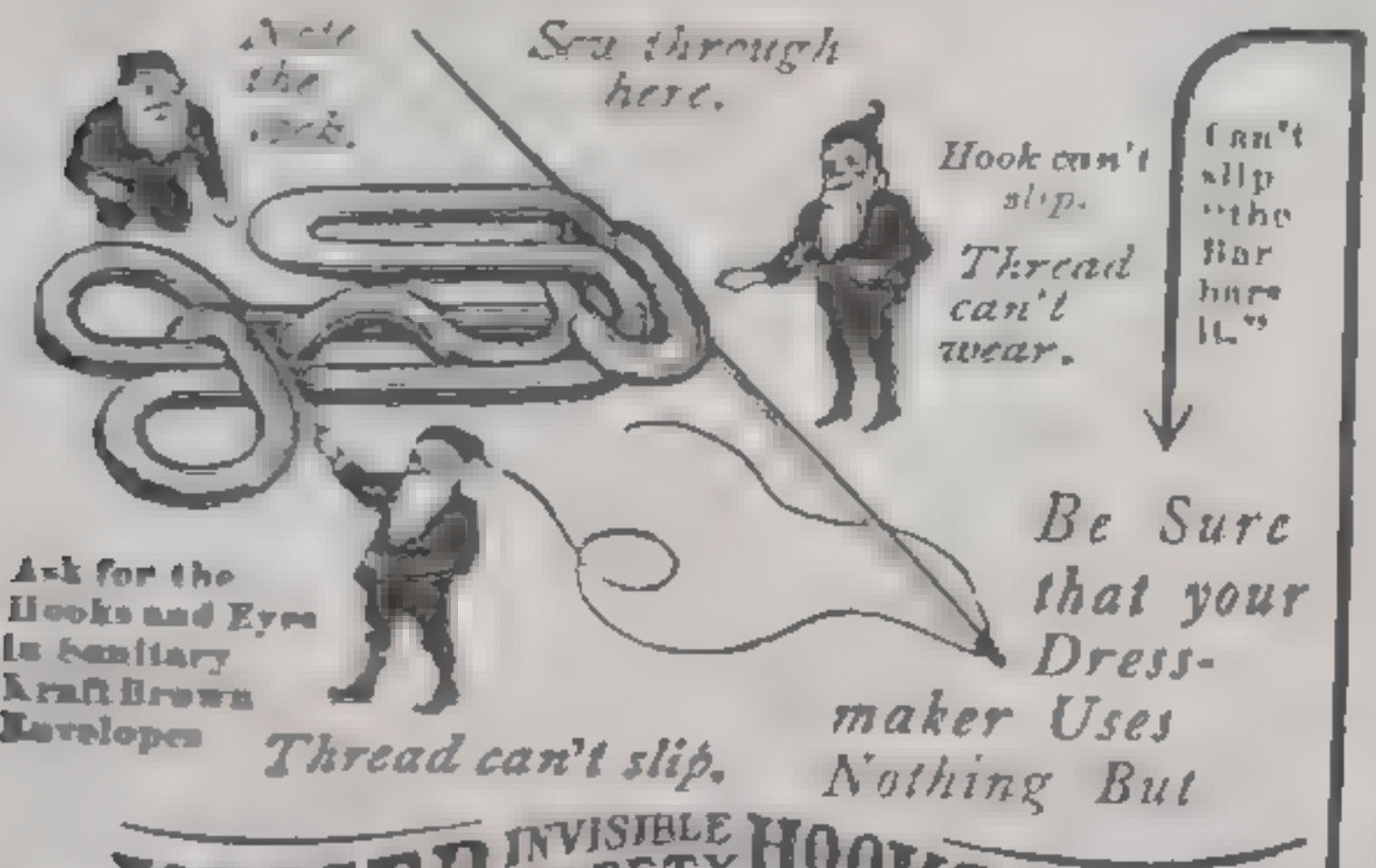
Patented June 4, 1907

Is made with an elastic-mesh jersey gusset set in over each hip and with a strong elastic waistband gives a smooth, comfortable, clinging fit. The placket fastens flat and securely with thin glove clasps.

Klosfit Petticoats come in all petticoat fabrics. ON SALE EVERYWHERE, at all prices, $2.00 up to $15.00. If not at your dealer's write us and we will see that you are supplied. None genuine without the Klosfit label in the waistband.

Our handsome Petticoat Style Book sent free to any address upon request.

GREENWALD BROS., Inc., 319 Arch St., Phila., Pa.


Note the neck.
Sew through here.
Hook can't slip.
Thread can't wear.
Can't slip "the Bar bars it."
Thread can't slip.

Ask for the Hooks and Eyes in Sanitary Kraft Brown Envelopes

Be Sure that your Dressmaker Uses Nothing But

YEISER INVISIBLE SAFETY HOOKS & EYES

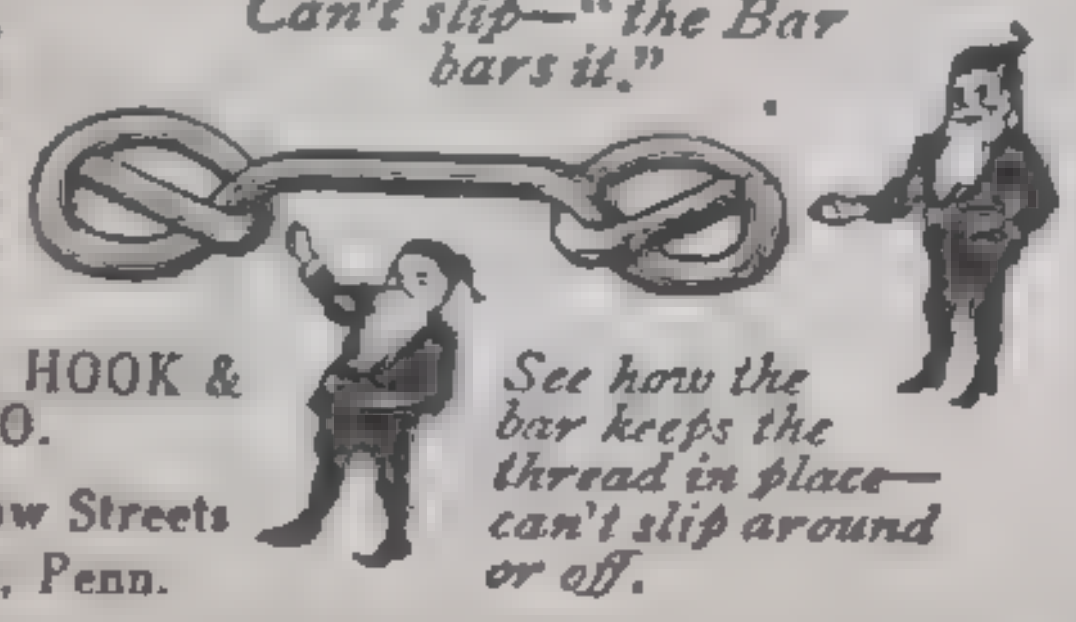
TRADE MARK

On Your New Winter Suit

They are so much better than any other hooks and eyes that you will be astonished. They can be sewed on in half the time of others and will stay in place as long as the garment lasts.

Can't Rust or Discolor Garments. *Can't slip—"the Bar bars it."*

If not at your dealer's yet, send us his name and 10c for full package—black or white—we will return your postage.


See how the bar keeps the thread in place—can't slip around or off.

THE YEISER HOOK & EYE CO.
31st and Ludlow Streets
Philadelphia, Penn.

Lerma Flannels

PRINTED GOODS for
HOUSE GOWNS
KIMONOS, Etc.

Napped on back only, combining light weight with warmth and durability. 28 inches wide, 10c a yard.

If you fail to find Lerma Flannel at any good store write us for free samples.

HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CO.
93 Franklin Street, Boston

NEW COLLAR SUPPORTER.

USEFUL, ORNAMENTAL

Vitrum-Pearls and **Cut Crystals.** Rich looking, like **Real Pearls** and **Precious Stones.** All colors. Self-fitting to any size collar. 25c. each by mail. **Agents Wanted.**

VITRUM ART WORKS, Warren, R. I.

FAY "Ideal" STOCKINGS

High Grade—Hip Length. Button at waist—save supporters. Quality and style for health, comfort and economy. Never sag or come down. Superior yarns and dyes—all weights for women, girls and boys 25c to 50c

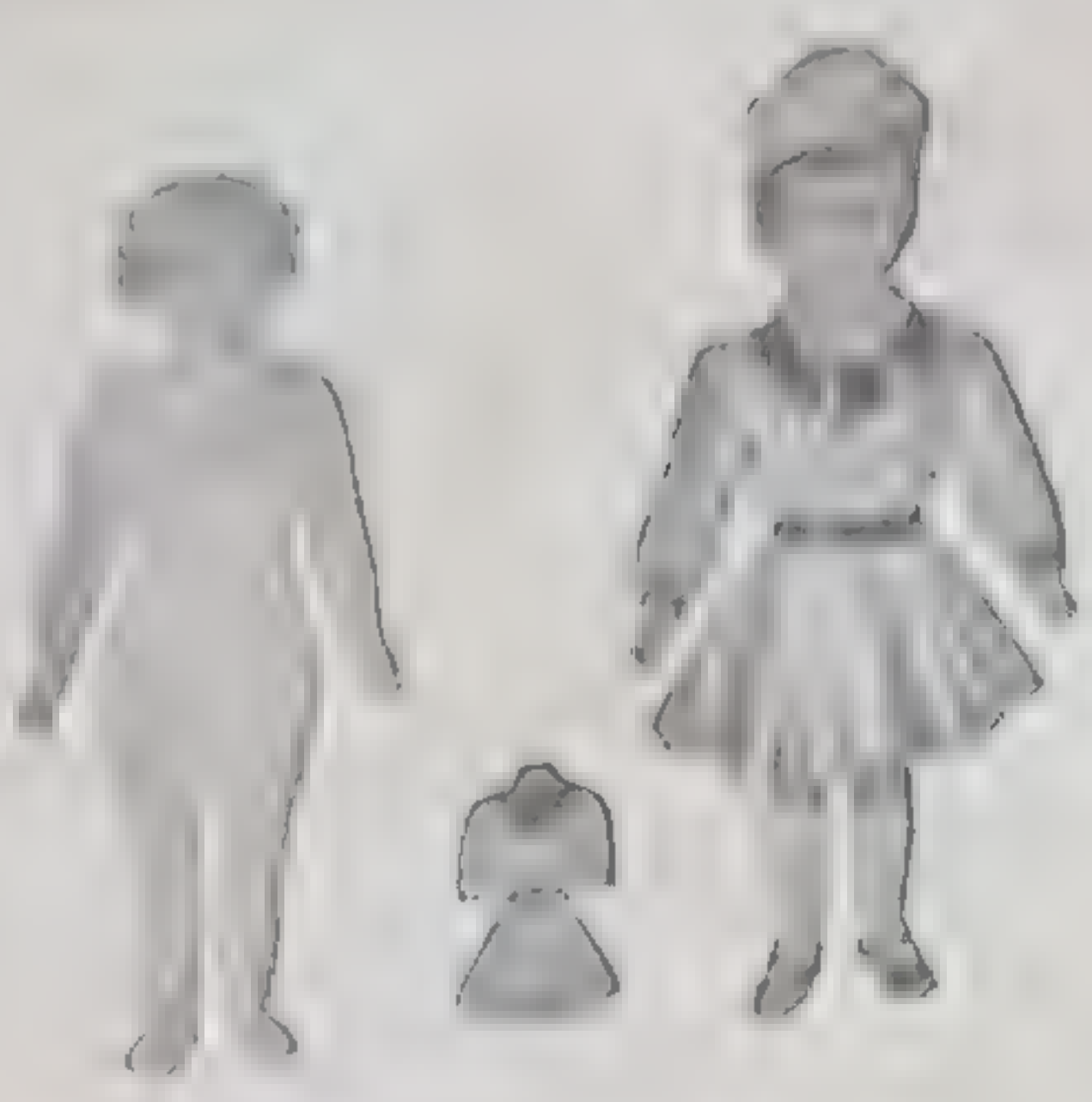
FAY KNIT Regular style hose for boys and girls. Special style with large expansion tops for women. Extra wearing, fine fitting, ankles and feet. 25c to 50c

FAY SOX for men. Special wear. None better. Least darning. 25c and 35c. Fully guaranteed. Try a pair. Buy of your dealer or by mail. **Folder Free.**

Fay Stocking Co., Box 72, Elyria, Ohio

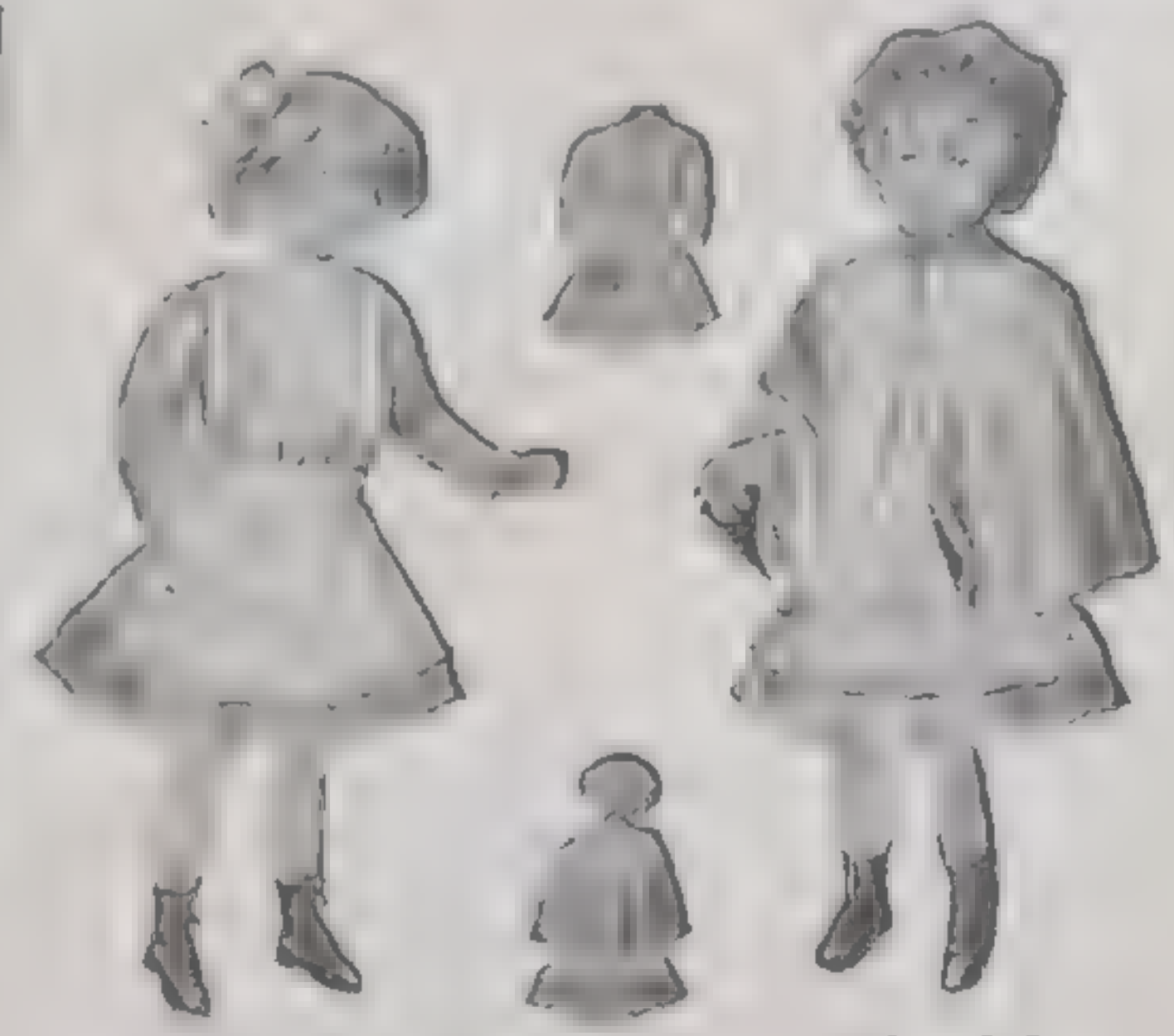
RAG DOLL AND HER CLOTHES

If you are looking for a Christmas present for your wee daughter and do not feel that you can spend much money, why not give her a rag doll and make some pretty clothes for the dollie besides? The pattern for the rag doll illustrated on this page costs but ten cents and the patterns for the different sets of doll's clothes can be bought for ten cents



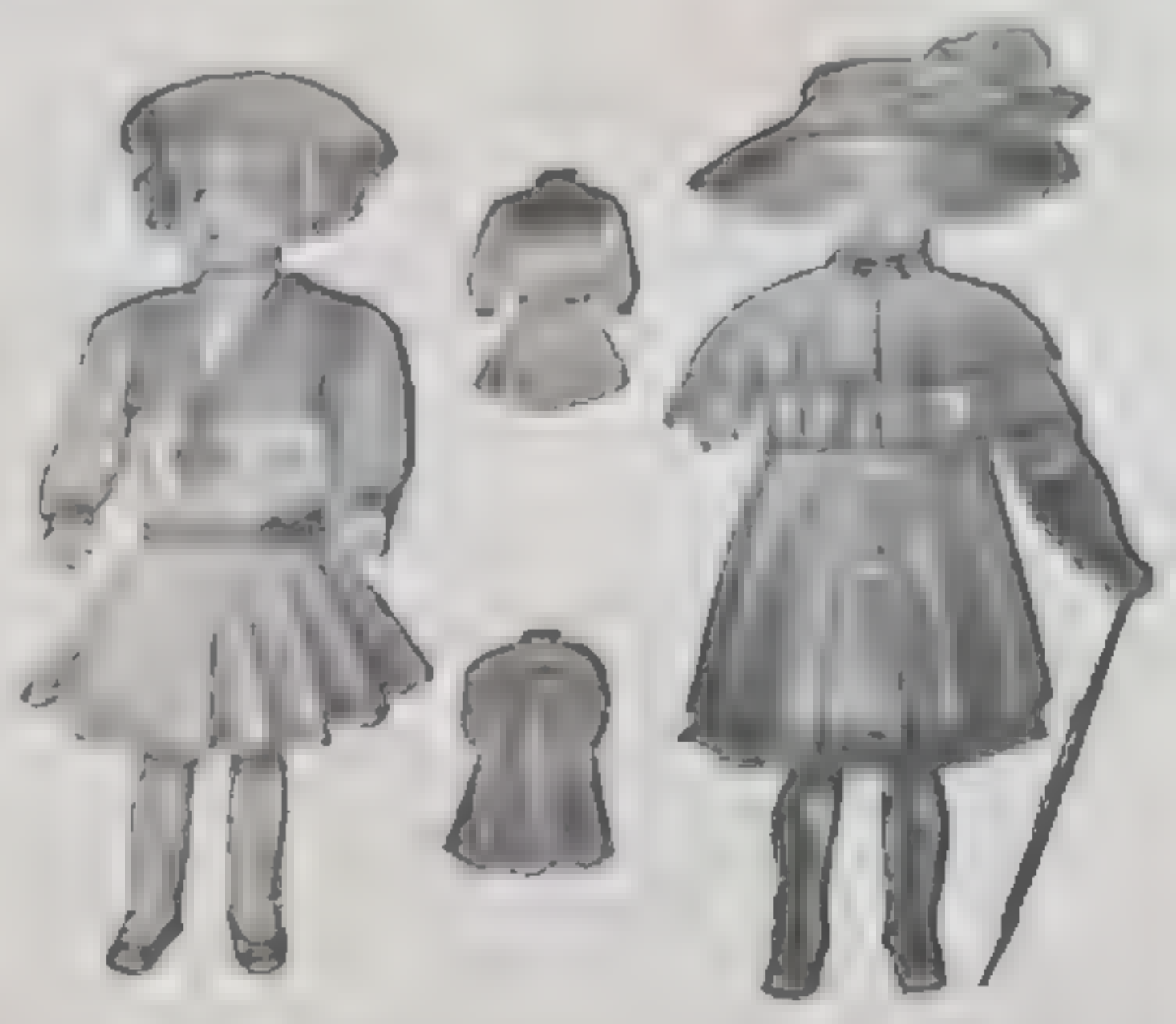
No. 1241—Rag Doll, Dress and Sunbonnet

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for the doll, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material. Quantity of material required [illegible] one fourth of a yard of [illegible] and one eighth of a yard of lace for the sunbonnet, one fourth of a yard of material



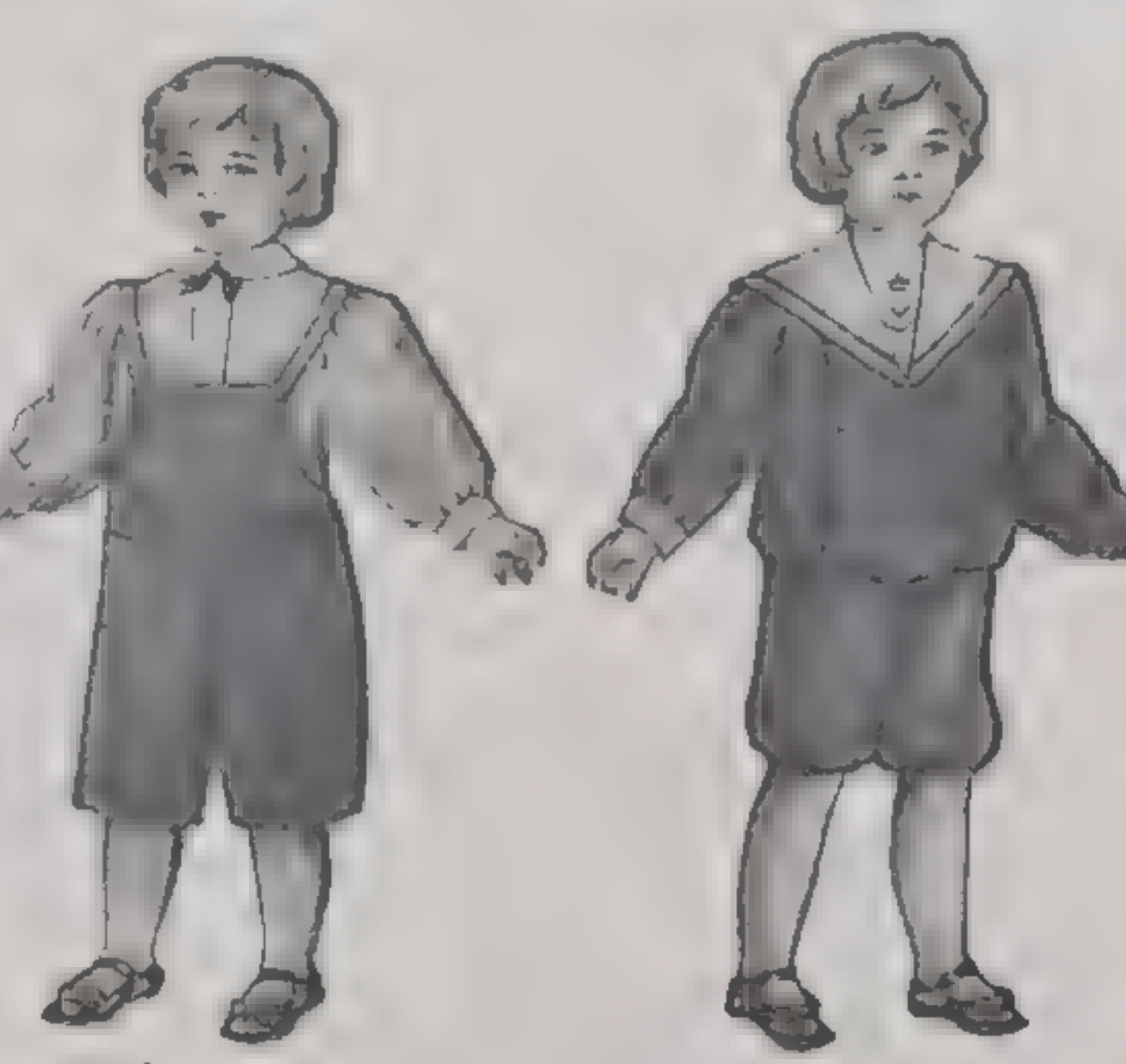
No. 1242—Doll's Red Riding Hood Set

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for the dress, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material; for the apron, three eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material, and for Red Riding Hood cape and hood, five eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material



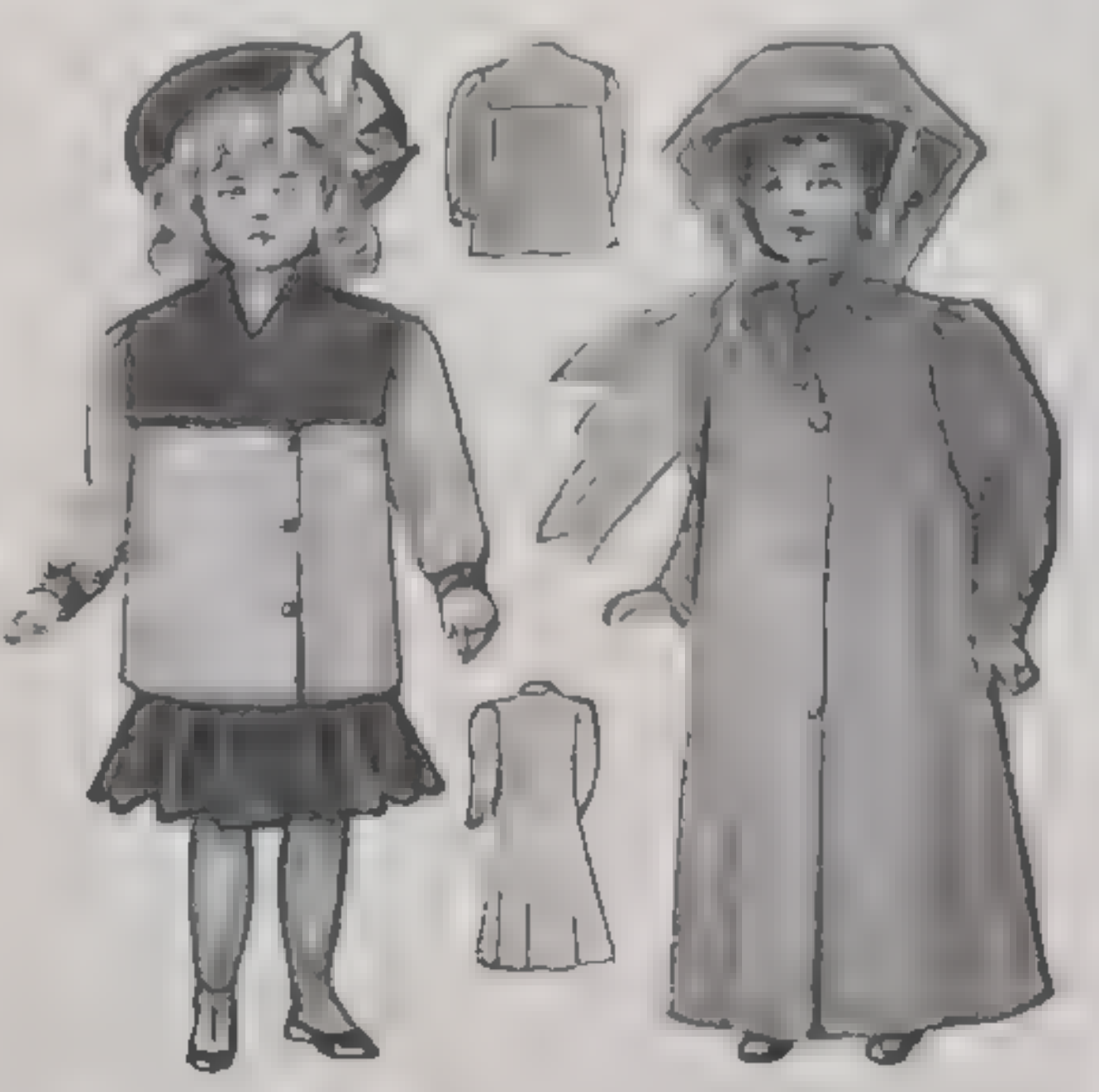
No. 1243—Doll's Sailor Suit and Raincoat

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material for dress, one yard of thirty-six-inch material, with one fourth of a yard of contrasting material for trimming; for the stylish raincoat with double shoulder capes, one and one eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material



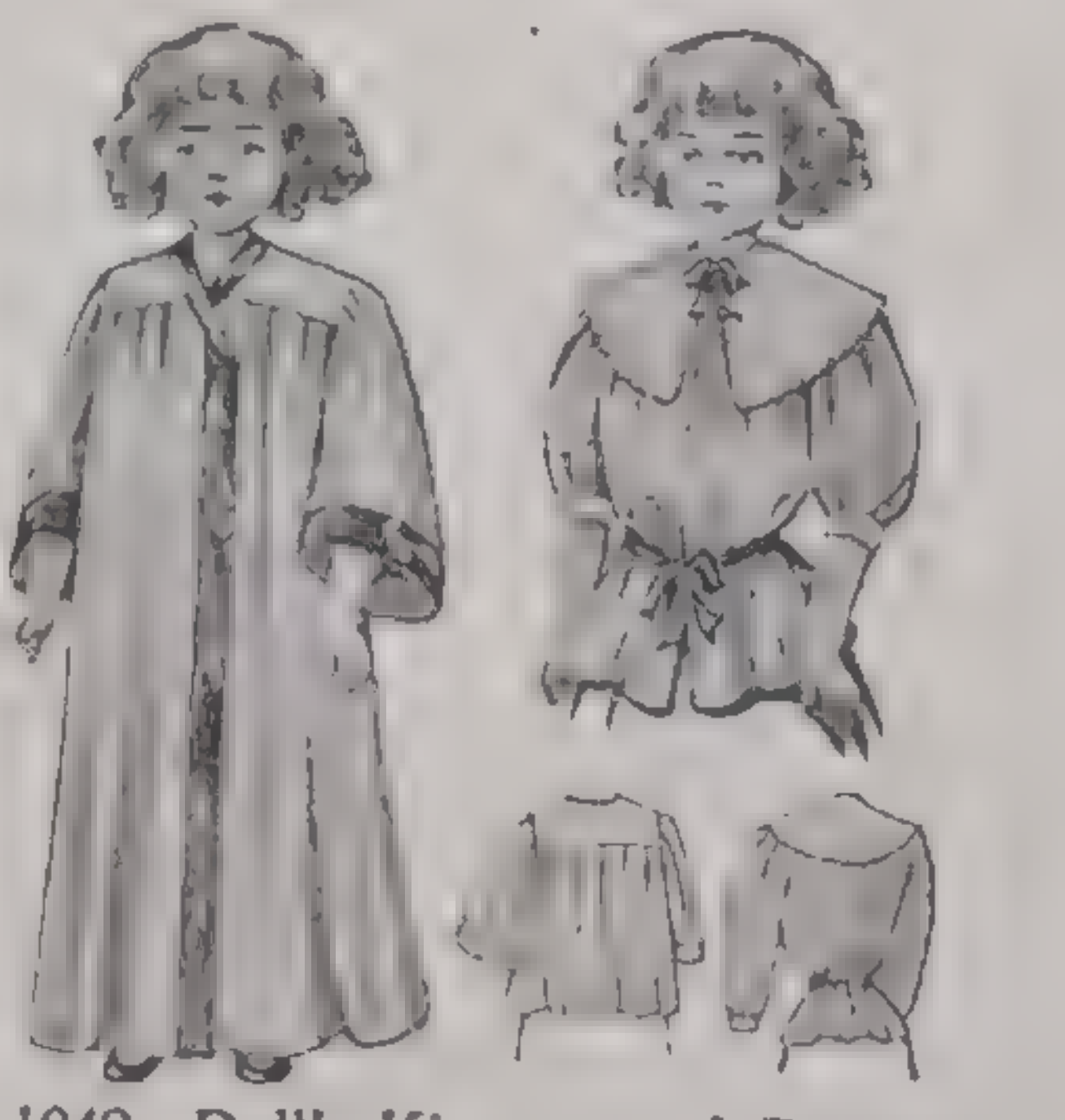
No. 840—Boy Doll's Outfit

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for the sailor suit, one half yard of twenty-seven-inch material, with one fourth of a yard of contrasting material for collar and shield. Quantity of material required for the jumper, one half yard of twenty-seven-inch material. Quantity of material required for the overalls, one half yard of twenty-seven-inch material



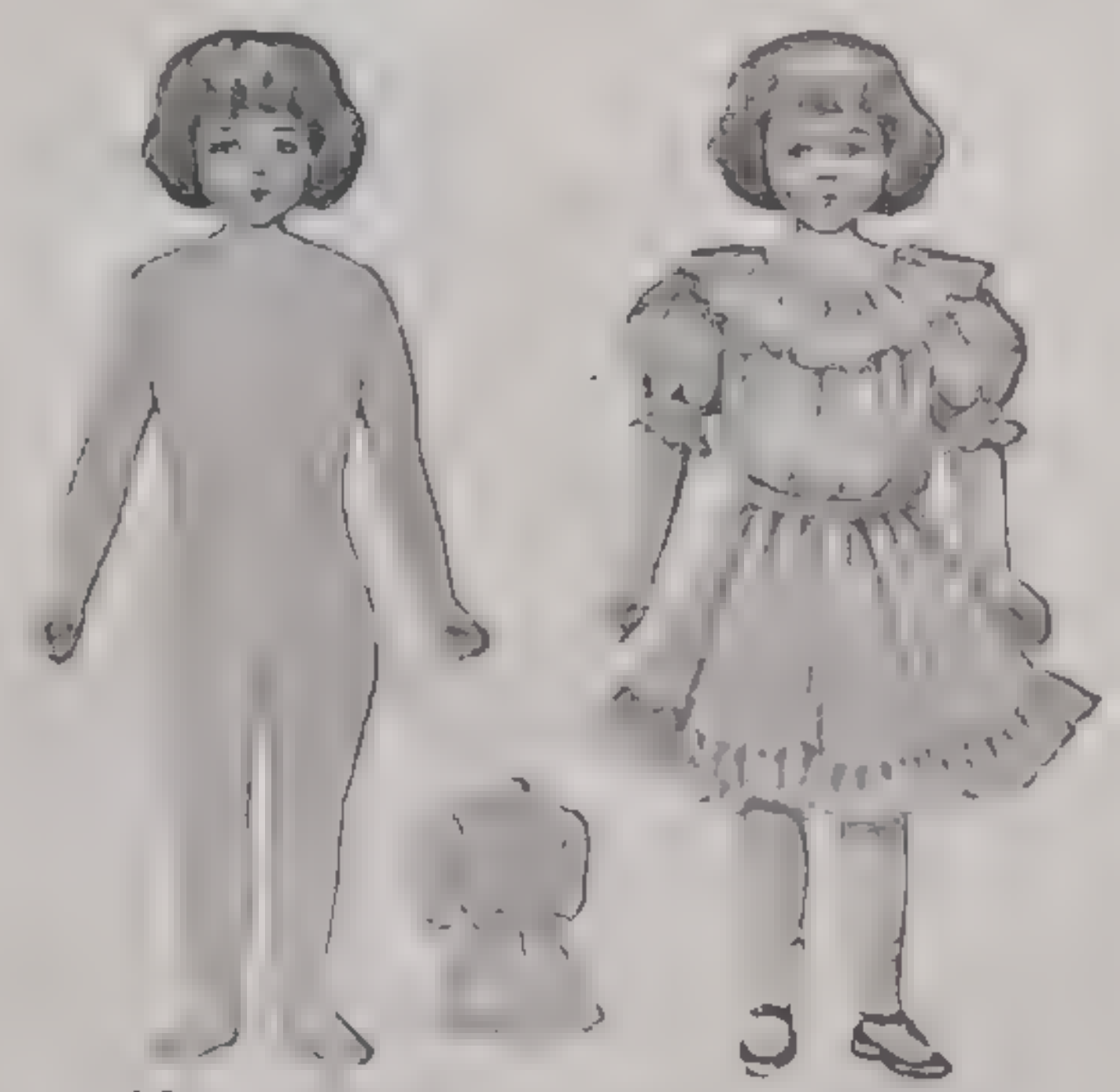
No. 1048—Doll's Reefer and Automobile Coat

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for the reefer, three eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material, with one fourth of a yard of contrasting material for collar and wristbands. Quantity of material required for the automobile coat, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material. Collar and cuffs may be braided



No. 1049—Doll's Kimono and Dressing-Sacque

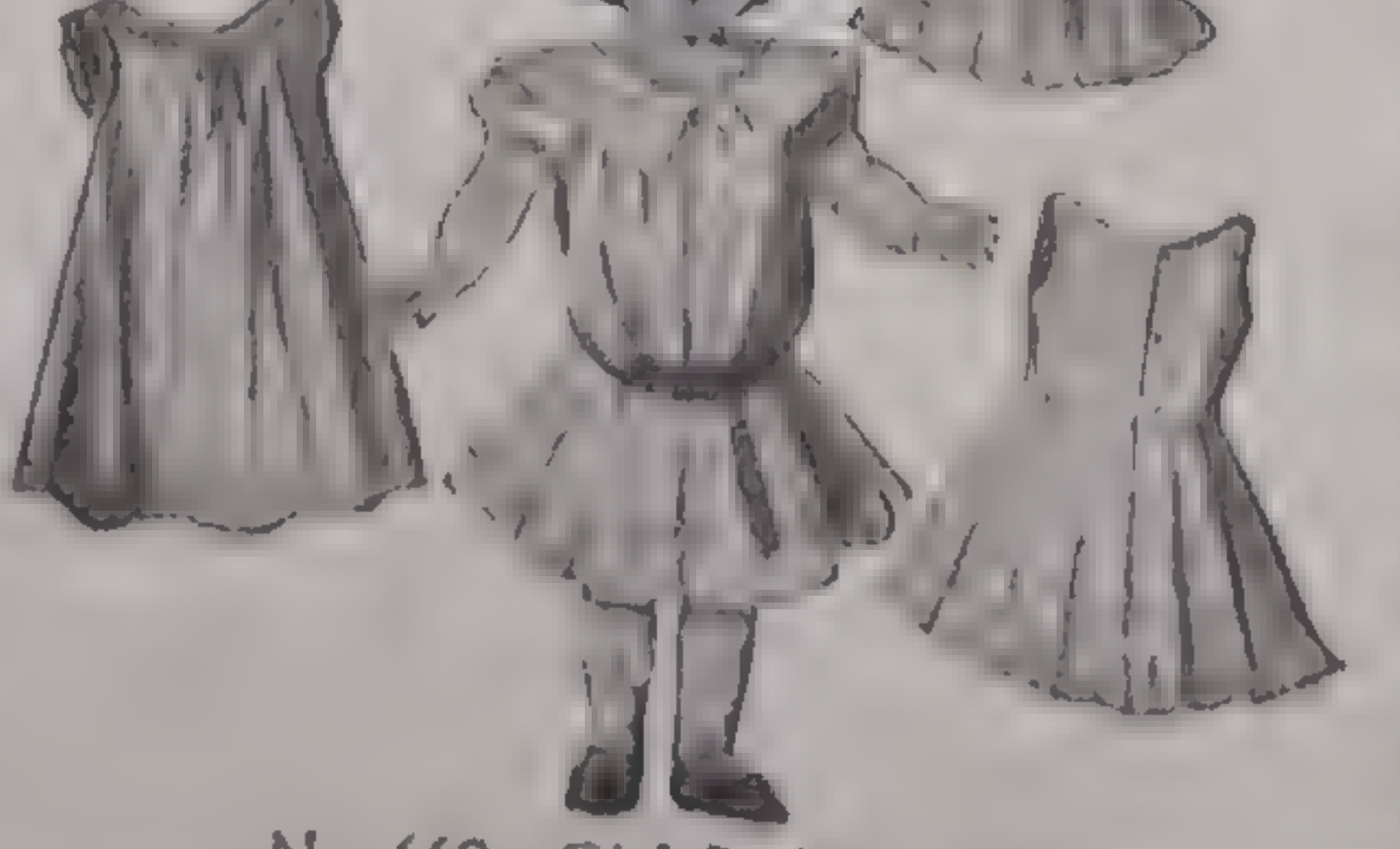
Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for long kimono, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material; for short kimono, one half yard of thirty-six-inch material. Quantity of material required for dressing-sacque, one half yard of twenty-seven-inch material



No. 1050—Rag Doll and Dress

Pattern cut in one size for doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for the rag doll, three fourths of a yard of thirty-six-inch material. Quantity of material required for the dress, one yard of thirty-six-inch material, with three yards of lace for frills, and one eighth of a yard of all-over lace for yoke if a high-neck dress is desired

We furnish a pattern for making the rag doll illustrated in Nos. 1241 and 1050. When the doll is made from the pattern, her face must be either painted or her features worked in with embroidery stitches. Use shiny black shoe buttons for her eyes or pretty blue or brown beads just as preferred. Her hair may be hand-painted or carefully made of worsted.



No. 669—Girl Doll's Outfit

This doll's dainty little outfit consists of a pretty dress, petticoat, chemise and drawers. Pattern cut in one size for a doll 22 inches high. Quantity of material required for the dress, one and one fourth yards of twenty-seven-inch material. Quantity of material required for the underwear, one and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material

Patterns for the doll clothes here illustrated may be purchased for ten cents apiece. In Nos. 1241 and 1050, the pattern is not only given for the rag doll, but for the dolly's dress. In the other patterns the designs are simply for the doll's clothes. Send all orders to Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

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The invention that insures perfect fit

The Setsnug patent sliding waistband is a boon to every woman. It gives the underwear such exceptionally snug fit that the dress sets smooth and close, without wrinkle or lump to mar its appearance.

The Setsnug waist-band is adjustable to the exact size of your waist and keeps the drawers-flaps perfectly flat and smooth, while retaining all the advantages of the open-seat.

This band completely does away with puckers, folds or bunches under the corset and gives a degree of comfort to undergarments that you can get only in

Setsnug Underwear

Setsnug garments for men are also notable for their fit, durability and comfort. They are made of finest yarns, knit by skilled operators, and patterned after garments fitted on various shapes and sizes of living models. Their all-over rib gives an elasticity to the garment that yields to every bodily movement.

Setsnug Underwear is made in Union Suits and Two-piece Suits for men, women, and children; in cotton, worsted, merino, and lisle. 50c a garment and up. Ask your dealer for Setsnug Underwear. If he hasn't it, write us his name, and we'll see that you get it. Write, anyway, for booklet.

Avalon Knitwear Company ;
113 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

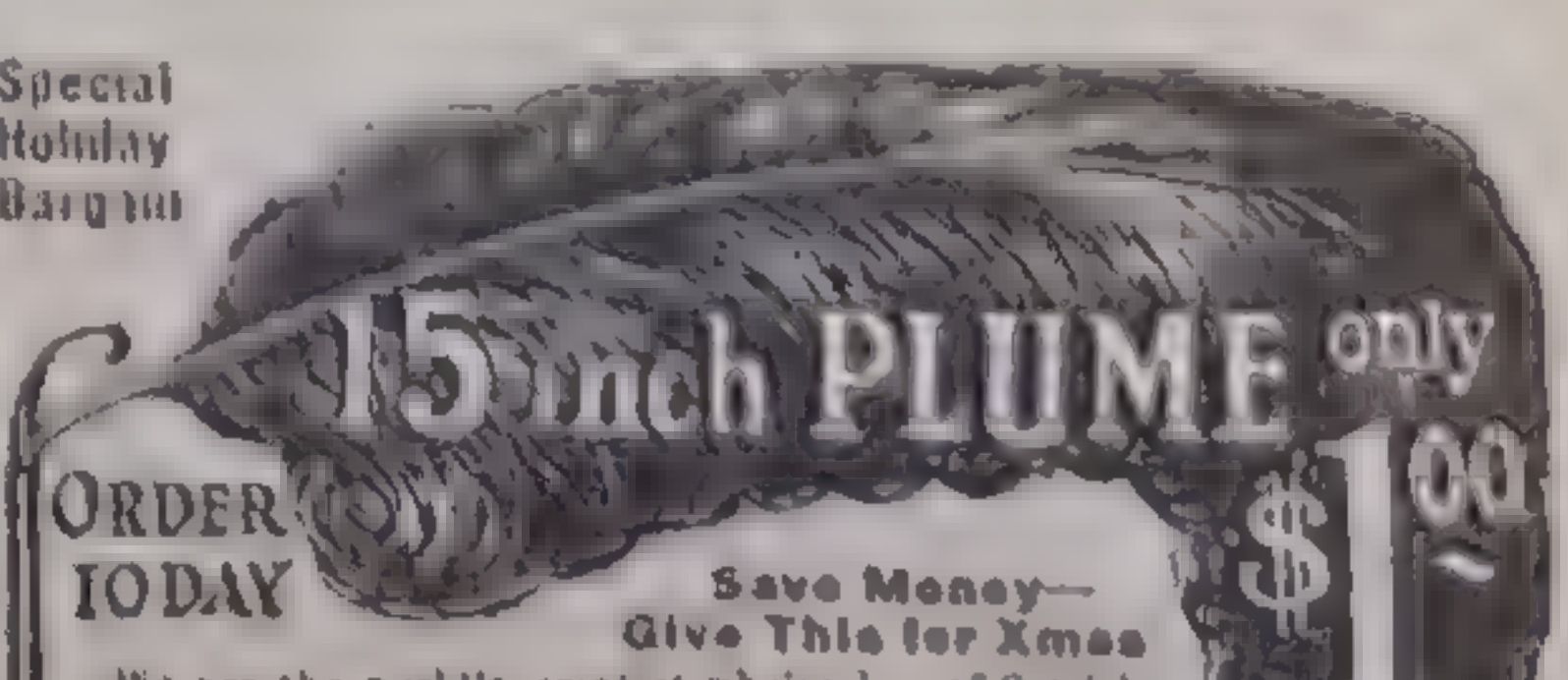
GIVEN!

The latest style, richly tinted Wallachian **Pillow Top** (back included), also our 1910 book of **500 newest Embroidery Designs—all given** with an order for 6 skeins of **Richardson's Grand Prize Grecian Floss** to work the pillow top. Send 30c for the silk, also embroidery lesson with all stitches numbered.

☞ If you do not want the pillow offer today, send 6c, anyway, for our Premium Art Book of 500 latest embroidery designs, and a free package of Richardson's Special Embroidery Needles

RICHARDSON SILK CO.
220 Adams Street, Dept. 1849, CHICAGO, ILL.

Special Holiday Bargain



ORDER TODAY

Save Money—Give This for Xmas

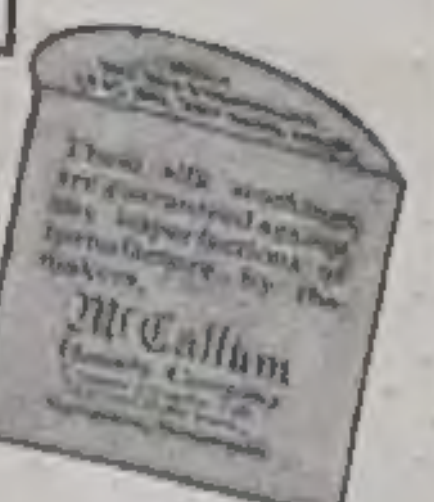
We are the world's greatest wholesalers of Ostrich Plumes. Buy direct from us and save all middlemen's profits. Send us $1.00 today—we'll send you [illegible] a magnificent, richly curled, genuine Ostrich Plume [illegible] inches long. Black, white or any color. Your money immediately returned if you're not satisfied that it's the biggest bargain ever offered. This Plume makes a beautiful Christmas gift.

OTHER REMARKABLE VALUES—16-in., $1.50; 17-in., $2.00; 18-in., $2.50; 20-in., $3.50; 21-in., $4.50. Also gorgeous 18-in. Willows from $4.50 up.

NEW FASHION BOOK FREE

Write for our new, beautifully illustrated style book—it will show you how to save money on all women's wear. A book of wonderful values in Ostrich Plumes and Millinery and Skirts, Waists, Underwear, etc., all in New York's most favored styles. Send for this valuable **free book** today.

KNICKERBOCKER WOMEN'S WEAR CO., R24 W. 23rd St., N. Y.



McCallum Silk Hosiery

For a Discriminating Christmas Gift to a Lady of Quality

Nothing more in taste to give or delightful to receive. Made of selected Japan and Italian silk by highly skilled knitters. They cost but little more than lisle and wear quite as well.

Nicely packed in quarter-dozen boxes, with our

Guarantee Envelope

to protect the wearer against any defect of material and manufacture that may escape our close inspection, and to provide matched silk mending thread with each pair.

Send for our booklet, "Through My Lady's Ring," which will interest you; and if your dealer hasn't our silk stockings, tell us his name, so we may insure your having an opportunity to examine them.

McCALLUM HOSIERY COMPANY
Northampton, Mass.
Largest Producers of Silk Hosiery in the World.

Shows Beautiful Effect with Our New Coronet Braid 3½ oz. Selected Wavy Hair - - $4.95

WE SEND HAIR ON APPROVAL

Let us send you this switch or any other article you may select from our large new Catalog, illustrating all the latest

Paris Fashions in Hair Dressings

Our immense business, the largest of its kind in the world, enables us to buy and sell at big money-saving prices. These switches are extra short stem, made of splendid quality selected human hair, and to match any ordinary shade.

2 oz., 20 in. Switch	$ .95
2 oz., 22 in. Switch	1.25
2½ oz., 24 in. Switch	2.25
20 in. Light Weight Wavy Switch	2.50
3 oz., 30 in. Wavy Switch	5.95
Featherweight Stemless Switch, 22 in., natural wavy	4.95
Fluffy Ruffer, Natural Curly	5.00
Directoire Braid, 3¼ oz., finest long natural wavy hair	6.75
Chignon Coiffure, full back piece, curly hair, dressed in 14 puffs	4.95
200 other sizes and grades of Switches	50c. to $25.00
Pompadour, Natural Curly	2.85
Wigs, Ladies' and Men's	$5.00 to $50.00

Illustrated Beauty Book FREE

Send sample of your hair and describe article you want.

We will send prepaid *On Approval*. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; write for estimate. Our Free Catalog also contains valuable directions on *"The Proper Care of the Hair."* Write us today.

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 312, 209 State St., Chicago
Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

PARIS GARTERS
TRADE MARK

A Gift that will please every man.

PRICE $1.00

PACKED IN HANDSOME HOLIDAY BOX.

These beautiful garters are made up with ribbed silk webbing and silk pad, with handsome interwoven design in contrasting colors.

No more pleasing remembrance can be offered your gentlemen friends of any age.

Colors: black, blue, white, gray and green. Sent to any address upon receipt of price, $1.00. State choice of colors.

A. Stein & Co., 1151 W. Congress St., Chicago

Won't Slip Out

De Long Co. Hair Pins

The only hair pins that hold securely. Proof against trouble or anxiety no matter how your hair is fixed. *All dealers—the package with white band.*

THE DE LONG HOOK & EYE CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

DE LONG
JET
NON-SLIPPING
HAIR PIN
JAPAN
THE DE LONG HOOK AND EYE COMPANY

THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS

BY OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

The slim silhouette for another season—that is the latest Paris edict. The big, famous *couturières* to-day are tyrannical only about this one thing. They insist upon designing their most effective gowns for only the slim, svelte figure. The large woman with broad hips, full bust and proportionately large waist is apparently regarded too impossible to consider. In all other ways, these Parisian arbiters of fashion are becoming less and less rigid in their dress edicts and this season, more than ever before, the costumes displayed show an infinite variety of styles.

On a number of points, however, the largest establishments all agree. For instance, shoulders are still narrow, skirts are round in length and fall straight in line. Sleeves are long and narrow for the street, but both elbow length and long for indoor wear. The transparent sleeve is not so much seen. Waists definitely define the normal waistline. If there is any deviation from this, it is the waistline raised a trifle rather than lowered. Draperies are greatly used, but the narrower they are the more fashionable. Coats are seen in all lengths. Drécoll favors the short suit-coat. Separate coats are invariably long.

Madame Paquin's New Policy

The famous house of Paquin has introduced a change of policy this year. Instead of the one-style idea, to which her late husband was so partial, Madame Paquin is displaying many distinctly different styles. She is showing a number of draped costumes but in more straight lines than the other *couturières*. Most of her street costumes have long coats, yet, on the other hand, she displays many smart walking costumes with coats reaching between the hips and the knees. Paquin is very fond of the fur-band trimming. It is used at this house to edge some of the shorter coats as well as a finish for the bottom of the skirt. Touches of gray are seen at Paquin's in combination with brighter colors. Gray is specially combined with the famous Paquin green. Gray is used in the same way to-day that a touch of black is. Gray furs are in evidence at Paquin's, gray fox and chincilla frequently combined with blue. Paquin is also using much of that very expensive tailless ermine.

A favored Paquin material is moire; both moire velvet and moire taffeta are frequently employed in the making of gowns. Though the princesse effect below the high waist is still favored at Paquin's, yet two fetching second empire models were seen on the opening days, which were more fetching than any displayed in Paris. These gowns were fashioned of the softest moire taffeta and ruffled straight up to the hips.

Callot Advocates Drapery

The Callot Soeurs are the strongest advocates of drapery in all Paris. All their draped gowns are far too complicated to be attempted anywhere outside of their own atelier. Their gathered skirts, more or less simple in effect, are certainly much more charming than the intricate draped ones. Callot's favorite material this season is chiffon velvet, though they still use much liberty silk and satin and some broadcloth.

Fur collars and cuffs on house gowns are a novel characteristic touch of this famous establishment. I should say that any color touched with bronze or yellow is given the preference at Callot's, such as a new and darker mustard and the lighter bronzes, while for evening wear much burnt orange is used. Royal and sapphire blue are not neglected, however, especially when combined with black. Hunter's green and pale gray, the latter combined with chinchilla and silver are two other colors much favored. The Callot Soeurs use girdles of folded black satin ribbon to hold in place most of their full skirts for day-time wear. Coats here reach to the knees, though some are longer.

Cheruit's Famous Evening Wraps

Cheruit is as artistic as ever, and that is telling a long story in a few words. Her evening wraps are famous, and many of them, whether of fur, velvet or satin, are veiled with chiffon. For instance, a beautiful pointed mantilla of ermine is veiled in darkest gray chiffon, the satin lining side as well as the fur. Another exquisite model, in which chiffon is introduced in a different way, is a cloak of tailless ermine made with alternating strips of black chiffon. This garment Cheruit also copies in broadtail and in chinchilla combined with the chiffon. Both chinchilla and mink are favorite furs at this *couturière's*.

Many of her evening wraps reach only to the knees in front, but are cut in a shawl-like fashion coming to a point at the back that extends over the train of the skirt. A beautiful model of this sort is made of pink plush with a four-inch band of white fox all around it.

In her costumes, Cheruit is favoring draperies, even in her cloth gowns.

Worth Gaining in Favor

It is evident that Worth is creeping back into favor again. He is much more popular this season than he has been for many years. To me, however, his gowns seem somewhat stiff and English compared with Callot's and Cheruit's. Worth is very partial to evening gowns in white and black. He embroiders many of his white gowns in black. He is very fond of rich heavy materials and this year has a wonderful array of them. One of his very best models is an evening gown fashioned of oyster-white charmeuse and black tulle. At the left side a most exquisite embroidery touch is introduced. The embroidered design simulates a peacock's tail, made of black beads, shading through many grays up to crystal beads with an edging of rhinestones. This same design, only smaller, is repeated at the bodice. The upper portion of the skirt and the lower portion of the bodice are of oyster-white charmeuse. The very short sleeves are of draped transparent black tulle trimmed with bands of rhinestones. This costume is one of Worth's best successes.

What Drécoll is Offering

Drécoll's collection of gowns and robes this year are all decidedly wearable. His range of styles is even greater than those seen in the other houses. His furs are exceptionally beautiful. Drécoll is showing long cloaks of black fur made in slender line and draped slightly in the back, which are extremely chic. Not only Drécoll, but Paquin and Callot are favoring pointed mantillas. Callot develops this quaint little shawl-garment most frequently in cloth, trimmed with fur, while Drécoll prefers it in fur with a big flat muff to match. At Drécoll's many of the evening gowns shown are trimmed with fur. One exquisite pink crêpe frock is trimmed with silver lace and bands of sable tails. Another is fashioned of the softest silver brocade banded with chinchilla. In furs, at this house, skunk of a fine quality is a favorite, especially for shawl collars, cuffs and bands on skirts.

A characteristic Drécoll gown is called the pompadour. It is made of pompadour brocade, showing an ivory-white ground with big pink and blue figures scattered over it. The lower part of the skirt consists of a ruffle of ivory-tinted point appliqué lace. The top of this ruffle is puffed over metal-blue gauze ribbon. Two big roses, one of delicate pink and the other of metal-blue gauze are used to fasten the fichu of ivory-white tulle which veils the brocade bodice.

The Marie Antoinette Wrap

Perhaps Drécoll's greatest success in the way of an evening wrap is his Marie Antoinette cape with hood attached. The long circular-cut cape is made of heavy liberty satin veiled with a chiffon covering which matches the liberty satin exactly in coloring. Two thicknesses of the chiffon are used and the cape is very full. This wrap is most popular in cerise trimmed with one-inch bands of sable tails. The chiffon covering falls free of the liberty satin lining, excepting down the front hems. There is a close-fitting sable band-collar to this long full cape, fastening in front with long ties of chiffon which have sable tails as their trimming, and a full hood made of two thicknesses of the chiffon edged with two bands of sable tails.

Another of Drécoll's magnificent cloaks is a long garment which is more shaped and close-fitting than the Marie Antoinette wrap. It is made of pink velvet, the upper part wrought with silver embroidery and the whole garment trimmed lavishly with skunk.

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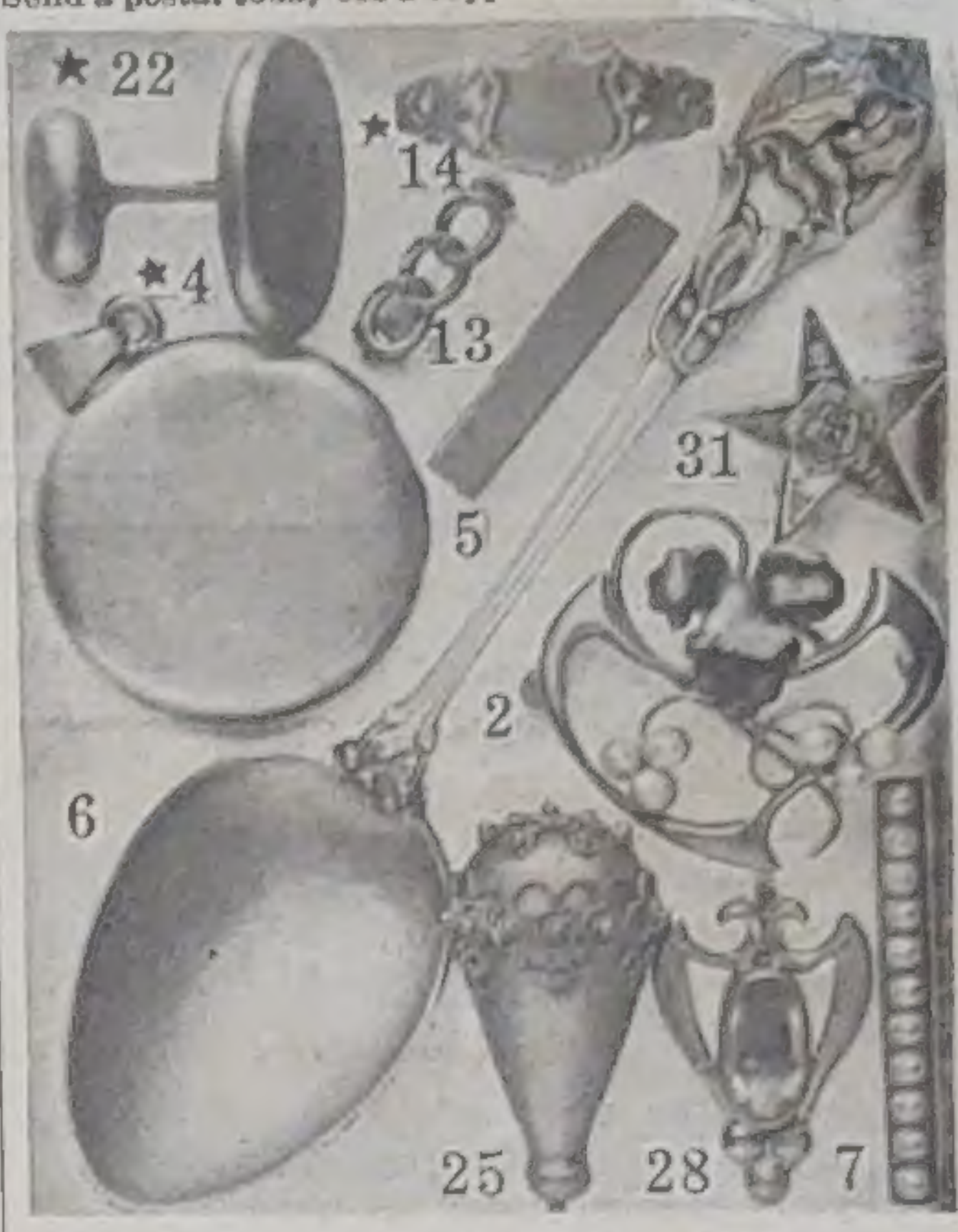

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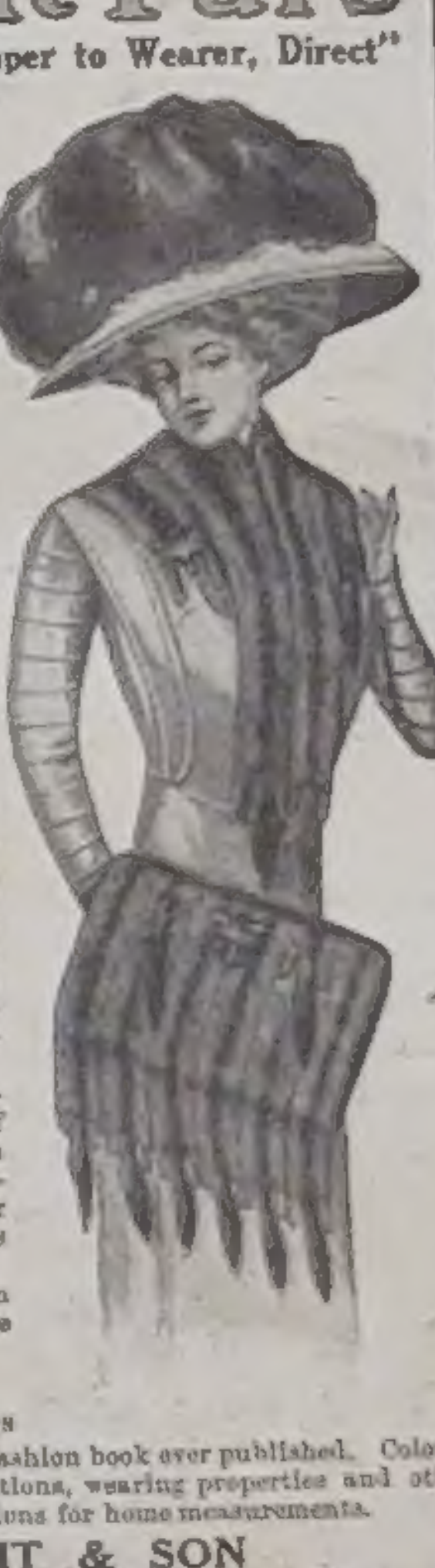

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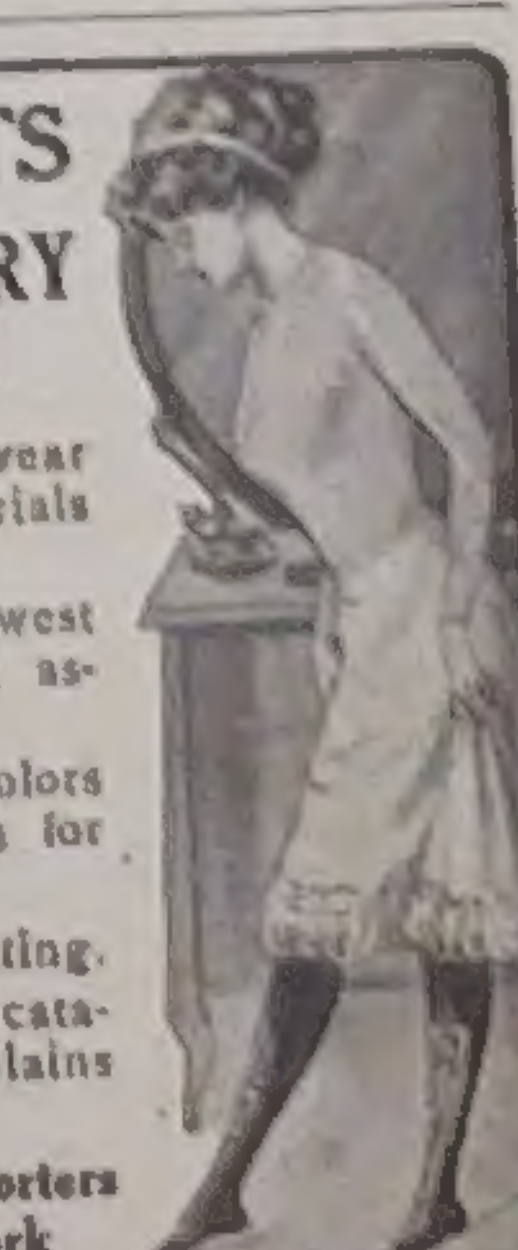

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THE POSTSCRIPT

A Yule-Tide Wooing

Spring

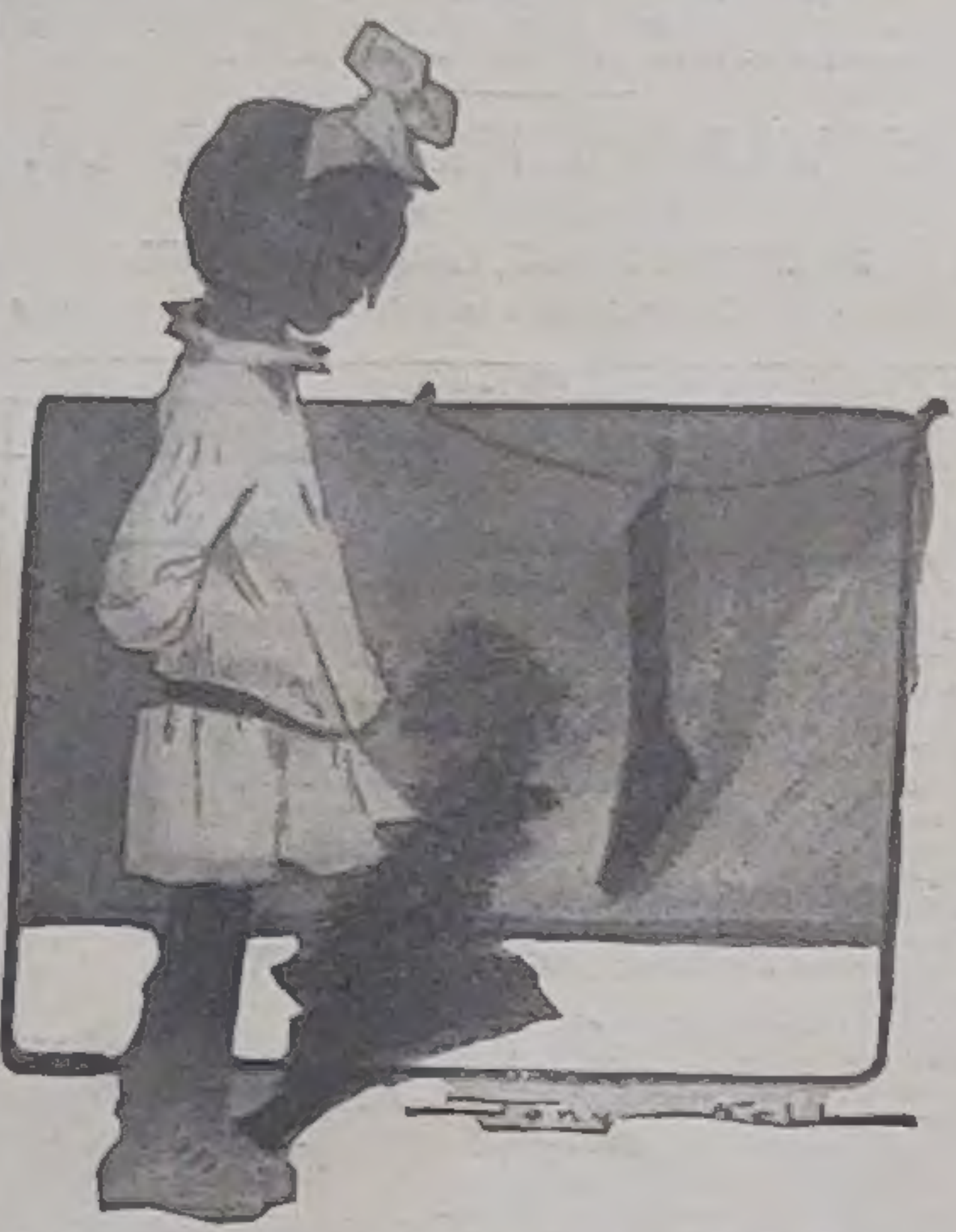
Vision of the springtime! Sweet
The daffodils beneath your feet,
The robins, bluebirds, in the air,
The life, the hoping, everywhere,
Without, within, beneath, above;
And in my heart the dream of love!

Summer

Beauty of the summer! Fair
The roses blushing in your hair,
The glory shining from the skies,
The radiant splendor in your eyes,
No lovelier sight hath earth than this;
And in my heart the dream of bliss!

Autumn

Princess of the autumn! Rare
The crimson glory that you wear,
The golden charm of form and face,
The crowning winsomeness of grace,
The joys that grow and never cease;
And in my heart the dream of peace!



Christmas Eve—"Oh, I wish I were a centipede!"

Winter

Mistress of the winter! Dear
The holly-leaves, the tender cheer,
The tree of fir, the mistletoe,
The ruddy firelight's kindly glow;
Oh, bid my heart no longer roam
And let me live my dream of home!

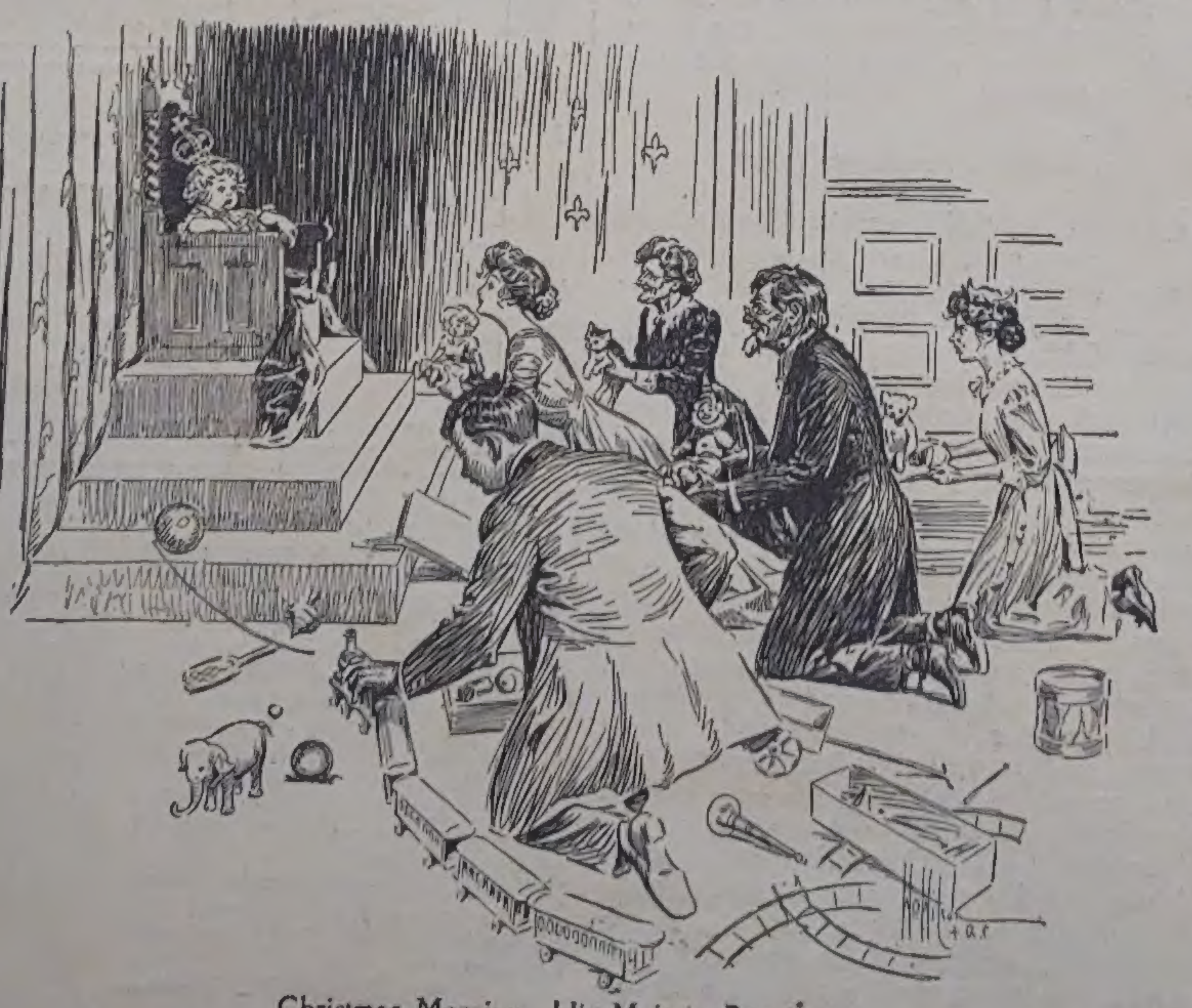
Charles Irvin Junkin.

Feline Amenities

They were discussing the newest engagement. The fair fiancée had previously made three similar announcements, but not one had resulted in a wedding.

"Do you think she will really marry him?" asked her dearest friend.

"I can't say, my dear," retorted the next dearest. "It is possible, but not customary." F. R. S.



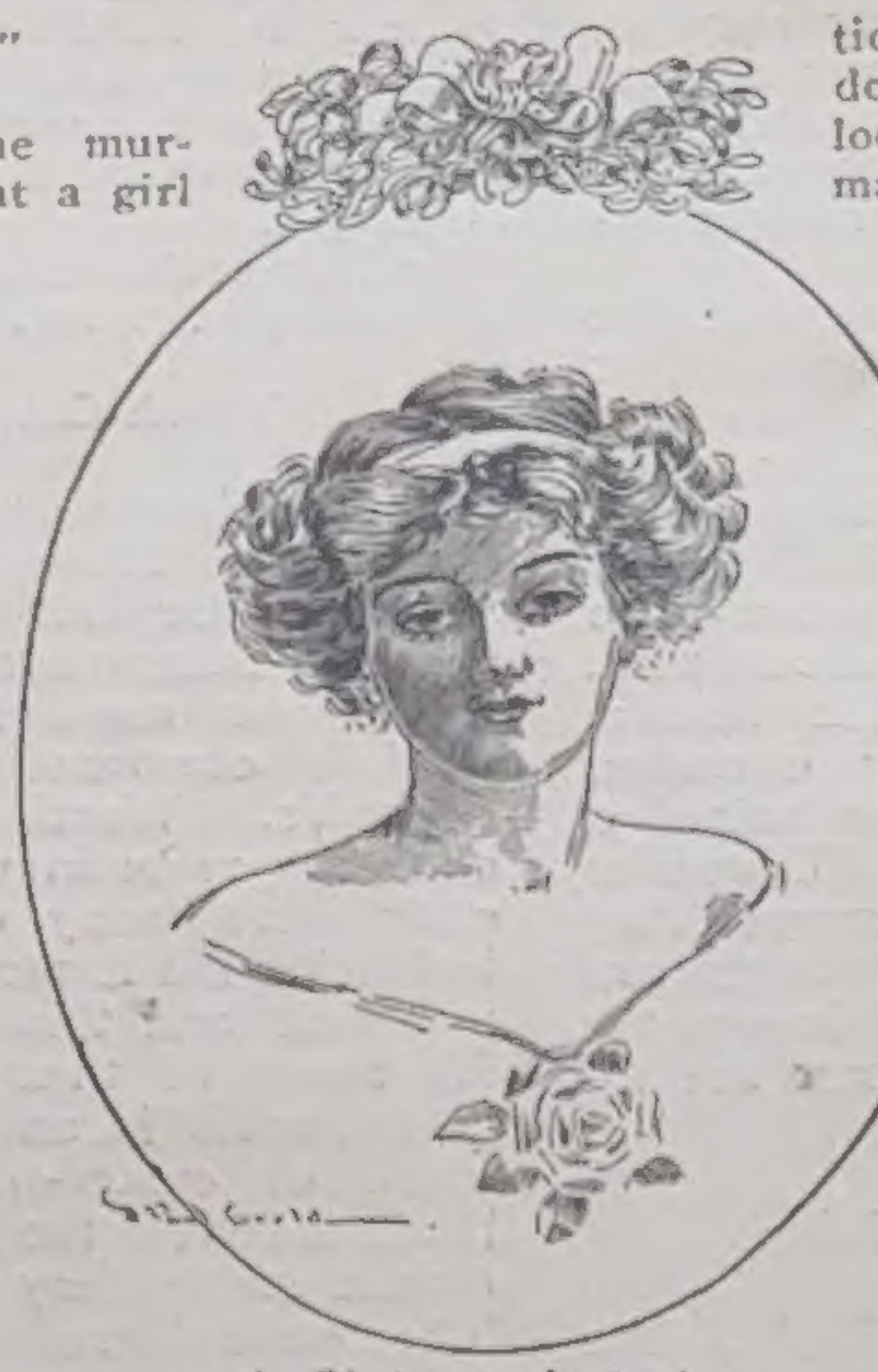
Christmas Morning—His Majesty Receives

"The Exception"

"So few men," she murmured, "ever care what a girl is like—really. All they think about is her appearance."

"I know," he feelingly assented. "A great many fellows are like that—look merely at externals, you know. Well, they have only themselves to blame—afterwards."

"Y-yes." After a fleeting glance she poked another hole in the moss with her parasol-point. They were on a bench overlooking the lake. "Mr. Parker is like that, you know," she confided, with a little laugh.



A Christmas Invitation

"Parker, you say?"

She nodded without looking up. "All he thinks about is how a girl looks. Why, the only reason he keeps asking me out so much is just because—because—well, it sounds awfully silly to say it—and you'll think I am *horribly* conceited—"

"Oh, no I won't," he encouraged firmly.

"Because I'm not conceited. Not a bit. I haven't anything to be conceited about—and I know it." She turned wide eyes of candor and earnest protestation upon him. "I don't think I'm even *good looking!* But that Mr. Parker—"

"Yes?"

"Well, there is no accounting for tastes! And it's a good thing they aren't all alike, isn't it? He—he actually thinks I'm beautiful! . . . Isn't it *ridiculous?* And I'm sure that's all he likes me for—my hair and eyes, you know, and foolish things like that! As if they mattered!"

"The idea!" scouted the young man.

"It doesn't make any difference to *you* how a girl looks, does it?"

"Not a bit."

"I *thought* you were like that," she said gratefully. "You are such an *exception!* And you are so frank with a girl, too. That's why you make such a splendid friend. Now some men—you have no idea how they flatter!"

"I suppose so," he sympathized.

"Oh, dreadfully! Now Mr. Welles—I suppose the Parker boy actually *thinks* I'm a—a—Oh, good looking, but Mr. Welles is so much older and experienced—he's been to Europe *twice!*—that he *can't* think it, and yet he believes he has to keep on saying so to me—"

"Some men make goats of themselves."

"Y-yes . . . It *is* just flattery, isn't it, for he can't really think so?"

"Of course it's just plain flattery."

"Thank you, you are *such* an exception! . . . And perhaps he doesn't think I'm even good looking and is just trying to make a silly little goose of me.

"Because I know I'm not pretty. You wouldn't think of calling me so, would you now, honestly?"

"Why, no, not *pretty,*" he defined carefully. "You see, your features aren't very regular. But there *is* a—a something about you—and I've seen you when you were looking awfully well. You do now, you know . . . but it depends a good deal on what you wear."

"Oh—thank you! Yes, I *knew* I could rely on you for the truth. That's why you are such an exception . . . Now, Mr. Welles tries to make me think that it doesn't make any difference what I wear—that I am just the same in my bathing-suit with my hair all dripping—"

"What nonsense!" said the young man disgustedly. "There's hardly a girl here who doesn't look like thirty cents in the water."

The girl made a long, deep furrow in the moss and then rose.

"That reminds me," she remarked, "that it's almost time for bathing now. We must go back."

"Why, we've been here such a short time! I've scarcely seen you to-day!"

"Oh, you'll see me—thirty cents' worth of me," she laughed, "out in the lake."

"Yes, but—but that isn't being with you really—having a chance to talk to you, you know. I say, can't we take a little walk after the bathing? There are loads of time before dinner."

The girl put up her parasol. She started back to the hotel.

"I have promised that time," she observed, "to Mr. Parker."

A shade of anxiety crossed the young man's face, as he hurried after.

"Yes, but—I really must—can't we go out in the canoe then, after dinner? There is a moon."

"I am going to look at it with Mr. Welles," said the girl.

Mary Hastings.

The Part of Santa Claus

"How many presents did Santa Claus bring you?" asked a caller of Miss Grace, who is in her early teens and had just with great enthusiasm gone through her first season of extensive give-and-take gift-making.

"Only six," she replied almost mournfully as she surveyed the stack of holiday finery which burdened the table in front of her.

"Why, I thought these were all yours," the visitor exclaimed in astonishment.

"They are, but all the others except the six are just exchanges."

Dick Dickinson.

Plain Terms

Dorothy, the small daughter of a busy farmer, had gone out to help her sister keep a large herd of cattle from a cornfield adjoining the meadow. Shortly before dinner she came into the house flushed and excited.

"Oh, mama!" she exclaimed breathlessly, "I got so mad at that old cow that I just *swore* at her."

"Why, Dorothy," said the shocked mother, "you shouldn't have done that. What did you say?"

"I called her an old brute!"

L. M. S.

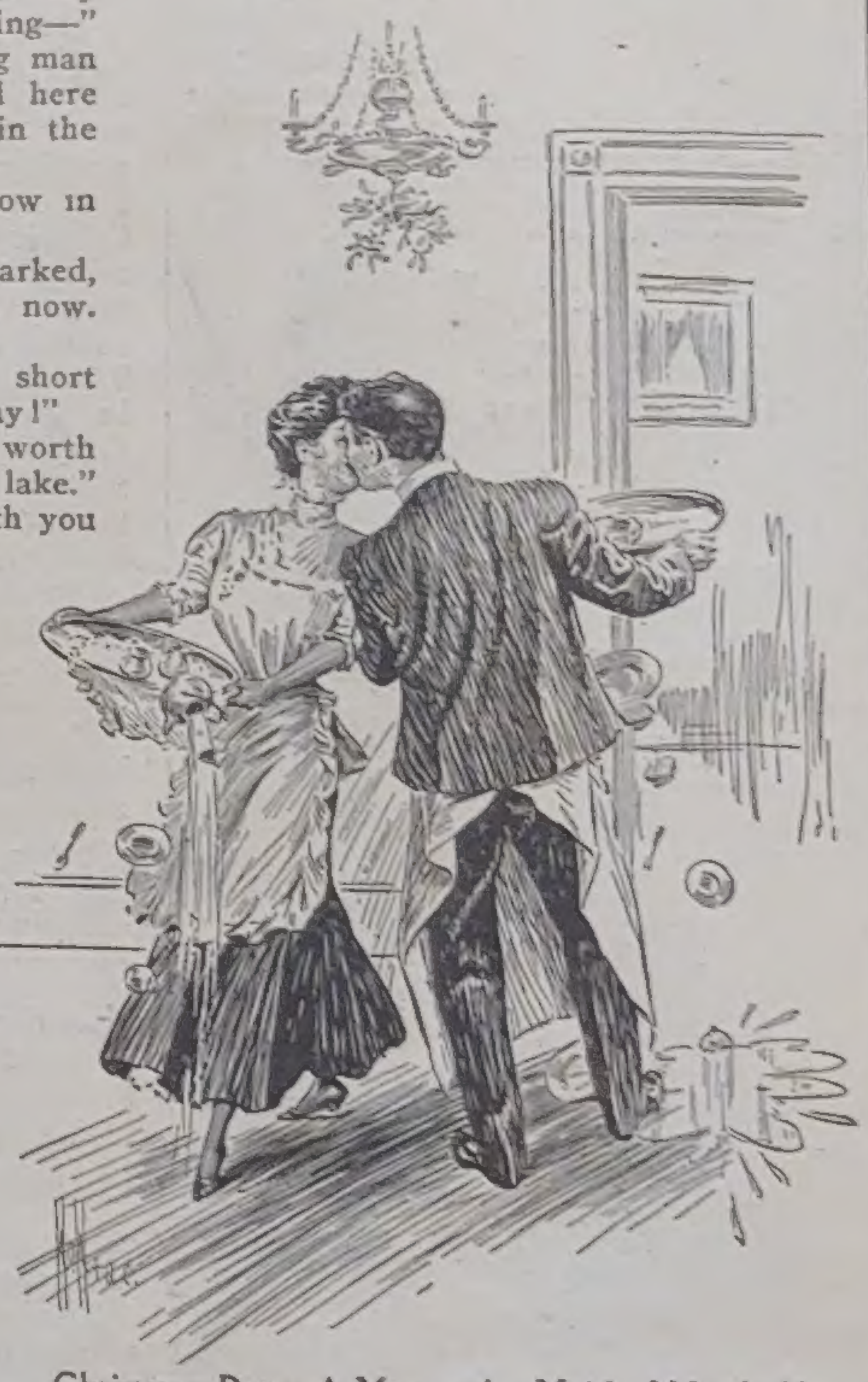
Another Invention

"It's strange I never thought of that!"
I heard him shout with glee.
The man was planning for his flat
A folding Christmas-tree. J. J. O'C.

Christmas Fires

Come pile up the logs and come stir up the flames,
Come lads and come lasses, come squires and come dames,
And crowd in the ingle—there's room for one more—
And draw up the settle, or sit on the floor,
For this is the time when language is rhyme
And laughter the bubble on vintages prime.

The wreathes in the windows were never so round,
The red of their berries was never so sound,
The room is a bower of holly and pine
And bright paper baubles, unique in design,
That dear little fingers with infinite care
Have happily made as their holiday share.
Now bring in the Christmas-cake frosted in white,
With nineteen wax candles ablazing with light,
And look at the room! we've routed out gloom,
And garlands of fancy and friendliness bloom.



Christmas Day—A Man and a Maid—Wrecked!

So pile up the logs, and so stir up the flames,
Come lads and come lasses, come squires and come dames,
And crowd 'round the fireplace, and sit on the floor,
And leave out the latch-string—no bolts on our door;
And if there should enter a brother in need,
Oh, give him glad welcome, and stay the God-speed!
So, Yule-fire and heart in unison start,
And do with high gladness thy festival part.

Louise Ayres Garnett.

When Tempus Didn't Fugit

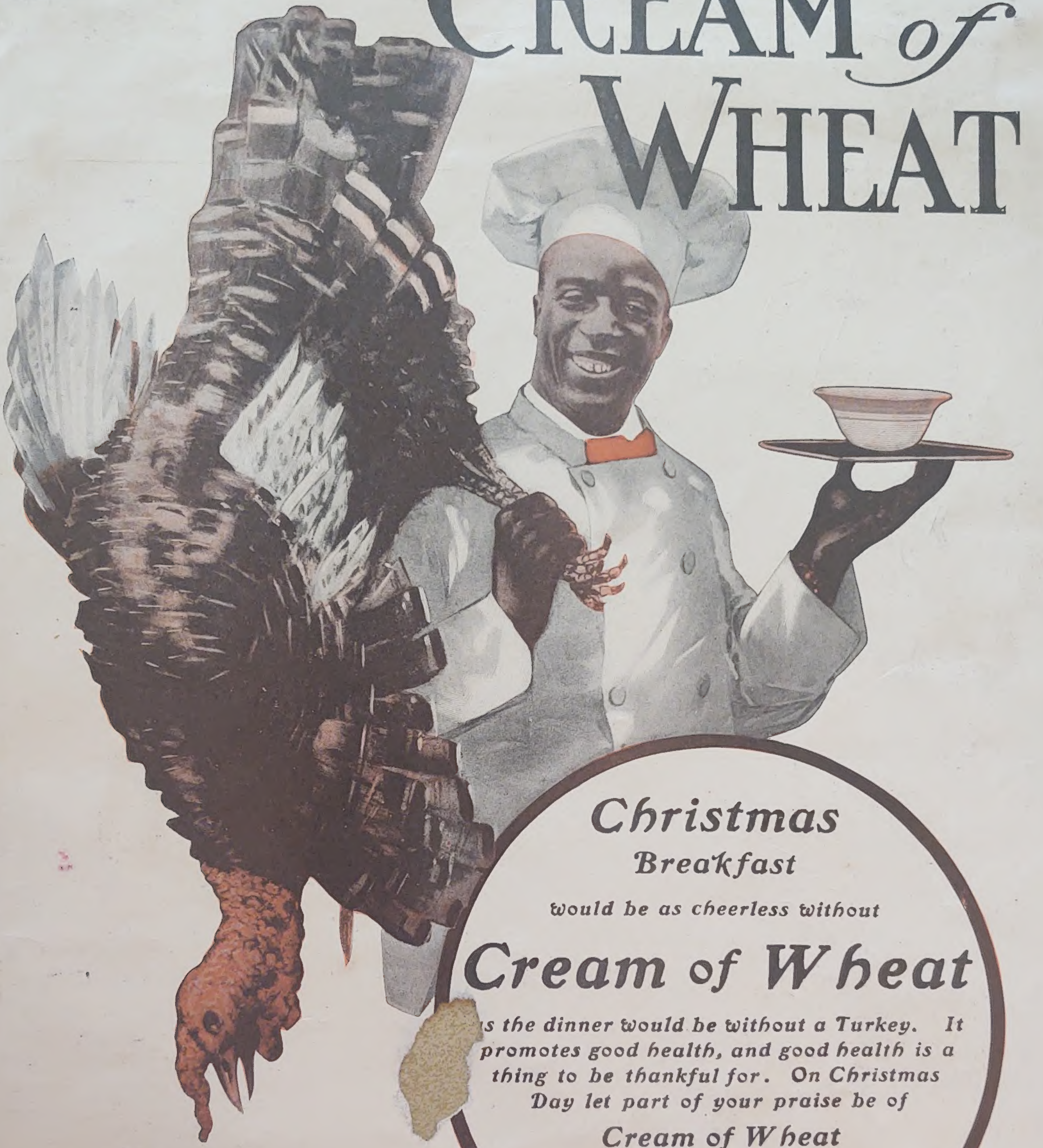
Little Helen, during the three years of her life, had never been separated from her elder sister night or day for more than a few minutes at a time; but at last the time came when the sister went away for a whole day. The child tried every game and occupation that she knew of, and a new one or two suggested by her mother, but they all palled.

Finally she gave up and stood and looked sadly out of the window. Then she sighed deeply and said:

"It's still the same old day, isn't it, mother?"

H. P. Galt.

CREAM of WHEAT



Christmas

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Cream of Wheat

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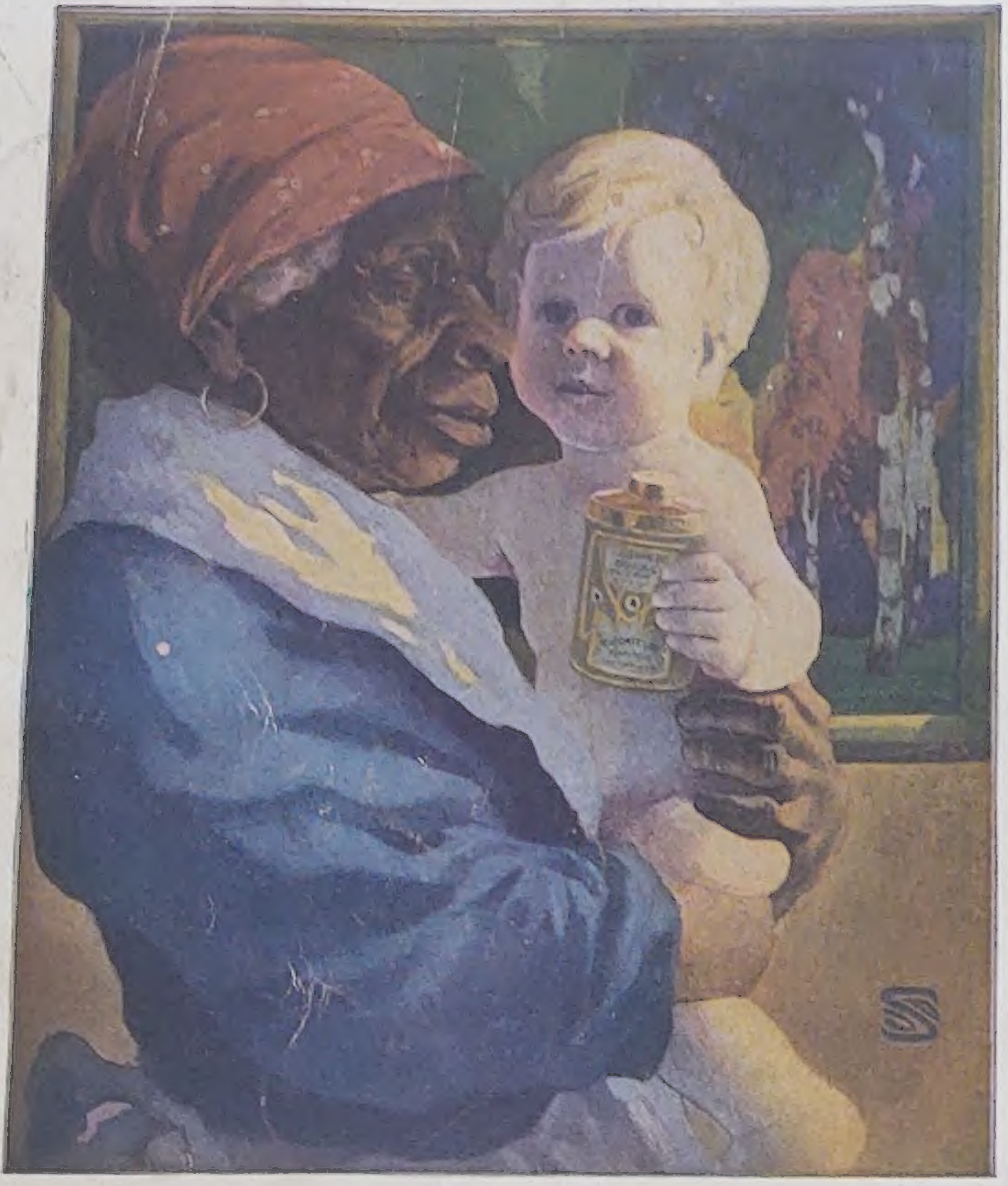

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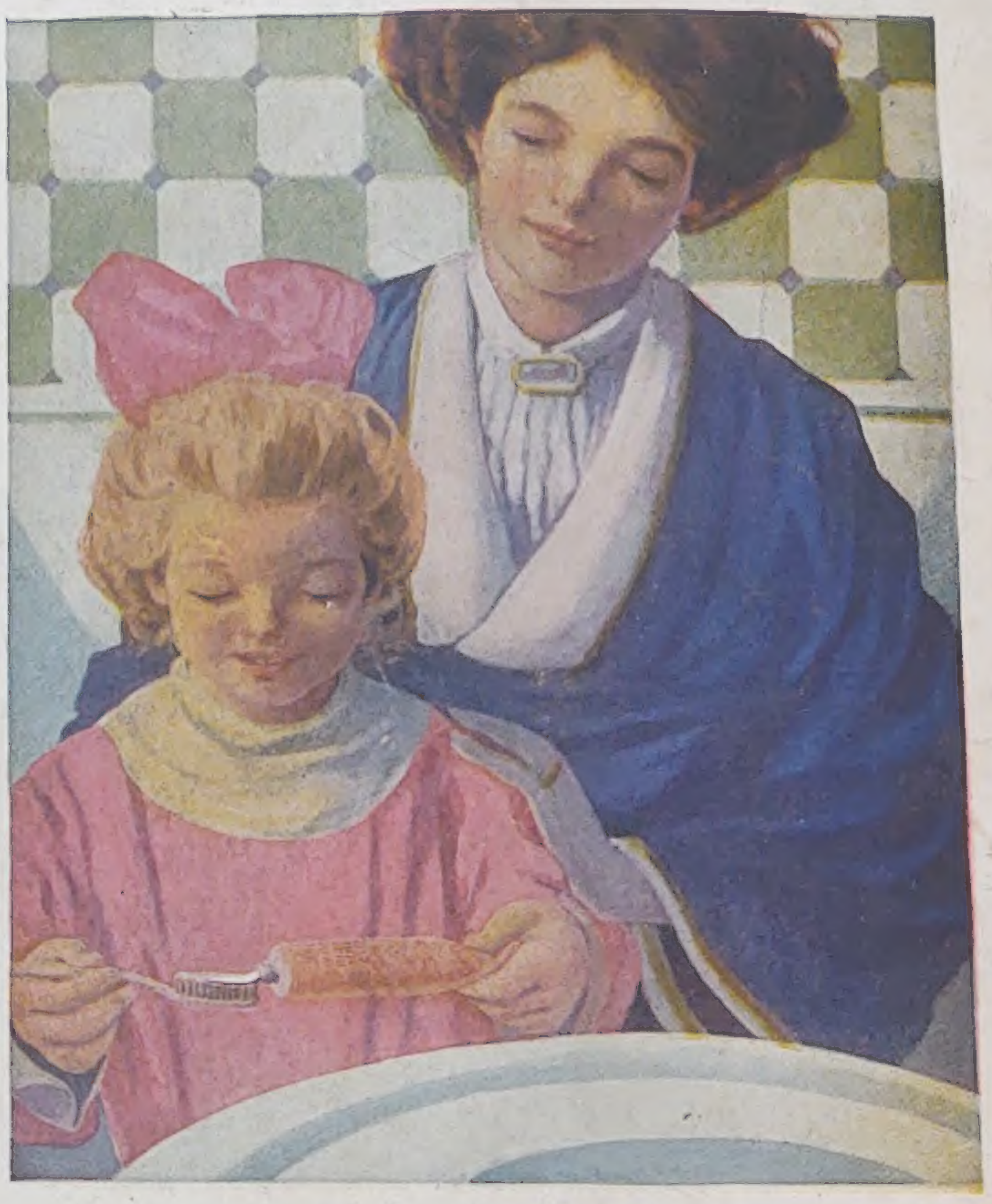

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Among the Xmas Gifts

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